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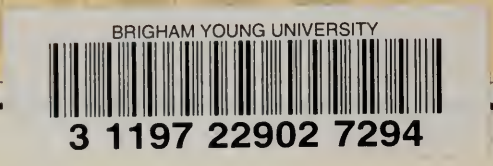

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SECOND THOUSAND.

WHAT I SAW IN LONDON;

OR,

MEN AND THINGS

IN

The Great Metropolis.

BY

DAVID W. BARTLETT.

AUBURN:
DERBY AND MILLER.

1852.

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UPB

TO

E. KNIGHT, ESQ.,

This Volume

IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

It is customary, we believe, to write a preface, if one ventures to do that somewhat dangerous, though not uncommon thing—make a book. Taking advantage of this custom, we will not let our firstling go forth without a single explanation to live or die, according to its intrinsic merits. Our words shall be few, however—simply in explanation of the circumstances under which we saw the emporium of England.

In the autumn of 1847, at the age of nineteen, we sailed from Boston for Liverpool, and resided in the English capital for a year: again in the July of 1850 we set sail from New York for Liverpool, and spent another twelvemonth in London. This volume is the result of our observations during that time.

We simply write of what we saw, and therefore the work is not a hand-book to London; we have described some things at length, others with brevity, but make no pretensions of describing *all* even of the prominent men and things in the English metropolis. But as a faithful description of such men and things as came under our observation—as a true account of our own impressions of London, its places, people, their manners and customs, we hope for it the good opinion of those who may honor it with attention.

During our first year in London we were so busily occupied as scarcely to be able to have a fair view of its renowned places and men, but during our last year there, seeing and describing was our principal employment. Our companion during that year was our cousin and friend, Rufus C. Reynolds, Esq., and we cannot refrain from mentioning here the enthusiasm with which we together threaded the myriad avenues of the great town, seeking out not only the abodes of wealth and splendor, but the haunts of the poor and down-trodden.

There are probably inaccuracies in the style of our pages, and possibly in statement, though, we trust, to a very limited extent. Our object has been to give a vivid picture of the English Metropolis, shifting quickly and easily from one subject to another, and treating no single subject at any great length. We have, in carrying out our plan, made use of matter which has, in a more condensed and inaccurate form, been furnished by us while abroad, to several American journals; but it has been revised and rewritten, and much new matter added thereto. If the reader is amused and instructed, our purpose will be accomplished.

D. W. BARTLETT.

The Pines, Avon, Conn., February, 1852.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

	PAGE
The Shore	11
Liverpool to London	13
The Streets	20
St. Clement's Inn	26
Smithfield	28

CHAPTER II.

THE PARKS.

Hyde Park	32
Victoria Park	39

CHAPTER III.

PLACES AND SIGHTS.

Christ Church Hospital	42
Fires	47
Madame Tassaud's	51
Gutta Percha Factory	56
Saint Katharine Docks	59

CHAPTER IV.

PICTURES OF MEN.

George Cruikshank	63
Alfred Tennyson	67

PAGE
Charles Dickens 71
R. M Milnes 74
Douglas Jerrold 76

CHAPTER V.

CUSTOMS AND COSTUMES.

Customs 78
Classes 83
Costume 87
English Women 90
Burials in London 94
The Country 99
English Homes 104
Christmas 106

CHAPTER VI.

ENGLISH POVERTY.

Spitalfields 111
Duck Lane 120
The Poor Tinker 124
St. Giles 126

CHAPTER VII.

PERSONS OF NOTE.

Sir Charles Napier 130
Duke of Wellington 133
Macaulay 138
Browning 140
Bulwer 141
William and Mary Howitt 144
Thomas Carlyle 151
Ebenezer Elliott 155

CHAPTER VIII.

REMARKABLE PLACES.

Billingsgate Market 160
Thames Tunnel 163
The Old Bailey 169
Somerset House 176
The Fire Monument 179
A Jewish Synagogue 184

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARISTOCRACY.

PAGE
The Nobles..... 190
Earl of Carlisle..... 196
Lord Brougham..... 201

CHAPTER X.

JOURNALISM.

The Times..... 203
Daily Press..... 207
Weekly Press..... 210

CHAPTER XI.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT..... 213

CHAPTER XII.

PARLIAMENT.

House of Lords..... 218
House of Commons..... 223

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRIP TO HAMPTON COURT..... 228

CHAPTER XIV.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

Bunyan's Grave..... 237
Stoke Newington..... 244
Hampstead and Highgate..... 245
Chatterton..... 249
Nelson's Tomb..... 253

CHAPTER XV.

STRANGERS IN LONDON.

Americans..... 257
Grisi and Alboni..... 260
Freiligrath..... 263

CHAPTER XVI.

POPULAR ORATORS.

PAGE
Edward Miall 268
Henry Vincent 269

CHAPTER XVII.

PULPIT ORATORS.

Dr. McNeile 275
Fox 277
Thomas Binney 280

CHAPTER XVIII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY 283

CHAPTER XIX.

MEN AND THINGS.

Spencer T. Hall 293
Mr. Muntz 298
Sir Peter Laurie 301
Temperance 303
The People 306
English Habits 311
Oppression 315

CHAPTER XX.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Opening 318
The Exhibition 320
The Close 323

CHAPTER XXI.

FAREWELL 326

WHAT I SAW IN LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

THE SHORE.

It was a morning in autumn, fair and lovely, when we first gazed upon the shores of Ireland while on our way from Boston to Liverpool. We had been careering over rough and disagreeable seas for many days and nights, and to wake and suddenly discover the beautiful fields of Ireland close under our quarter, seemed magical. The morning sun was upon it making it radiant with beauty, the hues of the landscape were emerald, and the sky was a mellow-gray—and it was not strange that our hearts throbbed with enthusiastic excitement.

The sight of land is always dear to the sailor, and especially to those unused to the mountain wave; but now we were approaching those countries of old renown which we had longed to see for many a year, and our enthusiasm was the keener from this feeling of exquisite romance, which cannot be described.

The sailors were joyous with their uncouth but hearty landsongs and were getting the anchor-chains out—the passengers were industriously packing their baggage for the unpleasant ordeal at the Custom House, and a few looked almost sadly upon the staunch vessel which had borne us so safely over

the dangers of the ocean, and to which we were now about to bid farewell.

The wind bore us quickly along our course, and soon we had crossed the channel over to the Welsh coast and had the pleasure of gazing at the grand Welsh mountains and the picturesque hamlets and windmills. The number of sail increased as we neared the mouth of the Mersey, and at last when a little, snorting steam-tug—looking puny though in reality our master—favored us with its assistance, we were surrounded by vessels of all shapes and sizes and from the four quarters of the world.

Our veteran captain now came upon the quarter-deck in land-clothes—the striped shirt-collar and pilot overcoat were relinquished for another voyage. The passengers too were dressed for shore, and had smiling faces, and some were so utterly devoid of romance as to talk audibly of English roast-beef, and plum-puddings! The pilot gave us a half-dozen old newspapers to read, while he gladly accepted an American cigar, which he smoked with the exquisite satisfaction of knowing it had never paid duty at a Custom House.

And finally Liverpool looms up in the distance, with her steeples, her great forest of ships and steamers, and her gigantic docks. We are no longer at the sport of the winds, but are fairly abreast the town, and our anchor goes hissing down to seize upon reality once more. There is a noise of cheering among the crew, and we transfer ourselves and baggage to the little Tug and steer for the Custom House. Here we are detained for an hour, perhaps longer, and undergo an unpleasant examination, but at last it is all over and we stand free in the streets of Liverpool—we are in the Old World!

But we cannot afford to pass by the Custom House so easily. The officers of the English Custom Houses are by no means the same kind of men as those who officiate in our own Custom Houses. Ours are invariably gentlemen, and treat stran-

gers with politeness. Such is not always the case in England. The officer into whose hands we fell at Liverpool was exceedingly morose, though we handed him the key of our trunk to gaze at what he pleased. And he overturned the whole contents, and opened a little daguerreotype-portrait and weighed it, charging so much the ounce upon it! It seemed to us excessively mean for great England to charge us a few pennies on our mother's picture! We think the official exceeded his duty, probably because he was in a bad humor. We have never since been so ill-treated by an English official, and think that this one in his surliness was not a fair specimen of the class.

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON.

That which strikes the American most forcibly, as he enters London, is the apparent age and magnificent solidity of everything about him. He has been accustomed to look upon everything, save the region of the skies, as transitory and ephemeral. In a land where great towns grow up in a few years, change is the law and passion of the people. The cities, even in the Atlantic States, are constantly undergoing such transitions that were a citizen of one of them to absent himself ten years he could scarcely know the place upon his return as the one he had left. Whole miles of streets, perhaps, have been added, great buildings erected, and large sections torn down, or burnt and rebuilt during his absence.

Many of our railroads have, to an English eye, an unfinished appearance, and some of them *are* temporary performances. Railway bridges are often constructed of wood, spiles being driven into the earth, instead of using the solid stones which can never decay. Some of them cross tracts of territory where the shrieks of the steam-horse startle the wild deer in their lonely haunts.

When the American lands in Liverpool, the first sight which bursts upon him is of the Quays and Docks, and their solid masonry strikes him with wonder. They seem to have existed for ages, and promise to exist without repair for all ages to come. The long rows of warehouses, and stores, look grim and dark as if they had seen a year of winters. The bricks of which they are made are twice the size of American bricks, and are dark as iron in their color.

When the railway is taken for London the trans-Atlantic stranger is surprised to see how thoroughly, how strongly, and on what a magnificent scale the road is constructed. From London to Liverpool there are two carefully laid tracks, and a portion of the distance three and four. It would be considered madness to run trains upon a line with but one track, and the law would not allow it. He notices how splendidly all the bridges are made, as if to last forever; how hills are tunnelled through, and yawning chasms wired over with suspension bridges; how careful the officers of the road are of the life in their keeping; not allowing any one to cross the track, or stand upon the platform of the car, or put his head out of the window while under way; and yet with all this care, when he gets to London and looks at his watch he finds that he has made his journey of 210 miles quicker than he ever made a similar journey before, in his life. If he came in a first-class car he was, however, better satisfied with its comfort and ease than its price, for upon the whole, American railway travelling is cheaper by one-third than the English. For his ride he paid nearly twelve dollars, which is one half more than he would have paid for the same distance on an American line. It is on the rail that the American generally gets his first taste of English prices and manners. Of all men, save us from *travelling* Englishmen. They are no more like themselves at home and surrounded by their household gods, than is a sleeping tiger like a tiger awake and voracious. In

coming from Liverpool to London we were shut up in a car with an Englishman whose profession was, judging by appearances, commercial. He eyed us from head to foot as carefully as if we had been an orang-outang instead of a humble member of the human fraternity. But he never ventured to utter a loud word. At last we ventured to say:

"It is a pleasant day, sir!"

He replied by a mere monosyllable, and evidently would not talk—so we rode for miles until a vision of beauty—a lovely valley with a stream meandering through it, and with soft hills in the distance—burst upon us, and we could not hold our tongue, and exclaimed, "How beautiful!"

It seemed as if a ghost of a smile flitted over his face as we said this, as if he was not entirely insensible to praise of his native land from the lips of a foreigner, but he uttered not a word till we arrived at the Euston Square Station, when one of the railway porters ran off with his trunk by mistake, and he bellowed forth his wrath lustily, while we exclaimed in our heart, "Capital!—the man *can* talk!"

This is a feature in the English which is often noticed and commented on harshly by strangers who only reside in England for a short time, and to a certain extent it is richly deserved; but we have learned from experience that often these very men who are so morose as travellers, are really noble, and kind, and faithful, and perhaps generous to a fault. It is one of the peculiarities of a London man of business, that he is shy of strangers while travelling, but if in any manner you find your way to his heart and home, you are surprised to discover a region of beauty and kindness you had not dreamt of, and if you are in need, or sorrow, the sanctities of home are freely offered to you, and even pressed upon you; his purse is yours to any extent, and your name will never become quite obliterated from his heart.—At first sight the Frenchman gives you a more cordial greeting, but he is not

constant and grandly unchanging. While all is fair, he is impulsively warm and courteous, but he soon wearies of any great exertions in your favor, if they include anything more costly than politeness. Still a valuable lesson may be learned from the politeness of the French—you may give gladsomeness to the stranger's heart often by words and looks, which cost nothing. The Englishman shows his rough qualities first—his gentle ones afterwards. Emerson says, that in adversity the Englishman is grand. He is right, and also *to persons in adversity*, throughout his conduct to such, if they are his friends, he is grand! It is unwise to judge a people superficially, as the majority of English travellers have judged America; and the American in London is very liable to make up his mind that the race of Englishmen is the least affectionate of any on the face of the earth, but such is not the fact. At first sight they appear to be so, but a second sober view reveals a different story.

If the stranger leaves the Euston Square railway station for a fashionable hotel, he will order the cabman to drive him to somewhere west of Charing Cross, or to Morley's Tavern, at Charing Cross. If he is a business man, he will drive to somewhere within the limits of the city proper, in the region of the Royal Exchange, perhaps to the North and South American Hotel facing it. These two points of attraction—Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange—are nearly three miles apart, and the genuine Pelham never is to be seen east of the Cross. Sheridan once caught the celebrated Beau Brummel on the unfashionable side of the Cross; the elegant and fastidious Beau was severely mortified, or affected to be so, and attempted several excuses, when Sheridan administered to him a pungent rebuke under the color of a witticism.

If the stranger in London is a man of wealth and fashion, and proceeds to a West End Hotel, he very soon learns that paying for fashion is vastly dearer in London than paying for

it in New York. It is quite a different thing, living in the metropolis of England like a gentleman of wealth and blood, from living in an American town as such. Instead of your Astor House or Irving House prices of from two to five dollars a day, the same attention and almost extravagant profusion of delicacies will cost from ten to twenty dollars per day Everything is charged for separately. Every dish and every attention, we might almost say, must be paid for in British gold. And when your bill is settled, you must make a large allowance for the fees to the waiters, chambermaid, "boots," and so forth. You will perhaps wish a carriage or cabriolet of your own, and will be obliged to pay twice or three times the amount for any kind of an establishment by the month or six months, that you would pay in Boston or New York. You can get nothing, look at nothing, without paying dearly for it.

The appearance of the streets at the West End will be much more pleasant to you than of those of any other quarter of London. There is an air of cleanliness about them one sees nowhere else in town, but even they look older and much more substantial than the streets of American towns.

You wander forth from your Hotel, and stand upon the fine Square which contains the Reservoir and Nelson's Monument. You are *not* pleased with either, for they have serious faults. The fountain is not equal to its position—you are reminded of the jet from a hand-syringe—it is so thread-like and insignificant. The building which contains the National Gallery of Paintings stands on the northern side of the Square, but you are not exactly pleased with it, and so turn your back to it, and wander down southward toward the river Thames. A sight of Westminster Abbey suddenly bursts upon you, and *then* you are struck dumb with awe at the age and glorious beauty of the scene, and when you remember how many centuries the brave old building has withstood the beatings of

the winter storms—how many summers' suns have gilded its towers, so that glooms and smiles have alike become daguerreotyped upon its countenance, you feel your heart tremble with a solemn, yet half-pathetic delight!

Another and a more gorgeous spectacle presents itself to your wondering eyes—the new Houses of Parliament not yet completed, but near enough so to win your unbounded admiration. Such architectural beauty (unless you have previously traversed the continent) your eyes are unaccustomed to, and you prize it more than those who have been born among it.

You are surprised with the number, the splendor and magnificence of the carriages of the aristocracy. It seems literally as if there was no end to brilliant equipages and turnouts, and you conclude that the wealth of London is almost boundless. All day long at Charing Cross you may see private carriages of great beauty and costliness speeding away like the wind, hither and thither, up from Downing-street, away towards Piccadilly and Hyde Park—in every direction.

The great Parks are open to view, and their rural scenery contrasts strangely with the brick houses and forests of chimneys. You enter them, and tread upon soft, green grass; birds sing melodiously over your head in the branches of the lofty trees; children gambol in the sunshine before you, and you conclude that Englishmen have a care for health as well as wealth. Some unlucky day you chance to lose your way, and wander a little back of Westminster Abbey into old Pye-street, or Duck Lane. Great heavens!—what can *this* mean? You see wretchedness the most bitter, destitution the most utter, and vice the most terrible, that ever you saw. It was but a step from your former paradise to this unsightly hell—and all, too, within a stone's throw of the glorious old Abbey! You never will forget the shock you received *that* day, and when you are in your room, and have pondered over it, you are satisfied that everything in this world has its dark, as

well as bright side—and that truly London has one side which is too painfully dark and horrible to gaze at with complacent nerves.

Perhaps you are not a man of fashion, but a man of business, and drive from the railway straight to the Exchange, down in the city. Almost your first walk is to see venerable St. Paul's, the most remarkable piece of architecture in London, if not in the world; and when you gaze upon it, it is with a feeling of reverence for so much solemn beauty. It was never our lot to gaze upon a building of such majesty as St. Paul's. Those who are competent to judge assert that it is only equalled by one building in the world, and that is St. Peter's, at Rome; and *that*, in the opinion of some eminent critics, does not surpass it.

London has few public buildings to be proud of; it is upon the whole a smoky, gloomy town, but three buildings it may justly glory in—the new Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Saint Paul's. The majestic grandeur of the latter settles down upon London with a grace which adds great dignity to the metropolis of the British Empire.

After seeing St. Paul's, you hurry at once to see Thames Tunnel—that wonder of the world, and you acknowledge, as you gaze upon it, that it is a living proof of the industry and genius of the English nation. But, if your hotel be in the vicinity of the Exchange, you very soon venture east—east, into that wild wilderness of misery and suffering called Spitalfields. You traverse street after street, and see nothing but the most disgusting, the most beseeching poverty. There are thousands of men and women there who never have known what plenty is, what pure joy is, but are herded together, thieves, prostitutes, robbers and working-men, in frightful masses. You meet beggars at every step; at night the streets are crowded with wretched women, called in mockery "women of pleasure," and you are horror-struck when you

learn from reliable sources, that many of these are but children in age—but fourteen years old, some of them, and the fear of starvation is what has driven them to vice. Upon their faces there is a look of wan despair which tells the story of their infamy.

Your impressions, first and last, are, that in London there is good and ill; enormous wealth and terrible poverty; great virtue and frightful vice; beautiful churches and thousands who can never enter them for want of decent raiment;—in fact that London is the wealthiest and most wretched city in the world—the city of extremes!

THE STREETS, &c.

After spending a few days at a hotel, we learned from an English friend the fact, that superior comfort and independence could be secured for less money by taking apartments in a private house. This we did, renting a sleeping apartment, a drawing-room, use of plate, and service for a reasonable sum. This is in fact the universal mode of living among English bachelors, and is more economical, if one chooses to make it so, than a life at a hotel. You dine as richly as, and when you please; go and come when you please; invite as many friends to take supper with you as suits your fancy, and besides paying a certain sum for the use of apartments, plate and servants, only pay the market price for provisions consumed. We soon liked the ease and freedom of life in lodgings in preference to the more noisy, bustling life of a hotel. By degrees the streets became familiar to us, that is, the leading thoroughfares in the more central portions of the town—as a matter of course the greater portion of London for months was an unexplored wilderness to us.

Regent-street is one of the most spacious and elegant streets in the world, and we doubt if it has an equal. There

is a grandeur in its width, in the lofty beauty of its buildings, which are simple though rich, which we have scarcely if ever seen otherwheres. The western part of Piccadilly is a splendid street, and is very fashionable, as the Duke of Wellington lives in it and other distinguished noblemen

But the busiest, noisiest, and most crowded street in the English metropolis is that called the "STRAND." It runs from Charing Cross eastward to Temple Bar—the same street under the name of "FLEET," extends east of Temple Bar to St. Paul's Cathedral. Dr. Johnson in his day considered Charing Cross to be the most lively spot in London, and it is in our opinion the case now, for from it one sees the traffic of the "city" combined with the aristocratic equipage of the West End. Temple Bar is the western boundary of the ancient city of London, and therefore the Strand belongs to Westminster. The Bar or Gateway is a quaint-looking structure, dingy with smoke, and always has its apparently useless gates secured apart. We must except state occasions, for then her majesty Queen Victoria cannot pass through that gateway without asking permission of the city authorities. Her power as Queen of territories so vast that the sun never sets upon them avails her nothing then—she must sue for admittance like a very beggar ! It is a curious sight when she enters the city-proper upon state occasions. The dingy old gates of Temple Bar are then folded together and locked as if a foreign invader were to be kept out. The royal procession goes slowly on until the Bar is reached, and it stops humbly and asks if it may enter. One of the Queen's officers, apparelled, as a matter of course, in gorgeous gewgaws, descends from a carriage and knocks upon the gate. The Lord Mayor of London asks with as much pompous dignity as if he really didn't know :

" Who is there ?"

The reply comes with equal pomposity—

"The Queen!"

Then the gates are opened, and amid protestations of loyalty and love the monarch enters the city of London! The custom seems to outsiders a foolish and laughable one, but not so to the Londoner. To him it is a legal, constitutional right which he never would think of relinquishing to the most popular sovereign in the world—thanks to his genuine English love of liberty and independence. It is one of the privileges of the city of London—that even the King cannot enter it without leave! It matters little now, but the times once were when the privilege were worth possessing, when rapacious men sat upon the throne—and such times may be again. It seems a waste of words where so gentle a creature as Victoria Guelph is concerned, a nonsensical form, but no one can tell the temper of England's rulers in the future! The Londoner, notwithstanding his profuse exhibitions of loyalty, is nevertheless proud of this privilege, and it gratifies him not a little to know that even the monarch cannot enter his gates without liberty!

In coming from the Strand through Fleet-street to the Exchange one gets a fine view of Saint Paul's, and the contrast on week-days between its holy grandeur and the din and strife of the Fleet and Strand is singular and striking. Fleet-street is somewhat famous for the hasty and irreverent marriages once perpetrated in it. Husbands and wives were bought and sold with astonishing facility and dispatch on the spot; shameless wretches for paltry fees married whoever presented themselves, and sometimes, indeed often, the ceremony was performed in the street. It was unsafe for a pretty woman to venture near it, and rich heiresses were sometimes forcibly abducted and married in the Fleet against their will; worse yet, even women who for some object wished to establish the legal fact that they were married, and still did not wish the trouble of a husband, came to the Fleet

and bribed some low fellow to go through the ceremony of marriage, with the understanding that as soon as it was over that he was never to be seen again.

The Strand is almost entirely given up to shops and places of business. Go where you will in it and you are sure to find a constant succession of draper's shops, book-stores, and luncheon rooms. There are several journals published in it. The "*Nonconformist*," edited by Edward Miall, one of the first writers in London, is published in the Strand. "*Punch*" is on the city side of Temple Bar—the building in which it is published stands upon the spot where formerly stood the house in which the immortal Milton lived. The "*Morning Chronicle*" is published in the Strand, the paper on which Charles Dickens was once a reporter, and in which he first published "Sketches by Boz." The "*Illustrated London News*," and many other well-known journals are also published in it.

The noise of the street is at times overpowering to a person of weak nerves, and the confusion indescribable. It is almost as much as a man's life is worth to attempt to cross it on certain times. Sometimes for half a mile it is completely choked up with vehicles of all descriptions, so wedged in together that a long time elapses before the current moves on again. The policeman with his leather-topped hat and *baton* is busy giving an order here, assisting there, and exercising in a laughable manner his authority. There have been occasions when a dense fog has suddenly at night settled down upon the Strand, and carriages have become so entangled with each other, that they were obliged to remain until the fog raised its gloomy pall from the earth.

There are many circumstances which combine to make Charing Cross one of the busiest spots in London. There, several streets pour forth their crowds of people, and carriages of all descriptions. Standing by Nelson's Column one can on one hand see the splendid equipages of the aristocracy,

and on the other get a good view of the competition and spirit and energy of the trade in the city. It is the spot where Commerce and Nobility seem to shake hands with each other—where splendid Pride smiles coldly and yet half-patronizingly down upon toiling Industry and energetic Trade.

Edward I., centuries ago, going to Westminster Abbey to inter his consort, stopped at "the little hamlet of Charing," and erected a cross in honor of the resting-place. There were then but few buildings there—what a change! Upon the identical spot where the cross was placed, now stands the statue of Charles I. It was once condemned by Parliament to be broken up, but was saved by a lover of royalty upon the spot; before the statue was replaced, the regicides suffered death. It was there that the noble Harrison was so inhumanly tortured to death, his very bowels being cut out before his eyes by the officers of the unprincipled and luxurious Charles II.

The lofty courage which the regicides exhibited on that spot of death, made a profound impression upon the hearts of the people, and the government paused amid its bloody career for very fear. Although tortures the most fiendish were heaped upon Harrison, not a single murmur escaped his lips, not a cry or reproach until he was seized with delirium. After he had been cut down alive and his bowels cast into the fire before his eyes, by his executioner, he rose on his feet and gave the wretch a blow on his ear. The act was, however, a delirious one, for during the earlier stages of his tortures, when he must have felt more keenly the agony of suffering, he was calm and uncomplaining, and suffered like a Christian martyr.

We have often, when on the spot, contrasted the noise and tumult of the scene around it with the quiet and beautiful grave of one of the regicides on the Green in the city of New

Haven—the calm and natural death of one, with the horrible atrocities which caused the death of the other.

Tavistock-street, which lies just in the rear of a portion of the Strand, is the place where Lord Sandwich first saw the beautiful but unfortunate actress, Miss Ray. Maiden Lane, not far off, was the street in which Voltaire resided while in England, and from a house in it he wrote a celebrated letter to Dean Swift.

There is another street, not far from Tavistock-street, Russell-street, which once contained the little book-shop where James Boswell was first introduced to the great Dr. Johnson. Little did the loquacious and fawning Scotchman then suppose that he was one day to become the biographer of the man before whom he trembled, and in that manner hand himself, arm-in-arm with Samuel Johnson, down to succeeding ages! Who that has ever read his life of Johnson, will ever forget his description of the interview in the little book-shop in Russell-street? Who does not delight to forget himself and the cares which press sorely about him in the pages of Boswell, notwithstanding all their adulation? He tells us honestly and simply how he felt before "the awful approach" of the author of the Rambler, and it is for this childish sincerity that he is so liked. A man who will not hesitate, as he did not, to describe scenes wherein he himself acted the part of a fool, for the pleasure of the friend he is describing, may be relied on as a truth-teller. It was utterly impossible for him to worship more than one man, and he was Johnson; and he wrote one of the most interesting biographies that ever was written, when he wrote the life of his great hero, the great master in English literature. Macaulay, however, has very conclusively shown that, however great a master in literature, he was not without grievous faults as a man, and that he used his pen against the cause of liberty.

There is a building in Holborn-street, now occupied by a

wholesale dealer in furniture, which once contained in a little garret-room the boy-poet, Chatterton. We visited it one day, but discovered no traces of the garret-room. In answer to our inquiries, the proprietor informed us that Lord Bacon once had a suite of apartments in it—the name of Chatterton he seemed never to have heard before! It was there that Chatterton lived for a short time and perished. It was there that, after being deserted by friend after friend, and while on the point of starvation, with his own hands he ended his young life. He was dying by inches with hunger, while the conceited Walpole, who had turned him off to die with less compunction than a hunter would feel when shooting a deer, was luxuriously supplied with all that wealth could purchase; and so the young poet was buried among the paupers of Shoe Lane! But the world has not suffered his name and memory to perish; and though no shaft of marble may ever tell the stranger where his dust lies, yet he shall never, so long as the English language lives, be forgotten! He lives as well as Horace Walpole, and it is easier to forgive his errors, committed while in despair, and while tasting the woes of bitterest poverty, than to forgive those of the nobleman who, amid all the rich blessings which God had shed upon him, grew fastidious and proud, and despised God's image unless it were covered with the insignia of nobility.

ST. CLEMENT'S INN.

There are in London many quaint old places, and it was always our delight when there to linger about them. There is one which opens into the Strand. We had often noticed while walking in it a queer-looking archway, on the northern side, with enormous pillars, and looking more like the entrance to a palace than anything less pretending. As nothing presented itself to view beyond them, save a row of little

shops, a cluster of orange-women, and hot-potato-boys, we came to the conclusion that the grand entrance must have been the work of some madman who chanced to have gold as well as a disordered brain, until in reading one of Albert Smith's stories, we got at the truth of the matter. One of his renowned characters, (in "Christopher Tadpole,") Mr. Gudge the lawyer, had his office beyond these pillars, and his poor clerk used to come and buy a hot potato occasionally of Stipler, under the archway, which was a most grandiloquent preface to modest and ruinous—St. Clement's Inn ; a quarter sadly infested with lawyers. During our next walk up the Strand, we entered the opening with a desire to gaze at a spot sacred to law. At first we saw nothing but a succession of dirty shops, and the street gradually narrowed down to a mere foot-path, so that the archway could never have been intended for the entrance of carriages ; for should they enter, there would be no retreat except by a reversion of the wheels.

We soon entered the open court of the Inn, and it certainly was one of the quaintest places we ever were in before. The court was square, with a little central plot of ground enclosed by what was once an iron fence of some solidity, but which now was in a state of melancholy dilapidation. The grass on the small bit of lawn was bright and green, but the two or three old trees which were there looked forlorn enough. The buildings, which were of brick, were of a sickly hue, and there was a stillness over everything like that of a country church-yard. This then was the spot in honor of which the imposing archway had been erected ; this was the home for lawyers. A more dismal, ghost-like place we hope never to see, and by a slight use of imagination, we could believe the spot haunted with the spirits of ruined clients. The patch of beautiful grass under our feet and the strip of heaven's blue overhead, only made the gloominess by contrast more intense.

The houses seemed to have existed for centuries, so antique were they in every feature. The lawyers in them were either *not* in them, or were still as a breezeless day on the ocean. The iron pickets of the fence were, some of them, broken and others nearly rusted out with age. The noise of the Strand floated indistinctly, in surges, to our ears, for a thick breast-work of buildings guarded the spot from the passionate cries and noises of the world. The distance was not long—a few steps would bring us into the busiest thoroughfare in London; and still this antiquated place was as quiet as if a mortal had not placed foot in it for half a century. The spirit of progress or improvement had not dared to lay its innovating finger upon aught. It would have been an easy matter to suppose that it looked the same in the days of Coke. While we were there we saw only one person; he had gray hair, and wore old-fashioned breeches, and stockings, and seemed to be the guardian spirit of the quaint old spot. There is egress from the place by foot-paths, through gates, northward into Holborn and southward into the Strand. Turning southward, in a few minutes we plunged into the uproar and confusion of the street—it seemed like passing from death once more into life!

SMITHFIELD.

Some distance to the north-east of St. Clement's Inn is Smithfield Market, where live cattle are bought and sold; a place renowned wherever the religion of Protestantism is known; for upon that open area of ground Latimer and Ridley were burned. But it is a sorry place in which to indulge in sentiment, for it is one of the greatest nuisances in London.

We arose early one Monday morning and visited it before breakfast. On our way we crossed "Bartholomew Close," the place where the author of Paradise Lost once hid himself from his governmental persecutors. We also saw "the Barbican."

Although it was very early when we stood with "Smithfield" before us yet the market was full of cattle. The place was exceedingly noxious, and it struck us that it must be exceedingly prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants who reside in the streets in its vicinity.

The market is an open area, paved with small round stones, and contains eight or nine acres of ground. In one quarter there were hundreds of small enclosures for sheep, pigs and calves, and across the other portions strong fences ran to which the cattle are generally tied. Sometimes a circle of "beeves" is made by obliging a dozen of them to turn their heads together in a common centre, and a good driver without rope or centre-post will keep a dozen of powerful cattle together for hours in this manner. There were that morning about ten thousand head of cattle in the market, and perhaps twenty thousand head of sheep. The noise and confusion of the place was indescribable. Scores of shepherd's and drover's dogs were tied to the fences, their "occupation gone" now that the cattle or sheep were penned up or secured. Nevertheless whenever a squad of sheep were marched off by some metropolitan buyer, the curs, as if unaware of any honest bargain by which the ownership had been transferred, set up a shrill howl of discontent. There were acres of cattle and sheep, and hundreds of buyers and sellers, and all in the very heart of London. The buildings surrounding the market were generally low and ancient in their appearance, and their inhabitants seemed to be of a different race from the rest of the Londoners.

And this was where "the fires of Smithfield" were lit! On this spot the first martyrs of the great Reformation perished!

There was something strange to us in the thought that there were houses before us whose walls saw the kindling flames as they wrapt in their lurid glow the bodies of Ridley and Latimer! But Smithfield is not now the field for martyrs

to perish on—neither is it like the field of Waterloo—a place which men take pleasure in visiting, in honor of heroic deeds, for Waterloo is yet a beautiful spot, while Smithfield is a nuisance. Yet the deeds of the martyrs were incomparably greater and holier than any that were ever enacted upon the field of Waterloo.

We were sorry we had visited Smithfield, for previously the name of "Smithfield" had a sound of heroic martyrdom in it, but henceforth its name is redolent of traffic and wild bulls and unpleasant odors.

It is strange that so civilized a city as London has allowed so long a live cattle-market in its bosom. What would Bostonians think if Brighton Market were held on the Common? —think that all Cochituate could not wash out the disgrace! Yet London has allowed the intolerable nuisance for ages. Heads of cattle are constantly driven to and from the market through the principal streets of the city, to the constant danger of the people. Many lives have been sacrificed—women have been gored to death on the public side-walks. There is nothing in the world which clings so long to life as an old, London "privilege." But at last Parliament has interfered, and the market is doomed. It was in vain that half the wealth of London clung to the dangerous "privilege," the legislators for the kingdom would no longer look on such a horrible plague-spot in the centre of the greatest city in the civilized world! The men of capital stirred every nerve to prevent the parliamentary act, but were, thank heaven, defeated. It is proposed by some to turn the market into a park—a happy thought. A marble shaft should then point out the spot where the martyrs perished, and it would be a sacred place to the Protestants of the world.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARKS.

There is no park in London which, in point of fashion, at all approaches to Hyde Park. There is Victoria Park away in the eastern part of London, amid beggars and poor people, mechanics and small tradesmen—its acres have God's sky over them like those in Hyde, but never a man of *ton* sets his foot there, for it is too vulgar, too plebeian ground! Its grass is just as green and soft as that in wealthier quarters—and the poor bless God for it—but splendid carriages are never to be seen in it, nor people of wealth and respectable standing in society, reckoning after the English manner.

St. James Park is beautiful, but it is not fitted for carriages like Hyde, and Fashion never deigns to walk in town during the season.

Green Park spreads out in front of Piccadilly, and is pleasant, but it has no Serpentine river to add to its beauty. It is a famous place for the children to romp in, and scream, and dance, and play wild sports. Poor men's children are fond of coming there to catch a sight of the blue skies, and to play in the free breezes which sweep across it. The stomachs of the *élite* are altogether too delicate to bear the sight of these ragged and dirty-faced children—if they were as delicate in the treatment of their consciences, it would be better for themselves and the world lying in misery about them.

Regent's Park is of greater extent than any other in the

Metropolis. It has its Botanical and Zoological Gardens, its Hippopotamus, and in fact all manner of wild beasts, so that the million go there, not for fresh air, or to exhibit themselves, but to see its curious sights, just as they flock to the National Gallery, or the Museum.

The only park where people may be said to go to see, and be seen, is Hyde Park, and as it is the only fashionable one in London, is worthy of a careful description.

Its extent is not far from 400 acres. Regent's Park has an area of over 400 ; St. James of 83 ; Kensington Gardens, 290 ; Green Park, 71 ; Victoria Park, 160 ; and Greenwich Park, 174. So that London is very well off for breathing-spots, considering the immense worth of space where the parks are situated. Still there is a strong party who are urging upon Parliament to construct still another park for the people in the region of Finsbury.

HYDE PARK.

Hyde Park is situated in the centre of the fashion and respectability. Piccadilly runs into it ; "Belgravia" (the region of Belgrave Square) lies a trifle to the south-east of it, while Brompton is a little to the south-west. Green Park runs up as close to it as the pathway which separates them will allow, and St. James' Park stands in about the same relation to Green Park, that Green does to Hyde, so that there are three parks touching each other at the corners. One may start at the Horse Guards in St. James' Park, and go in a north-western direction over green fields for a long distance until at the farther end of Hyde Park.

We have often walked in Hyde Park, and yet were never fond of it in the afternoon of the "season," for then there is always such a blaze of fashion there, as to make it unpleasant

to any one whose object in coming, is to get fresh air and exercise.

One frosty morning, when the renowned Crystal Palace was being built, with a friend, we arose early to give it a visit, well knowing that at that hour of the day, as well as season of the year,—the fashionables being in the country—we were secure from any crowd of people. We entered Piccadilly —a street which contains some of the finest residences in the world, and which at the same time is one of the noisiest and busiest thoroughfares in London. On Park Lane corner, we hesitated a moment, to gaze at the residence of Mr. Abbott Lawrence, our Minister at the Court of St. James. The building is a rich and substantial affair and must rent enormously in that quarter, but happily Mr. Lawrence has money enough aside from his salary to support himself in almost any style of grandeur. We believe Americans find no fault with his hospitality—those Americans who are in London. The only time we ever entered his superb mansion, we were on business, to get a passport *visæd* for the Continent. We, with the friend with us, were treated with great politeness. In fact all the officers of the American Embassy in London are in good repute. There are many who yet speak of Mr. Bancroft, our former Minister at London, in terms of great respect and praise. The American Consul in London—who has, we believe, held his post for a long time—is worthy of all praise. So far as our own experience goes, and it tallies exactly with that of many other Americans we have seen, he is invariably kind and attentive to Americans, and we doubt whether we have a more faithful officer in any other part of the world.

Leaving Park Lane corner behind, we soon came in sight of the grand arched entrance to the Park, on the right, and stopping first, a few moments to gaze at an enormous statue of the Duke of Wellington, which stands on the left, we passed under the archway into the Park.

After entering, we stopped again to gaze at the residence of the Duke of Wellington, which stands on a corner of the Park and Piccadilly.

Yes, we were in the front of the famous Apsley House, the home of "the hero of a hundred fights!" In front of his drawing-room windows, stands the great monument in memory of his deeds—he can never look out of his windows without seeing it, and were he so modest as to ever forget them, that would be no gentle reminder of his military greatness.

"But look at those western windows!" said our friend, pointing at all the windows which fronted the Park.

"Yes!" we replied, "iron shutters are over every one, and that reminds us of a portion of the Duke of Wellington's character."

"How?"

"Why, in the times of the great Reform Bill Agitation, years ago, this 'Iron Duke,' whom the people had worshipped so abjectly, bitterly opposed them, and stood sword in hand in defence of the most outrageous frauds. He was ready to shed his blood in defence of the iniquitous rotten borough system, and even went so far as to offer to march an army to Birmingham and shoot down the crowds of people, who were justly dissatisfied with the gross oppression of the aristocracy. And he would perhaps have done it, had he not upon sounding his officers, discovered the frightful fact to him, that in such a civil warfare, they could not be depended on! He was then in power as Prime Minister, and the people wanted him to resign and make way for liberal principles, but he would not. It was then that in their anger, they gathered in mobs about his residence, and broke in pieces these western windows, which he had ironed up as they now remain. However, the iron-willed soldier was broken down by the spirit of the nation, and at midnight of a memorable day, resigned his power into the hands of the sovereign."

But now the spacious Park lay spread out before our eyes with its acres of green turf, and its lofty trees, with graceful branches. All winter long, the grass in the English Parks looks verdant; either because the frosts are not sufficiently powerful to wither it, or because frost does not affect English grass as it does that in America. It seemed like a country view, if only Piccadilly and Knightsbridge could have been shut out from the scene. The Serpentine River looked beautiful in the morning's sun, stretching gracefully away into Kensington Gardens. We walked down to the edge of the sheet of water, and found a thin coating of ice already formed on a portion of it. When it is frozen sufficiently thick to bear the weight of men, the sight on a frosty morning is a stirring one, for the whole area of ice will then be covered with skaters, young and old. Some of course will understand the art, and will glide gracefully away with the swiftness of a bird, here and there, making circles and elliptical figures in profusion. But the majority will be either beginners, or awkward performers, and the figures which *they* cut are ludicrous enough —only equalled by the performances of Mr. Samuel Pickwick on Mr. Wardle's ice-pond!

Hundreds are gathered to enjoy the sport on the banks of the stream, who shout and laugh at the sudden descent of some unlucky amateur upon the hard ice, while those who are expert, win plaudits from fine gentlemen and beautiful ladies. Upon the river, or its bank, scattered near the most dangerous places, are the men in the employ of the Royal Humane Society, as well as some of the metropolitan police, ready for any accident; and not a season passes away during which several are not rescued from a death in the Serpentine. They stand ready with their instruments, their hooks and ropes, and other contrivances for rescuing those who may chance to be too venturesome and break through the ice, so that every one is willing to run risks, he is so sure of being saved. Sometimes

there are weeks together when there is skating on the Serpentine, but that is a rare thing. A few days of ice-weather is almost always followed by mild weather, which melts away the ice and spoils the excellent sport in which the boys and men join.

Passing along one of the avenues for carriages, we soon came in sight of the Crystal Palace, or building of the Great Exhibition. It was not finished, but the structure was so far completed as to give to us an idea of its wonderful beauty. It lay away to the south-western extremity of the Park, and showed well from almost any quarter save the thoroughfare in front of it, which was too near for a good view.

The workmen were all over it, and around it, like bees in a hive, making the air hum with their industrious noise. It was the song of labor—not so sweet perhaps as Jenny Lind's thrilling notes, and yet of far more importance. What but labor could construct such a palace of glass, to be the wonder and delight of the nations? What but labor could have exhibited such a sight as the World's Fair?

While we stood looking upon the wonderful sight, and listening to the music of the workmen's hammers, two young ladies stopped not far from us to gaze also at the fairy structure. They were neatly attired, and had evidently come out in despite of fashion for an early walk before breakfast, for the sake of health. One of them had dark hair, which swept back across her argent neck in curls, while her eyes were like diamonds. The other had cheeks which might rival the most delicate rose, the crimson and marble were so exquisitely intermixed.

"Here," said our friend, "are two ladies who dare to laugh at Fashion, for if they were her devotees they would not be here at this day or hour!"

Yet they were very beautiful, and probably wealthy, and a health was theirs, which the women of fashion never know.

What a luxury it is to meet in society a woman of beauty and perhaps rank, and especially intellect, who acts the pure woman out in daily life, never curbing in her sweet benevolence to suit the cold dictates of fashion-mongers; never refusing to pluck flowers while the dew is on them, because the rich-vulgar say that the night was made for those who have money and rank, and the day for the poor who must work!

But the fair couple soon tripped away, leaving us to moralize as we pleased on women and fashion, and rank and labor.

It was in Hyde Park, if we recollect aright, that Sir Robert Peel met with the accident which resulted in his death. Riding up one of the avenues his horse became frightened, threw him to the ground, and fell upon him with so much force that he was fatally wounded, and in a few hours the man who was the glory of the British nation, and who a short time before was in the full vigor of manhood, lay a cold corpse, and the nation was in tears. It was a sudden and awful stroke, and the nation trembled.

It was in this Park, too, that many years ago, Oliver Cromwell met with an accident which came near proving fatal to his life. Riding over these grounds one day, he took a fancy to drive his carriage, and so mounted the driver's seat, and grasped the reins. But he was awkward at the business of driving horses, or the steeds were not aware that it was great Oliver P. who guided them, for they ran and overturned the carriage. Cromwell was thrown out, and the loaded pistol which he invariably wore about his person went off, the charge escaping his body only by a hair's breadth.

But we have spoken of this Park as *the* park of fashion, and must say something of its appearance when it is in all its peculiar glory. That is in May and June, on any pleasant day after one o'clock. It is the height of vulgarity to appear in it much before that hour, but after—what a blaze

of fashion! Then all the various avenues are crowded with brilliant equipages, horsemen and gentlemen on foot. Thousands are gathered there upon this spot; the carriages full of splendidly-attired ladies, who are continually nodding (how very slightly!) their heads to this person and that, while the horses slowly pace up one pathway and down another. Yonder you see the carriage of the Field Marshal, Duke of Wellington, and in it sits an old man with white hairs, and a back bent with age, and a nose never to be mistaken—the Roman nose of the hero of Waterloo! There perhaps you see, upon a prancing steed, the black-haired and brilliant-eyed D'Israeli, bowing to this Duchess or that Honorable Mrs. Somebody. There goes the Countess of Jersey, prouder in her mien than the Queen herself—and close following after, in chaste carriage, that sweet poetess, the beautiful "Undying One," the Honorable Mrs. Norton.

Crowd surges after crowd as wave follows wave out in the ocean, made up of wealth, and rank, and intellect.

In Hyde Park many a love-affair has been nursed, and many an intrigue carried on. You see that fair young man, perhaps modestly on foot among these crowds, how earnestly he looks for *one* carriage, and when at last he spies it coming straight up towards him in the distance, how nervous he looks—and now that it is against him, takes off his hat to that fair young girl in it, who crimsons to her forehead as she, watching carefully that no one sees her, drops her white kid glove to him! Alas for her;—'tis a case of secret love, and the chances are ten to one that some match-making mamma will break her young heart. But all intrigues carried on here are not so pure and innocent as this. Many is the home which has been made wretched by soft whispers uttered here, many the seduction coolly carried on from day to day until the ruin was complete, of some creature whom God had once fashioned pure and beautiful.

Sunday is said to be the day when the Park is fullest—then there are sometimes 30,000 or 40,000 people in it.

VICTORIA PARK.

But from looking at the Park of fashion let us turn to the Victoria Park. We visited it one Sunday afternoon, because nothing is to be seen in it save on Sundays, when the laboring population is not at work. This park is emphatically the park of the poor. No fashion enters it; wealth and so-styled respectability shun it. It is situated north-east of London, and immediately adjoins Bethnal Green and Spitalfields, those great rendezvous for the wretched, vile, and suffering. It is miles east of that great airing-place of the aristocracy, Hyde Park, and has no fellowship with any of the other parks. It is kicked out of their society for its want of name, ancient associations, and its poverty.

Yet, though the grounds are new and not all laid out, it is a beautiful park. Its entrance-gate is, though not costly, in good taste, and the first department is laid out very gracefully. There are miniature lakes in it, full of swans and other aquatic birds. A beautiful island is formed by one of them, and upon it there is an elegant and fairy-like structure in the Chinese style of architecture, which is, in the proper season, almost buried among a profusion of flowers and shrubs and plants. The open fields are kept beautifully green, the walks are well gravelled, and it is one of the healthiest spots within ten or fifteen miles of London, in any direction.

The proximity of Bethnal Green is apt to subtract from the pleasure of visiting it, but in a few minutes' walk, if you choose, you can leave all London out of sight.

It was one Sunday afternoon when we started out to see Victoria Park in all its glory—with the people it was intended for, in it. Our walk lay through a portion of Spitalfields

and Bethnal Green, and was not pleasant. The streets were crowded with a filthy set of vagabonds—very likely so because they were unable to obtain work—and the shops were at least half of them open; the gin-shops especially appearing to be driving a heavy business. Some of the streets through which we walked were very low and dirty, and sometimes it was with difficulty that we faced our way through them, the odors that greeted us at every step were so nauseating.

After a long walk we came to Bethnal Green, where there is a good-looking church and a pleasant green, though the houses and streets in the vicinity are all of the poorest kind, or pretty much so.

In a few minutes the Park was in sight. Immediately in front of the Park-gate there are two or three acres of open land, unenclosed, upon which the people gather for any kind of meetings, and we could already see several different crowds or assemblages. The people were the workmen of London, that we could see plainly enough by their brawny arms, work-worn hands, and care-worn faces. The mechanics of London, to our eye, are a sad-looking set of men. They are not like the English farmers with their red cheeks and lusty voices; not like the race of English squires fatted upon roast-beef and plum-pudding, but are either beer-bloated and sodden-eyed, or pale and care-worn.

We stopped before one of the crowds of people to see what was the subject of excitement. There were two or three hundred men gathered around a little hillock, upon which a pale young man stood delivering a sort of political speech. Said he, in earnest tones, as we approached:

"Yes! hypocrite Lord Ashley has established a reading-room for working-men! A reading-room for the working-men of London! And what do you suppose this philanthropic nobleman gives us to read? Why! the only paper

which we can find there is *the bloody Times!* That paper which calls the noble Mazzini a scoundrel, which eulogizes butcher Haynau, which is paid for its advocacy of despotism by Austria—*that* is the paper which my Lord Ashley dares to offer us to read! He and the proprietors of that paper pretend to love us, and yet refuse to give us our God-given rights! Call themselves *our friends*, and still tax us till we bleed at every pore, and refuse to let us vote!"

There was a rough eloquence in the words of the speaker, and the crowd that gathered about him seemed to feel all that the rude orator felt, and to despise the *Times* and the aristocracy. We watched their faces carefully to get some indications of the spirit within, and saw clearly by the compressed lips and clenched fists that they felt keenly the despotic conduct of the English nobles.

We passed on to another collection of people, and there "Universal Suffrage" was the theme of the speaker. He told his hearers how that in England only one in every six of male adults can vote, while all are taxed alike, and detailed some of the abominations which are practised under the "glorious constitution of old England."

Going on a little further, we found a smaller group gathered about an honest Scotchman, who with an open Bible in his hand, was warning his hearers to "flee from the wrath to come." His voice was raised to its highest pitch, and his body kept swaying to and fro in a most ludicrous manner, and we found it impossible to resist a quiet smile. Yet we honored the pious old man for coming to such a place and sowing the good seed, though upon such a barren soil. Every moment his audience grew smaller, until at last only two or three were left, and the preacher closed up his Bible as if in despair.

It is a sad thing, but there are frightful masses of people

in London, who know little and care less for the Bible or religion, and what is sadder still, we fear the English churches are in a manner to blame for it. These hard-working men have got to think that a religious man is an aristocrat, that a churchman is one who debars them from their political rights. The State-church they think lives upon what is not its own; its bishops upon immense salaries wrung from the people while they are starving. They see the well-dressed religionists in their coaches before the churches, and imagine that the Bible upholds oppression and fraud, and in their anger they cast it beneath their feet. Mistaken men!—and yet as such to be pitied as condemned. It is a startling fact, and one which no proper judge can deny, that infidelity is increasing in London among the working classes, and it is our belief that for this infidelity those persons who are *practical* infidels, though professional Christians, must to a great degree be held responsible. These poor men feel that their rights are defrauded from them, and no amount of argument will convince them that their defrauders are good men. It is too much to expect that the oppressed will judge their oppressors with liberality.

Victoria Park is every pleasant Sunday the scene of gatherings for almost blasphemous purposes. The language of some of the speakers is many times fearfully wicked, but it indicates to the careful observer the religious condition of the poorest classes of the metropolis. Upon the very spot where we lingered to listen to the pious Scotchman, Bishop Bonner once lived, and some of the trees are now standing which used to flourish in his garden.

Turning in at the Entrance-gate, we were among a better class than those who congregated on the open common outside of it. There were many men, women, and children wandering over the grounds, but almost all, if not quite, were of the humblest classes. There was but a sprinkling of wo-

men, as the women of the wretched classes are, if anything, worse in their tastes than the men. Drunken women are as common, or nearly so, in London, as drunken men.

At the entrance of the eastern park—for a highway divides the park in two—there is a pretty porter's cottage, or lodge, where we saw all manner of intoxicating liquors, and also edibles.

The eastern park is much larger than the western, but is not so well cultivated, or so tastefully laid out and decorated. It is much like any public common, and yet we liked rambling over it better than over its more civilized neighbor, for its wildness savored more of the country, and the breezes seemed freer as they swept over it.

CHAPTER III.

PLACES AND SIGHTS.

CHRIST-CHURCH HOSPITAL.

Walking one day towards Holborn, we came in sight, suddenly, of Christ-church Hospital and its droves of bluecote boys We stopped before the great yard in front of the building, leaning against the iron railing which separated the spacious yard and the boys from the noisy street, and looked in upon the young children. They were all out at play in their long, blue "cotes," or rather gowns, and all were bareheaded. We believe they are not allowed caps, for we never yet saw one of them, whether at the hospital or threading the streets in all weathers, with any covering upon the head. Their gown, or "cote," as it is called, is of blue, under which is a yellow skirt. Their legs are dressed like those of an old squire clinging to the customs of an age long since gone to oblivion. Perhaps fifty of the boys were in the yard at play. Those who raced and leaped rolled up their gowns in a peculiar manner, so as to have their nether limbs free from incumbrance, preaching a silent sermon in favor of Bloomerism at the same time. Some played at ball, others at the old game of "bye," while others still stood listlessly around, gazing at the active ones. The sight of these boys brought our school-days vividly to mind, and while gazing at them we lived them over again.

We remembered that gentle Elia, quaint but tender-hearted Charles Lamb, once played in the yard before us, and frolicked like the boys we were now gazing at. Here was the spot where he was educated, and which he has so quaintly described in his sketches of his school-day life. Does not the reader remember where he tells about one poor "blue-cote boy," who was noticed to conceal at dinner slight portions of meat; how for this he was watched and dogged by his fellows, as if he were ripe for Newgate, or the gallows; and at last it became evident that he *was* a thief; that the bits of meat which he saved at dinner (from his *own* plate) were certainly carried every day away from the school, the Hospital, or its precincts, and disposed of in some strange and unaccountable manner? And how at last when the poor boy was looked upon as a little monster, it all came out: that out of his own dinner he had saved enough to keep a dear father and mother from starvation, suffering hunger himself, to help them in their dreadful poverty—and how the noble, noble boy received instead of a reprimand, a reward for his generous, and even heroic conduct?

While we stood there, Elia's simple but pathetic story came fresh into mind, and we could not help looking upon the play-ground with a deeper interest because of it. Lamb never complained of the treatment he received while at Christ-church, and always held his old teachers in great esteem. And a kind teacher is always loved in after years by those to whom he has shown affection. There are few who are grown to manhood who do not cherish some of the warmest feelings for some kind old instructor, or it may be village schoolmaster, who wasted his life in preparing the young to enjoy the world. But if a kind teacher is never forgotten, it is quite as true that a cruel one is always remembered. A child forgets a single wrong which is counterbalanced by kindness, but never continued cruelty. If ever he meets the cruel

master in after life, he looks upon him with a shuddering disgust.

Coleridge was educated here—he who sang so sublimely of "Sovran Blanc," before his eyes had rested upon it—and here used to laugh and play in his young days. But somehow he did not fare so well as Lamb, for he says he used to go to sleep so hungry sometimes, that he would dream all night of revelling among cakes and pies, and the choicest dainties; and that whenever in the day-time he passed the shops where tempting edibles were exhibited in the windows, he so longed for them, that it was a pain to go past them!

It was while he was at school here, that he caught a rheumatism which lasted him for life. Upon a holiday he, with some of his fellows, wandered up upon the banks of the New River. Accepting some foolish challenge, Coleridge plunged into the stream, or pond, and in his clothes swam across it. He remained in his wet clothes all day at play, and never recovered from the effects of his folly.

But while we stood leaning against the iron fence, the boys suddenly left the play-ground, and entered the school-room. In a minute the yard, which looked so pleasant and so full of life just before, wore an air of sombre sadness. There was a gloom over the spot which never deigns to visit the green play-grounds in the country. We looked at the Hospital. It is a fine-looking structure—with gray and venerable walls, and a spire and turrets which are graceful without any compromise of dignity. It was erected as a hospital for *poor boys*. This was the intention of its originator, who gave the funds which support it, and yet in a strictly legal manner, the intentions of the donor are set aside. Only those boys can enter it now who have friends and considerable money, for it is looked upon as a fine berth for a boy. We forget the amount which is generally paid to secure a situation in it, but it is enough to keep out all literally *poor* boys. It is a very common

thing in this world to see in such benevolent institutions the wishes of the founder completely overlooked as soon as he is fairly hid from sight in his grave, but there is a peculiar cruelty in the case of Christ-church Hospital.

FIRES.

We do not believe, in the matter of fires, that one half the number occur in London, in any given year, that occur in New York, in proportion to the number of buildings in both towns. During two years in London we witnessed only two fires—one an extensive one, and the other only a single building. Nor saw we any alarms of fire, which are such a daily occurrence in our own towns, though some of course occurred. There are no such fire-companies in London as exist in America. There are no organizations like those of Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and yet fewer buildings are consumed in the course of a year in proportion to the whole number, than are consumed in Philadelphia, New York or Boston. The city government, we believe, has not anything to do with fire-engines, companies, or fires—nothing whatever. The Insurance Companies take care of the city or town, and everybody feels that it is their business, and they prefer to attend to their own business, rather than leave it in the hands of independent companies. But, as some might at first imagine, they do not confine themselves to the houses which they insure, but exert themselves as heartily in extinguishing the fire in an uninsured building as in one insured. The reason, which as a matter of course is a selfish one, is obvious enough —a house uninsured, if left to itself, would soon set on fire a half-dozen insured houses, and the result would be a great loss to the Insurance Companies.

Several fire-companies unite and provide disciplined bands of firemen, who act as *leaders*, for the crowd which always

gathers to see a fire, are made to assist. These bands have their rendezvous at convenient places, and are always ready for any calamity. One of these spots is a singular scene. At all hours of the day and night you will find several splendid fire-engines, well mounted upon strong cars, to which are attached two or four powerful horses. The gates are always open, the horses harnessed, and the lines in the hands of a driver. Besides the driver, there are to each team several firemen, dressed and ready for action, and there they stand, ready in a second's notice to fly to the scene of conflagration. A large number of engines and horses are on hand for use, and several are constantly harnessed and manned for service. There are several depots scattered over the metropolis from which the engines start. The costume of the firemen is fine, the horses are always spirited, and the sight when they are in motion, is one of life and spirit.

To insure the quick transmission of news of fires to head-quarters, the policeman who on observing a fire, first gives notice at an engine-station, receives a reward amounting to about $2.50, and still another reward is given to the engine which first appears on the ground.

Now suppose that news reaches an engine-station of a fire ; instantly the word of advance is given to the horses, and the car flies with the speed of the wind over the stony streets. Everybody by law must get out of its way, and give it a clear path, for it is flying on an errand of mercy—to save life and property. The sight of one of these cars thundering over the pavement is really grand, as the uniform of the firemen is conspicuous, the engines are beautiful, and the horses full of mettle.

Arrived at the scene of the fire, and at once the hose of the engine is applied to the street-plug—for the water-companies only obtain charters on condition of giving all the water which is needed for fires, free of cost. A suitable band of

men for working the engines is soon gathered from the crowd, by offering twenty-four cents for the first hour, twelve for the next, and so on, besides a feast of bread and cheese and ale, to wind off with. Twenty to thirty men are needed to work each engine, but a fire never yet occurred in London where there was a lack of men for hire on these terms. The trained firemen attend to all the dangerous parts of the service, and the common laborers merely work the engines. The brigademen, as they are called, wear a compact dress, with a stiff leathern helmet to protect the head, and often make courageous and dangerous attacks upon the devouring element. If it is necessary to enter a room full of smoke and flames, a fireman with a smoke-proof dress enters at once to the rescue of the perilled object. The work goes on coolly, but with wonderful dispatch, and when all is over, all parties who have worked adjourn to the nearest public-house to partake of the beforehand-bargained-for bread and cheese and ale.

There are in London forty or fifty engines managed by the Fire Brigade, and besides these there are two which are always floating on the Thames, which require a hundred men each to be worked effectively, and when in full operation, pour forth a volume of two tons of water, each, per minute!

The Fire Brigade belongs to some eighteen or twenty Insurance Companies, and has fifteen or sixteen stations. There are a Superintendent and Captains, and the men are promoted according to their energy and trustworthiness. We need not add that they are paid well, and only those employed who are stout, strong, and full of expertness. Here is one of the great advantages they have over the members of fire-companies in American towns who do not make it their business. They are not generally persons of extraordinary strength, and can never be so skilful as men who make the putting out of fires a profession.

The whole cost of the establishment is not great, and the

Insurance Companies can well afford to pay large sums rather than dispense with their energy and skill. The men are as completely under the control of officers as are soldiers, and when one is commanded to undertake anything, if it be a work which is full of the most frightful danger, he no more thinks of flinching than the soldier on the battle-field.

Centuries ago the business of preventing and extinguishing fires devolved wholly upon the municipal government. The town was divided into four great quarters by the Corporation, immediately after the great fire, of which the Fire Monument is commemorative, and the regulations which were then issued for the safety of London are still preserved among the archives of the city. We will copy one or two, which will awaken a smile on account of the quaintness of their phraseology :

"*Item.* That every of the said quarters shall be furnished and provided, at or before the feast of our Lord God next ensuing, of eight hundred leathern buckets, fifty ladders, viz., ten forty-two foot long, ten sixteen foot long, and ten twelve foot long ; as also of so many *hand-squirts* of brass as will furnish two for every parish, four and twenty pick-axe sledges and forty shod-shovels."

Another item obliged every Alderman who had passed the office of shrievality to provide "four and twenty buckets and one hand-squirt of brass," and all those who had been sheriffs to provide "twelve buckets and one hand-squirt of brass !"

The amount of property insured in England against fire is astonishingly great. A tax laid upon all insurance-paper proves that more than five hundred millions pounds' worth is insured every year.

Some years since the *aurora-borealis* so completely deceived the London Fire Brigade, that from eleven o'clock at night till six in the morning, twelve engines with seventy-five men

were tearing about, all over the streets, in search of what they thought must be a fire.

The Humane Society keeps in several streets a mechanical contrivance by which, in case of fire at night, persons may escape from the bed-chambers in high stories with safety to the pavement below. In some instances this contrivance is simply a ladder on wheels, so that it may easily be moved about; in other cases it consists of a movable chair, which moves up and down a ladder-frame. A person throws himself into the chair from his window, and his weight causes it to sink slowly and safely to the ground. Often in night-walks we have noticed these simple contrivances moving about from street to street, but do not know how often they are successful in rescuing life from destruction by fire.

MADAME TASSAUD'S.

One of the "lions" of London is Madame Tassaud's Exhibition of Wax Work in Baker-street. It is both brilliant and fashionable, and is constantly crowded. Its fame is world-wide, but no person who has not visited it with his own eyes, can gain any adequate conception of its completeness, brilliancy and startlingly natural appearance. It is situated in the West End, and was originated by Madame Tassaud, at an expense of more than $300,000. Her personal history is one of singular interest. She was born at Berné in Switzerland, in the year 1760, about two months after the death of her father, and was adopted by her uncle M. Curtius, then a distinguished wax-modeller in Paris. She was singularly fortunate in making the friendship of such men as Lafayette, Mirabeau, Voltaire, and other celebrated men of that age. In 1782 she was employed in the art of modelling by the Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., and the palace at Versailles was her home.

During the awful reign of terror her patrons were murdered around her, and she, herself, ran great risks, and was exposed to the most imminent perils. Her genius was her safeguard, for the State could not spare her services, and the authorities made her State Modeller. She was obliged to take casts of many of the heads of her best friends, as well as bitterest enemies.

In 1833 she opened in London her present unrivalled exhibition of wax-work, which has ever since constantly been receiving accessions. No celebrated character is unrepresented there, and although she has expended nearly a half million, yet the returns are enormous. She and her sons (she has died since our first visit to the place), are immensely rich, and are every day accumulating more.

The evening is the time to see the gallery in its glory, for then its myriads of gorgeous gas-lights and chandeliers present an imposing appearance. The first evening on which we visited it, Madame Tassaud was alive and in good health, for one so much advanced in years. We entered the saloon in Baker-street through a beautiful hall richly adorned with antique casts and modern sculptures, passed up a flight of stairs magnificent with arabesques, artificial flowers and large mirrors, and halted at the entrance-door to deposit our fee of one shilling into the hands of the veritable Madame Tassaud herself, who sat in an arm-chair by the entrance, as motionless as one of her own wax-figures. It was well worth the shilling to see her.

The sight from where we stood was gorgeous beyond description. Five hundred flames of light streamed forth into every nook and recess of the vast apartment, making an intense light, which was reflected and re-reflected a thousand times by a perfect wall of mirrors. The room is one hundred feet in length, and fifty in breadth, and its walls are panelled with plated glass, and decorated with draperies and gilt orna-

ments in the Louis Quatorze style. Two large aisles run through the apartment ; upon the four sides of the room are ranged all the single figures and small groups, while the large and complicated ones have a central position.

From the entrance-door, where we stood, the view was better than any other for gazing upon the whole group, of groups. The blazing light, the figures, and the mass of visitors, from the height of fashionable circles down to the poorest of the middle-classes, combined to make it a scene of gaiety and excitement. It seemed as if we had been ushered into the presence of the great dead, for the figures were natural as life. Washington and Napoleon, Danton and Robespierre were all around us, and Paganini with his violin, and sweet, artless Jenny Lind, without her voice. Splendid ottomans and sofas were ranged along the aisles, at convenient distances for the accommodation of the visitors, and really it was difficult always to distinguish the wax from the live flesh and blood !

Over the entrance there was a gallery filled with musicians, who discoursed sweet and ancient airs, which added to the enchantment of the scene. As we passed down one of the aisles a figure, entitled " The Sleeping Beauty," arrested our attention ; a young girl, beautiful as a poet's vision, " lying down to pleasant dreams," her gentle breast heaving to and fro like life—yet it was only wax. There was Jenny Lind, pure and artless Jenny, with smiles upon her face, and her lips looking so much like singing, with a song behind them ready to burst forth, that we involuntarily hushed our steps as if to hear ! There was Kean in one of his finest characters, Macready, Ellen Tree (now Mrs. Kean), and all the celebrated actors and actresses in the world.

There was Paganini, living, breathing—with his slight fingers grasping the veritable violin upon which he used to play. His dark, brilliant, enthusiastic features sent a thrill

through us while we gazed at him, and it seemed as if we should hear those wondrous fingers once more startle the world with their magical performances upon the old violin. In close proximity stood Napoleon. He had on the same gray overcoat which he wore at Austerlitz and Waterloo. His smiling face looked down upon us disdainfully, and his hand was upon his sword. An involuntary martial-thrill ran through us as we gazed at his dark, small form, and thought of his victories. The next moment our eyes fell upon the statue of one so noble and even godlike that the tears started to our eyes as we exclaimed, "Look! look! for there is Washington!" With his mild eyes and gray hair, his noble stalwart form, he stood forth in remarkable contrast with the little, swarthy, brilliant Napoleon. The one great and good, and with the thanks of millions encircling his republican brow;—the other great, but intensely selfish and intensely devilish, and with the curses of the millions he crushed beneath his iron heel screeching in his ears like Pandemonium.

"Oliver P.," Carlisle's God, stood facing the gentle-eyed Charles, whom he executed; and eloquent Edmund Burke confronted the splendid but rapacious Hastings.

There was William Cobbett in his plain farmer's dress, and by some unseen agency he kept bowing politely to the visitors. Wax figures were so placed on the borders of the aisle, some prominent and others receding, that it was often difficult to distinguish the wax from the live figures. A couple of our friends visiting the Gallery one evening, one of them trod upon a gentleman's foot, and of course begged his pardon. His companion laughed, saying, "You are begging pardon from a wax-figure!"

Not long after, his companion who had laughed so heartily over his blunder, touched him, saying, "Look at this figure —is it not beautiful?" The "figure," with a blush and

smile, turned away ; young men have been known to make love to such " figures !"

At the western part of the room there was the " golden chamber," a small apartment for the exhibition of George IV. and his coronation and state robes. Madame Tassaud purchased them at a cost of $90,000. Queen Elizabeth was there, all bedizened with jewels, and close at her side Queen Mary of Scotland—her victim—arrayed in a plain mourning suit.

There was Mirabeau, with his great and splendid forehead ; there were Robespierre and Danton, the Girondists. Milton, and Shakspeare, and Spenser, and the " wondrous boy, Chatterton," had each their niche of honor. One of the finest of the large groups was that of the royal family, Albert and Victoria, and their host of princes and princesses, all modelled to the life.

There was one room called " The Room of Horrors," which was too horrible to gaze at. There were the heads of some of the victims of the French Revolution, all bloody and ghastly. The sight was enough to chill one's blood, and we came away from the apartment with a keen sense of relief.

The exhibition as a whole, is probably the best in the world, and will well pay the stranger for an evening's visit. There is to us a pleasure in walking among the great of former ages in this manner, after we have become conversant with their lives through history. There is a pleasure in looking upon Napoleon's old gray coat, and Paganini's violin, and seeing, though but in wax, how they looked dressed like other men, instead of in marble, or steel engravings, or upon canvass !

GUTTA PERCHA FACTORY.

We made a visit one day to the "Gutta Percha Company's Works," and as they are the only company in the United Kingdom holding the original patent, and first imported gutta percha from "over the seas," and as a necessary consequence are at the head of the world in their manufactures, we will give a hasty sketch of what we saw on our visit. The manufactory is situated in the northern part of London, near a canal which runs into the interior of the country, and is large and commodious.

We were introduced to the manager, who is a man of politeness and urbanity (qualities not too common in the business life of London), and sat down in his office for a few moments while he gave out orders for various and distant departments of the large manufactory without leaving his desk, by simply applying his lips to different mouth-pieces close at hand, the sound being carried through gutta percha tubes to the farthest corner of the vast building.

In a few minutes, we repaired to the cutting department. Here the lumps of gutta percha are sliced into thin pieces by revolving knives, which cut six hundred slices per minute, propelled by steam. The gutta percha as it is imported from India is not fit for use—the collectors being careless—and it must undergo a process of purification here. The slices, when they drop from the revolving knives, are thin, and have the appearance of old leather. The manager next took us to the boiling and kneading-room. The slices are first put into enormous iron boilers, and boiled till of the consistency of tough dough, when they are thrown into a machine with rows of teeth, revolving eight hundred times per minute, and which tear the masses of gutta percha into infinitesimal shreds. The shreds are put into cold water, the gutta percha

pure and unalloyed rising to the surface, while the dirt and refuse matter sinks to the bottom. It is then skimmed off, and put into lumps, to which a heat of 200 degrees is applied, and in this state the lumps, while plastic, are put into steam kneading-machines, to work out all the air and water that may exist in the pores of the substance. This process is a very curious and interesting one. After the gutta percha comes from the kneading-machine, it is by machinery moulded into the thickness of common leather, and is ready for use, or perhaps it is left in lumps, as occasion may require.

We next went into the department where soles are made for boots and shoes. The gutta percha was in a plastic state, and while thus the soles are cut and shaped. The shoemaker, or mender, by applying enough heat, can shape the sole of the shoe, or any one can mend his own boots with slight trouble, by merely applying one side of the sole to a hot fire, and at once placing it to the bottom of the boot—when cold, it adheres better than if it had been pegged on, and will not only outwear leather, but will entirely keep out the wet. There were many boys in this department, and we ascertained that their wages were about one dollar and a quarter, or a half, per week—they, of course, boarding and lodging themselves.

We visited the tubing department, and saw the process of manufacturing gutta percha tubes. A very long one was being tried; it was for a mine, down in the country; the mouth-piece was to be above ground, from which orders could be given to workmen in the vaults below. It was more than four hundred feet in length, and was well constructed. Here, too, pumps were made, pipes for fire-engines, and all manner of tubes. Here we saw the identical electrical wire, covered with gutta percha, which first connected England with France—the true chain of brotherhood. The manager gave us a piece, as a memento of the great feat of connecting the

English and French shores, though twenty miles of sea intervenes between them.

Next we visited the most interesting department of all—that where the nicer and more delicate articles are constructed. Here we first saw a beautiful frame, with the borders exhibiting every appearance of the finest carving, and with the inner portions exquisitely gilded. We were surprised that plain gutta percha could thus be made to resemble the choicest carved or gilded oak, rosewood, or mahogany. And not with the chisel, but merely by pressing the ungainly lumps into a mould, so that once a mould constructed, hundreds and thousands of beautiful frames are turned out with out the usual expense of artist-work. And they have a great advantage over wood in the fact that they never can be broken ; dash them to the ground with all your strength, and it will not harm them. The manager took some delicate-looking flower-vases and threw them to the floor with violence ; they bounded back into the air, but were not shivered. Here, too, we saw beautiful works of art—the head of a deer, with the ears falling, like real ears, the horns were slender and natural, but could not be broken. Impressions of faces and busts hung about the walls of the room, or were issuing from the hands of ingenious workmen. Some of the faces were those of distinguished Americans. We also saw some very clever stereotyping that had been done with gutta percha. There was a beautiful gutta percha life-boat, which though full of water, *and without the usual air-buoys*, will not sink, gutta percha is so much the lighter than water.

There were sou'-wester hats for sailors—capital things, as they are impervious to water and the action of salt. With leather it is otherwise, for water saturates it, and salt is its deadliest enemy. There was *lining for bonnets*, soft and flexible as silk, yet made of gutta percha. What surprised us more was an array of liquid gutta percha in bottles, to

cure wounds and cuts and chilblains! There were stethoscopes, and battery-cells, and insulating-stools, speaking-trumpets, tiller-ropes, &c. &c.

Yet the first sample of gutta percha which ever saw England was sent by Dr. Montgomerie, in 1843. The tree of which it is the sap, was discovered by an Englishman in the forests of Singapore. The tree bears a much-esteemed fruit, the timber is good, a kind of ardent spirits is made from it, a medicine, and the flowers are also used for food. The first year of the discovery only two hundred weight were imported into England, while last year over 30,000 cwt. were entered at the docks.

SAINT KATHARINE DOCKS.

We received an invitation one morning from a gentleman connected with one of the largest mercantile houses in London, to visit with him Saint Katharine Docks and Vaults. We were never more surprised in our life—we had formed no adequate idea of the extent of the vaults and docks—of the immense quantities of wines and merchandise lying in the docks. It will be remembered that this is only one of several docks, the London and West India docks being much larger.

We started out from our home about nine o'clock in the morning, found the celebrated Aldgate Pump in our way, and had an exceedingly fine view of the Tower, and a party of soldiers who were being drilled inside the walls.

Turning in at a little gate which was guarded by officers we entered the docks, and then passed into a little room, where our friend procured orders for us to descend into the vaults. We first visited the wine-vaults, A and B, as they are designated. We descended several stone steps into what looked like a dark cellar, and here in a little outer-room

lamps attached to long sticks were given to each of us, and a conductor accompanied us over the vaults. The outside walk of one of the vaults is a mile in length, and it runs underneath a city of houses and streets. We could hear the carriages and carts over our heads, dimly sounding like low and distant thunder. The wine-casks were piled one above another to the wall overhead, and little aisles were made running away across the vaults, so that they could be easily traversed. A kind of sawdust filled up the walks, so that the path was soft to the feet.

The fragrance of the place was really delicious—the air seemed loaded with a scent of grapes. Our friend remarked that the firm he was connected with had at that time in these vaults $250,000 worth of wines—Oporto, Sherry, and Madeira. He ordered the conductor to tap several casks to show the quality of the wine, as is the custom when trying to sell to customers. This is the way a majority of the wines are sold. As soon as they are imported the merchant stores them in the vaults, and sells them there: we allude to the wholesale dealers, for in England a retail dealer in anything is not called a *merchant*. This gives rise to a great practice of giving orders to taste wine in the docks. Many a party of gay persons gets orders without the slightest intention of purchasing any wines. And many ladies of standing visit the vaults, and, however strange it may appear to Americans, yet it is true that often ladies of wealth and respectability come away from them tipsy. The conductor assured us that *it was a common thing* for ladies to leave the vaults in a state of inebriation, and that they must be from the respectable circles of society or they never could have secured the written orders from the importing merchants. An American Captain, who is a friend of ours, was once the witness in his own cabin of the drunken pranks of a party of ladies and gentlemen, who having made a tour of the vaults,

finished the visit by coming on board his ship. They came to the docks in their fine carriages, but were so inebriated in his cabin, as to conduct themselves in the most vulgar manner.

An immense quantity of wine is lost by leakage and *drinkage* every year from the vaults, as every one would imagine who has seen the casks tapped for tasters. We noticed some of the different marks on the casks of our friend's port wine—such as "Old Duke," "Vintage 1834," "Particular," "Extra Particular," &c. It seems to us that the effect of tasting wines upon ladies who visit the vaults, was not such generally as to make them "particular," much less "extra particular," in their conduct afterward.

After visiting two vaults we went to the engine-works, which are used to pump water into the docks at low water. The works are immense in size and power—the fly-wheels are 225 feet in diameter, and weigh each ten tons. The cylinder is so large that a man can stand up straight inside of it. By this machine one hundred tons of water *per minute* can be pumped into the docks; or 35,000 gallons.

The bottling department is where the wine is put in bottles for those who wish to purchase it so, rather than in casks.

The mixing department is where liquors of different strengths are mixed—brandies for instance—the result being an article of different quality and a certain measured strength.

We saw in the tobacco warehouses enormous quantities of the yellow weed. The overseer remarked, that the day before, a manufacturer in Fleet-street paid $15,000 in duties on tobacco for cigars. It is a difficult thing to get a really good cigar in London—those that are really foreign, and of the first quality, sell high. We were much pleased with the indigo warehouses, and especially with the one devoted to dye gums, and so forth. The overseer gave us a bit of incense-gum, used mostly in cathedrals, and which sells as high as $250 the pound. We saw large quantities of guinea-grains,

the main use of which is to make *strong gin!* Almost all gin is drugged with it, and it must be a consolation to the gin-drinker to know that guinea-grains and water is in reality the stuff of which his "gin" is made. So in the matter of "port wine," the drinker may feel glad to know that far more "port" is drank every year in England, than is annually made at Oporto! Logwood is a fine ingredient, it is said, in manufacturing home-made "port"—grapes are scarcely necessary.

CHAPTER IV.

PICTURES OF MEN.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

THERE are few people in America who have not heard of that erratic yet extraordinary genius, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. It is many years since he struck out in a new path, and the result is that he has won for himself a brilliant fame. There have been a thousand followers at his heels, and some of them have attained great eminence as artists, though not one of all of them has equalled the master. He is without any doubt the drollest, most intensely comical, of all artists, and still is sometimes very beautiful and pathetic.

In a single group of his, you will find abundant cause for laughter and tears. While he shakes your sides with laughter at some humorous conception, he makes you weep over some young face that has such a gentle, heart-broken sorrow upon it, that you cannot help it. Every face and figure in his sketches is *alive* and endowed with the faculties of life. Misery has her own sad features; Fun and Humor are full of their pranks; while Vice looks more hideous than Death.

Mr. Cruikshank is one of the most popular men and artists in England, and everywhere he goes he is sure to be greeted with shouts and cheering. One reason for this is, that he is known to be a real friend to the people. A great many artists have no opinions whatever, upon any subject disconnected

with their art. But George Cruikshank is a man as well as artist.

A few years since he joined the friends of Temperance, and it is almost impossible in America to appreciate the sacrifice consequent upon such an act in England. For a distinguished person in good society in London to swear off from wine, is an act which requires a great deal of moral courage, though there be an entire absence of a liking for the beverage. You meet it everywhere at rich men's tables, and are expected, as a matter of course, to drink with the ladies.

But Cruikshank signed the pledge, and kept it strictly. The fact was that he was in danger of ruin, and the pledge was his salvation. Men of genius always are, when the wine-cup is fashionable, above all other men. The love of excitement in such is a powerful passion, and "the ruby wine" is often their deadliest bane. It would be needless to point out instances where the loftiest have fallen. Douglas Jerrold, the witty, yet sometimes deeply pathetic writer, is making a sad wreck of himself through the extravagant use of intoxicating liquors. Mr. Cruikshank often makes his appearance in public at temperance meetings. He has been at Exeter Hall and Drury Lane. However, he is not an orator, but he is so distinguished as an artist, that his presence is counted as a great favor. A public meeting never goes off in London with *éclat* unless several distinguished men are present. Earls, Dukes, and Lords, though noodles in point of intellect, make an *impression* on the public through their titles!

George Cruikshank was born in London, of Scotch parents, and within the sound of "Bow Bells" we suppose, for he calls himself a "cockney." His father possessed quite a genius for etching, and his oldest brother Robert was for a time associated with him, his name frequently accompanying that of George in the illustration of various works; but the genius of the latter soon raised him above father and brother.

He commenced etching while quite young, and studied characters in low life along the banks of the river Thames. He could never have risen to so high a position as he has done, had he not studied life in London in all its phases and aspects. He is as perfectly acquainted with the etiquette of the lowest tap-room as the choicest drawing-room. Not a character of note, whether in low life or high, has escaped his eagle eye; and the result of this watchfulness, this tendency to observe, is apparent in all his sketches. It was his series of etchings entitled "Mornings at Bow-street," and "Life in London," which first attracted the attention of London and England. Shortly after this he illustrated the political squibs of the celebrated William Hone, and these added to his fame.

Mr. Hone was then a noted infidel, but afterwards under the preaching of the remarkable Thomas Binney, became a sincere Christian.

We have alluded to one of the causes of Mr. Cruikshank's popularity as being his friendship for the people. He is radical to the core, and such is his devotion to Liberalism, that he has invariably refused to caricature any man who is a true friend of progress, or to allow his talents to be used in any manner or shape, against the cause of Progress. In this he is like another distinguished artist, Richard Doyle, a Catholic. When the Anti-Catholic Agitation swept over England, *Punch*, the journal of wit and humor, with which he was professionally connected, came out so decidedly against Popery, that the faithful Doyle left it to his pecuniary hurt. Protestants admired his consistency, while they deplored his religious principles and belief.

The acknowledged talent of Cruikshank is such, that he has ten times the employment offered him that he can execute, and sets his own prices. For what once he used to receive five dollars, he now gets fifty. His sense of the ludicrous is excessively keen—he has no superior in London in

that faculty. He cannot walk in the streets a half-mile, without picking up some grotesque figure, or face, where ordinary men would have seen nothing worthy of observation. A few years ago he went down to Manchester, to attend a great Anti-Corn Law Meeting, and convulsed the immense audience with laughter, by rising in his own odd way, and telling them that "he had come to Manchester, and attended the meeting that night *in a professional manner*, and that from what he had seen, he had no doubt that he should be well paid for his trouble !"

A London writer remarking upon him says, that he is the only man he knows who is equal to the class of under-cabmen in London. This class is the most impudent and insulting of any to be found on the face of the earth ; but George Cruikshank is always ready for them. If they bluster and scold, he imitates them so exactly and thoroughly, that they are glad to let him off without cheating him out of an extra sixpence, as they generally do their customers.

Mr. Cruikshank is very eccentric, and from this fact many people think him cross and unmannerly ; but such is not the case. He has a warm heart and a generous hand, but is extremely odd.

In person he is well-made ; about the middle height, and has light-colored hair. He has a very expressive face—the eye is drollery and keenness combined. He has a pale countenance, handsome whiskers, a good but receding forehead, and a good general figure. He always dresses well, very well —some say foppishly, but it is our opinion that those who say so mistake a rich and flowing style of dress for foppishness. In the main portions of London, if a person dares to patronize a French tailor, he is at once accused of foppishness, while those who cling to the barbarous styles in fashion in London are gentlemen of taste ! A portion of the aristocracy are so

much in France, however, that they imbibe French notions in dress, as well as in some more important matters.

The devotion of Mr. Cruikshank to the cause of Temperance is noble and disinterested. The *Times* has deigned to point its thunder at him in a leading article, but he has his revenge in dissecting the *Times* on the platform at Exeter Hall, and it certainly is not saying too much (poor an orator as the artist is), to say that he does not come out of the fray second best. The friends of Temperance appreciate his labors, and respect his philanthropy equally with his genius.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

It is a rare thing to meet Alfred Tennyson in London society. Since the publication of his first volume of poems—twenty years ago—he has led a retired life, so much so, that even in literary circles, he has scarcely ever been seen. Possibly to-night, you may find him over a meerschaum at the Howitt's, but where he will be on the morrow a mesmerist could not divine. Up among the Wordsworthian lakes one day; into a quiet nook in town the next; but rarely in general society. These at least, were his characteristics before his recent marriage. He has always sought privacy, and it seems half-impudent to attempt to say anything of one who has so studiously kept aloof from London society. His poetry is quite another matter, for that he has given to the world to criticize as it may.

No one need be told that the poet loves to wander where :—

> " On either hand
> The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
> Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
> The long brook, falling through the clov'n ravine
> In cataract after cataract to the sea."

The love of country, and country things, is strong and passionate in the poet's breast, and his love of the town is faint. But he is often in London.

There is an old tavern in the metropolis where Sam Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and others used to meet for social purposes. The name of this tavern is "The Cock," and its head-waiter is of tremendous proportions. Tennyson used to like to go there, and take a steak with a friend, and after awhile wrote a poem on it, commencing with the line:

"Oh, plump head waiter at the 'Cock.'"

One day a friend of ours dropped in at the tavern, and calling the head-waiter to him, drew forth a volume of Tennyson's poems and forthwith read to him the poem in question. It had a most inflating effect upon the waiter—he was immortalized in Tennysonian verse! Not long after, our friend had the pleasure of dining there in company with the poet, and contrived to whisper to the head-waiter that Tennyson was present. His attentions at once became pompous and obsequious, so much so as to excite the laughter of the poet.

"What can be the matter with the fellow?" he asked.

"It is a penalty you pay for your distinction," was the reply. "Have you forgotten your poem on 'The Cock?' Some one has, I dare say, been reading it to him!"

Although Tennyson has not been fond of promiscuous society, he has not been averse to spending the long evenings of a London winter, in the society of a few select and dear friends, and these know well how rich a feast it is to listen to his conversation, which, if it be not so profuse as that of Macaulay, is the more to be prized.

It seems, sometimes, strange that a poet who could make such exquisite "Orianas," and "Claribels," and "Lillians;"

whose great theme has been the sublime passion of love, should wait until almost middle age for marriage. We know that it has been more than hinted, that he has been a sufferer through his affections, but one could not derive the fact from his poetry. He is not like Byron or Lamartine, and if he chooses, such heart-trials should forever be shrouded in secrecy.

"Locksley Hall," is one of his most impassioned, burning poems, and yet it is a simple story, and quite common in this material world of ours. The poet loves a lady—is loved in return—she proves false and marries a mere man of the world. Those who have read the poem, need not be reminded of its beauty, pathos, and passion. But we do not intend a *critique* on Alfred Tennyson's poetry—our object is merely to say a few things of the poet.

No one who has ever looked straight into the beautiful eyes of Tennyson, will doubt his being a poet, even if he has never read a line of his poetry, for there is "unwritten poetry" in those eyes. There is a spiritual beauty in them one rarely sees—not merely intellectual, but full of love and mildness. His forehead is large and rather retreating; his lips have a fulness, which betokens the capacity for powerful passion; his hair is dark, and hangs in rich masses down almost upon his shoulders. The general appearance of his countenance is one of gentle melancholy. It is very plain after you have seen his face, that he has known what it is to suffer. With the melancholy, there is a modesty, as if he shrank from general observation, as he does in fact. In his fine brow, and the expression of his mouth, one gets an idea of his great power as a poet; and from his eyes flashes the fire of a "fine phrenzy."

There are some earnest reformers—and they are really men of intellect—in England who think that Tennyson's poetry is not imbued with the spirit of the age—that in devotion to

mere Beauty, he has neglected Truth. That he has not asserted the glory of mere manhood, and has been too willing to agree with the aristocratic and conventional usages and opinions which obtain in England, and which only exalt man according to his ribbons and garters. But certainly in "Clara Vere de Vere," the poet not only shows little respect for rank, but gives a pungent lesson for the aristocracy to ponder. It is a well-known fact, that personally, he has never relished the cold and heartless conventionalities which break so many hearts in the proud "sea-rock isle." He has shown his independence, in refusing to mingle heartily in such society, upon such terms as it demanded of him.

The critics are generally supercilious in their treatment of a young author, and the more so if he is of great promise. The cause for such superciliousness we cannot give, but it was the case with Alfred Tennyson. His first volume appeared in 1830, and at once the whole pack of critics set up a cry of "Affectation!" "affectation!" and scarcely one of them all, seemed willing to recognize in him a poet. There was one exception which should be mentioned. W. J. Fox, the celebrated "infidel preacher," as he is styled by the orthodox, in an able article at the time, declared that in Alfred Tennyson he saw the germs of a great poet. How true was his prediction!

Two years later, a second volume was issued by the poet, and at first it met with a poor reception. He then waited *ten years* before publishing another volume, and by that time the world was ready to give him its praise. He waited patiently, labored faithfully, and received his reward. Let every one thus labor truly and bide his time, for it will surely come.

Mr. Tennyson is at last poet-laureate, which many regret, as the office may tend to narrow his ideas of freedom. Such however need not be the case, though Wordsworth wrote

some very foolish and abject verses in his capacity of Poet to the Queen. It might have been as well to have given the honor to Leigh Hunt, who by nature—of late years—is sycophantic.

Of Tennyson's early life and education, we can only say —he is the son of a clergyman, and studied at Trinity College at Cambridge.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Among the literary characters of London, Charles Dickens is quite as well known in America as any, and better than the majority. As a public we have had a strong love and admiration for him as an author and novelist, and a pretty thorough dislike for him as a traveller, or travelling writer. We do not like to have *such* "a chiel amang us takin' notes!" He is a man of various qualities—full of geniality, kindness, and humor, and yet not without a certain meanness, as is apparent in his "American Notes."

Who that has wept over the sorrows of poor "Oliver Twist," or shuddered at the atrocious crimes of the Jew Fagin, and Sykes; that has followed the fortunes of poor little Nell, until she droops and dies; that has laughed till his sides ached over Dick Swiveller and his Marchioness, or Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller; or "made a note of" "Wal'r," in Dombey and Son; that has felt his heart tremble for the fate of little "Emily," in David Copperfield, will ever forget Charles Dickens—or wish to forget him? It matters not if he has made serious blunders—we cannot spare his genius!

The "mistake of *his* lifetime," was the publication of the "American Notes." Englishmen were disappointed in them, though not chagrined, as we were, as a matter of course. Perhaps we were the more deeply hurt, from the fact that some portions of the book were unpleasantly true. Be that

as it may, as a whole, the "Notes" were a libel upon America, and Charles Dickens is sorry for his foolish act. We know that he denies this in the preface to a late edition of the "Notes," but we are nevertheless well satisfied that he would not write such a book again, for any consideration, for the English people have so high an opinion of us as to doubt all such morose books upon America. However, let the matter pass into oblivion, as Charles Dickens himself desires.

One never meets Charles Dickens in the streets of London, without a feeling of reverence for his genius, which you can discover in those peculiar eyes of his. Upon his forehead is the broad mark of intellect, and he is physically well-made. His burly head of hair gives him a continental aspect, not suited to London streets or drawing-rooms.

His position as a novelist is universally acknowledged as high—perhaps the highest of any living prose-writer. He is as popular now as ever, though there is not so much excitement about him as there was six years ago. He is probably paid higher prices for his novels than any other writer in England, if not in Europe, possibly excepting Macaulay and Lamartine. Yet he is constantly poor, for he has no calculation, no economy. His income is princely, and he might have amassed a pretty fortune, with prudence; instead of that, he is in debt, and half the time in fear of bailiffs.

One thing should be spoken in Dickens' praise—his books have never flattered the English aristocracy—and yet they are favorites among that aristocracy. We have known Americans who objected to his works, that there is not "high life" enough in them; yet such a man as the Earl of Carlisle, with the blood of the Howards coursing in his veins, passionately admires his works, and does not ask for descriptions of aristocratic life. He has never flattered the nobles of England. His characters are all below aristocratic life—but nobles, nevertheless, have wept over them.

Mr. Dickens has a lovely family; it is well known that he has risen from humble life to his present distinguished position, though he has known few hardships in comparison with many sons of Literature.

The "Household Words," a weekly journal, with which Mr. Dickens has not half so much to do as some people imagine, has a large circulation, mainly in consequence of his popularity, though it well merits its success.

Mr. Horne, a distinguished London writer, in a long and able paper upon Mr. Dickens' productions, shows how much poetry there is in his prose. Who does not remember the beautiful paragraph which closes the death of gentle Nell in the "Old Curiosity Shop?" Yet few even thought those words were perfect poetry, only lacking rhyme. Mr. Horne, without altering or misplacing a word, divides them thus, and says truly that they equal in profound beauty some of the best passages of Wordsworth:

"Oh, it is hard to take to heart
The lesson that such deaths will teach
But let no man reject it,
For it is one that all must learn,
And is a mighty, universal Truth,
When Death strikes down the innocent and young
For every fragile form from which he lets
    The parting spirit free,
    A hundred virtues rise
In shapes of mercy, charity and love
To walk the world and bless it;
    Of every tear
That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes."

Truly this is poetry! And the man who could write it must have a heart soft and sympathizing, as well as genius.

It is a rare thing for a man to possess universal and abiding popularity without good cause, and the secret of Mr. Dickens'

popularity lies in the homely, natural beauty of his writings. His humor is irresistible, because life-like, and his pathos melts all hearts, because it is true and unaffected.

We well recollect when first we read the "Old Curiosity Shop," and how evening after evening we followed with intense interest the old man and little Nell; how we laughed over Dick Swiveller, and hated ugly Quilp; how gentle, never-murmuring Nell stole our heart away, and when, after bitter poverty, she died, so young in years, so old in sorrow, how the sad event haunted us with the vividness of a real and present death. To us, the man who wrote that story will ever be a bright genius, and also a man worthy of affection.

R. M. MILNES.

Richard Monckton Milnes is somewhat known with us as a poet—he is also a Member of Parliament. He, however, makes no pretensions as a statesman or law-maker, his chief merit being that of a sweet rhymer. We have often been charmed by his songs, which are generally exquisitely beautiful in measure and in conception. He scarcely ever speaks in the House, but is popular with the "powers that be," generally taking good care to move with the aristocracy. He is not popular with the people, not even as a poet, for his poems oftener figure in Court Albums, and Books of Beauty, than elsewhere. Still he is a man of ardent sympathies, and though lacking poetic impulse and fire, he is full of delicate song and sentiment, and possesses an acute ear, as well as the power to construct rhymes which will satisfy the nicest critic.

When we first visited the House of Commons, Mr. Milnes was pointed out to us, and when we gazed upon his chaste and beautiful brow, and saw the flash of intelligence in his eye, we saw that he had at least the outward form of genius.

But in poetic capabilities he has been surpassed by men whose names are unknown to the world. How few are there with us who ever heard the name of Charles Tennyson? Alfred Tennyson the world worships as a poet—but does it know Charles Tennyson? Such a person there is, in or near London, who has written some of the most beautiful poetry ever published. Several years ago he published a small volume of poetry, in a modest, retiring manner. He is a brother of Alfred Tennyson, and has never published a verse since when he issued that little volume. The book, now nearly out of print, overflowed with the most beautiful and touching poetry; some was chaste and tender as any Keats ever wrote; some passionate as Byron's; and not a line was commonplace. The critics, even, said Charles Tennyson promised to be a great poet. But the spirit of song had descended with richness and power upon his brother Alfred (so he thought), and he modestly retired from the paths of poetry, that his brother might receive the undivided honors of the world! Is there not something exquisitely touching in such a renouncement of all personal ambition in favor of a brother perhaps still more richly gifted in song?

That first little book of poems, so beautiful and promising, was his last. Here is a sonnet from it, and we know the reader will agree with us in calling it beautiful:

"TO MARY.

"I trust thee from my soul, O Mary dear
But oft-times, when delight has fullest power,
Hope treads too lightly for herself to hear,
And doubt is ever by until the hour.
I trust thee, Mary, but till thou art mine,
Up from thy foot unto thy golden hair,
O let me still misgive thee and repine,
Uncommon doubts spring up with blessings rare!
Thine eyes of purest love give surest sign,

Drooping with fondness, and thy blushes tell
A flitting tale of steadiest faith and zeal;
Yet I will doubt—to make success divine!
A tide of summer dreams with gentlest swell
Will bear upon me then, and I shall love most well!"

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Mr. Jerrold is a man of literary note in London—is a writer of caustic power, and is better known as a shining wit than a writer of pathos, though in portions of his works there are touches of exquisite tenderness. There is, however, an irony in most of his writings, which is too bitter to be pleasant, and which is, perhaps, one result of achieving a brilliant position in a country where titles are worth more than genius. Mr. Jerrold seems to care little for the criticisms of the world, not so much as he should. He is a man of brilliant parts, and it is to be lamented that his personal example should be a dangerous one for his friends to follow. It cannot be concealed that he is wearing out a constitution naturally strong by the use of intoxicating liquors. It is not a strange thing for Douglas Jerrold to be intoxicated. He is a man of remarkable looks, yet you can read dissipation on his countenance, and nowhere has it so sad a look as when it glares out beneath the brow of genius.

An English friend vouches for the following anecdote of the witty writer, while in his cups.

At a private bachelor dinner-party, while the "red wine" was circulating freely, until the author and his jovial friends had become, to use the fashionable phrase for inebriety, highly exhilarated, it was proposed by one of the party to seize upon a Frenchman present, who was possessed of whiskers and a moustache of large dimensions, and shave him close and clean. The proposition was seconded by the author of "Mrs. Caudle," and the ensuing morning the poor French-

man awoke from a half delirium to find himself beardless, to his great chagrin.

It is when himself, and free from all intoxicating influences, that Jerrold writes his noblest performances—but some of his pages contain internal evidence of being the offspring of a brain diseased by the use of wine.

The father of Mr. Jerrold was the manager of a country theatre, but Douglas, when eleven years old, went on board a man-of-war as midshipman, where he remained two years, until heartily sick of the life. At thirteen, poor and friendless, he came to London to make his fortune. He first learned the trade of printing, and after a time began to write minor dramas for the small theatres. He produced his "Rent Day" in 1832, and on the night that it was played, in Drury Lane Theatre, one of the principal actors in it was an old chum of Jerrold's on board the man-of-war—and they had not seen or heard of each other for sixteen years till that night.

In 1836 he published "Men of Character," in three volumes, a work of much ability. Then came "Bubbles of the Day," followed by "Cakes and Ale"—both capital productions. His "Chronicles of Clovernook" are inimitable, and "The Folly of the Sword" is a powerful thrust at war. There is, however, too much of destructibility in his nature—and his bitter satire does not relish for a long time.

CHAPTER V.

COSTUMES AND CUSTOMS.

CUSTOMS.

In the streets of London the American is at once struck with the appearance of the dray-horses. They are generally of a Flemish breed, but such enormous creatures we never saw in an American town, nor even in Paris. They are universally used for all heavy business in London, and the city-proper is full of them during business hours. Their strength is massive, and their whole appearance one of great solidity and power. They seem to have a natural tendency to obesity, for we never saw a poor one. Some of them are as large as three or four common horses, and we once saw one which we presume would have weighed down half a dozen respectable horses of the common breed. As many as five or six are sometimes attached to one load, but are always harnessed one before the other, and never two abreast. The loads which they draw are enormous, but not beyond their strength. In fact the whole race of horses in London is far superior to those of Paris. Fine carriages and horses are a rare sight in the French capital in comparison with the famous West End of London. Whether the climate of France affects the breed injuriously or not we do not know, but they are much inferior in size and beauty to the horses of London, whether dray, carriage, or riding horses.

In the matter of carriages, too, the stranger from America is struck with surprise. The family carriages of the aristocracy are perhaps the most magnificent of any in the world. Thousands of dollars are often expended on *the* grand family carriage, and when the family comes to town for the season, from the country, they come by railway, yet in the family carriage, for it is a peculiar feature to England, that private families ride by rail in their own carriages, which are lashed safely to platform cars—the price of that kind of travelling being dear, as a matter of course.

In this manner they travel quietly and in a secluded manner, and when arrived in town, the carriage, which bears the family coat-of-arms, is ready for service, the horses having perhaps arrived in advance. We scarcely ever yet travelled in England by rail, without noticing on every train one (or more), private carriage attached.

With the single exception of handsome family carriages, England is in the rear of America, in that line of manufactures. All other vehicles are at least as heavy again as those used with us. We have often wondered why such unwieldy and enormous things are continued in use in this age of invention. The cabriolets are generally much too heavy for one horse to draw, and the transportation wagons are all *twice* as heavy as is necessary, and are constructed with little ingenuity.

The omnibuses are tolerably well constructed, and are always, when the road is clear, driven with speed. They hold twelve in, and the same number outside. On certain routes you can travel six miles for three-pence—six cents, American money. The conductors have a wretched way of abbreviating the names of the places to which they drive, so that a stranger finds it impossible to understand them. We were one evening at a family party where George Catlin, of Indian renown, arrived an hour too late. He had been carried miles out of

his way by trusting to the voice of an omnibus "cad." As an example, we will give the genuine omnibus-pronunciation of "Kingsland," a district adjoining the city. The conductors going there generally sing out "Ins-la!" "Ins-la!" Other names are murdered in a still more atrocious manner by these unmannerly fellows. There is one conductor in London who has amassed quite a property, but rich as he is, he still continues to attend to the six-pences and three-pences of travellers, at the door of his old omnibus. On pleasant days he dresses in a fine blue broadcloth coat, white vest, and spares no expense in any part of his wardrobe. He is looked upon as a natural curiosity.

At least one half the days in a year of London weather are wet and rainy, and during such weather the streets are full of mud. We have not the faintest conception of muddy side-walks in American towns. In such weather no man can walk the streets without covering his nether garments with filth, and it might be supposed that it would be utterly impossible for ladies to walk in such weather. An American town-bred lady would as soon think of swimming up the Thames against tide, as walking far in such ankle-deep mud, but English ladies do it, and with consummate dexterity too. We have often in such weather wondered, how the ladies whom we have met on the side-walks could keep themselves so neat and dry, but continued practice has made them expert. You will see scores of fine ladies on such days, as well as on the sunniest, each suspending her garments gracefully with one hand, just above the reach of the mud, and tripping along on tiptoe with admirable skill, or perhaps walking with wooden clogs under her shoes. Some of them will walk miles in this manner, preserving their dresses and skirts in their original purity. The natural fondness of the English women for out-door exercise, will not be curbed in any weather. Those who are very wealthy and in town, will not walk *in*

town, but as soon as the season is over, they fly to the country for air and exercise. The town-season in England is not very long, and therefore, instead of staying *out of* London, as many of our fashionable people do, out of American towns, for a few weeks, many of the best families stay *in it* only a few. Those families not rich enough for country-seats and carriages, do not hesitate to get their exercise *on foot*, and there are many families with one, two, and even three hundred thousand dollars, who do not consider themselves worth enough to keep an establishment of that kind. Men with an income of five or six thousand dollars a year, generally do not keep carriages if residing in London. Some do not wish to keep up an establishment, and others think they cannot afford one.

The passenger-trade from one part of London to another, by the pigmy steamers which ply up and down the river Thames, is a peculiar feature of London. Thousands, and tens of thousands travel up and down the river by these little boats, because they are cheaper than the omnibuses, and in going by them, one avoids the noise of the streets. You can go from London Bridge, in the city, up to Westminster, near the Houses of Parliament, for a half-penny, penny, or two-pence, according to the line of boats you take, and the distance is more than three miles. Or you can go from Chelsea, an upper suburb of London, down to Thames Tunnel, a distance of eight miles, for three-pence. These boats are very small, and have no comfortable cabins for passengers, and all sit upon deck, no matter what the weather may be. This would not suit the American public, but Englishmen are, though great grumblers, not so luxurious in their tastes as we are—at least in such matters. On pleasant days the ride on the river-boats is delightful and refreshing, after moving amid the hubbub of the streets.

These steamers are all worked on the low-pressue principle, and it is *low* enough to suit anybody, we are sure. A few

years since one of the cheap boats burst its boiler, and great was the excitement over England, though, if we recollect aright, only one man was killed.

There are half-penny, penny, and two-penny boats constantly running between different points, from early in the morning until one o'clock at night. The captains of the boats always stand on the paddle-box, and with one hand makes the signs for the helmsman to follow, and a boy stands perched over the engineer's department, who sings out in a shrill voice the orders of the captain, that the grim officer below, who has the machinery under the control of his fingers, may know when to start, when to stop, and when to reverse the motion of the paddle-wheels. The master of the boat, though perhaps never in his life out of sight of St. Paul's, nevertheless has the air of a man who has braved "the mountain wave," and whose "home is on the deep." And he is as weather-beaten as any sea-veteran, for he hardly ever leaves his boat.

Londoners do not pronounce many of their words as Americans do. We are inclined to think that well-bred Englishmen take more pains with their pronunciation, than the same class with us, but if the whole population is taken into account, we are far, very far in advance of England. There is a peculiar pronunciation common to Londoners, and the stranger who has a careful ear, can at once distinguish it from the pronunciation of Manchester or Bristol, and easily from that of an American.

There are words used too, which have a very different signification with us, and some which would be called vulgar. Expressions are common in comparatively good society, which would not suit American ears. A wet, disagreeable day is often called by fine ladies, "a nasty day," and when a person is exhausted with a long walk, or any physical exertion, it is common to say, "I am knocked up," a phrase which to a foreigner has no signification whatever. Why physical

weariness should be styled "knocked up"-ness, we cannot possibly imagine.

The word "guess" has no such signification in England, as is given to it in Yankee-land. However we have high authority for clinging to our use of the word. The old authors used it in the same manner.

Ever since Judge Halliburton, of Nova Scotia, wrote his "Sam Slick," Englishmen have supposed that the dialect of that worthy gentleman, is the dialect of pretty much the whole American people. Whenever any journalist wishes to give Jonathan a severe hit, the expressions, "tarnation smart" or "pretty considerable," are used with terrible effect! We doubt if there is a people under the sun, that so murders its own language as the English. There are many dialects, even in England. A well-educated man cannot understand the working-people in country parts. Some drop the letter *h*, where it should be used, and *vice versâ*, and others give every letter a wrong sound. Surely it ill becomes any one belonging to such a country to find fault with American pronunciation.

CLASSES.

There are many classes of people to be met in the streets of London, and occasionally there are faces and figures which it is impossible to forget. There is little man-worship in the business streets—a lord in Cheapside, is no more than a merchant, and nobody stops to inquire whether he be a lord, or tallow chandler. Up at the West End, beyond the precincts of the city-proper, you will find plenty of it, for Trade does not reign supreme there, but Wealth and Blood. There you may see a plenty of fine carriages every day, and lords and splendid ladies, and the people often gaze at them as if awe-struck. Some of the English nobles are intensely proud and will not acknowledge a civility.

A friend of ours was one day walking in one of the Parks, when the Duke of Wellington chanced to ride past on horseback. Several English gentlemen, within a few feet of him, pulled off their hats and bowed. The old Duke looked straight at them, but never touched his hat nor bowed his head in return! Our friend trusted that the sycophants had learned a lesson which would profit them. How different was his conduct from that of George Washington on such occasions. No man ever bowed to him, however humble in station, without an acknowledgment of the compliment.

West of Charing Cross, the carriages in the streets are generally elegant, and the horses fine and full of mettle. The people walking in the streets are unlike those down in the city. There is a look of fashion in their garments, a gentility in figure, one does not see in the Cheapside, or Lombard-street. There are more idlers here—men hunting after pleasure, instead of poor clerks with pale faces hurrying away on errands, or portly merchants going to, or returning from the Exchange. At the proper time of day, splendid carriages stand before the doors of some of the elegant shops, while the beautiful ladies who came in them are "shopping." Countesses and Duchesses in any quantity are occasionally thus employed. The female nobility of England is, without any doubt, the finest in the world. Their beauty is almost unequalled, and their graceful pride only gives to it a wondrous charm. They are far superior as a class to the male nobility, in beauty, and there is no class of merely *fashionable* women in the world who will bear a comparison with them. They do not disdain to get sufficient physical exercise for health, while in the country, taking long rides and walks and ramblimg over the fields, and riding on horseback while in town. The fashionable women of America do not look one half so healthy or wholesomely beautiful, for they are too fastidious for out-of-door exercise. But *the true type* of the American women is

sweeter, fairer, more delicately beautiful, than even an English peeress.

But if the West End of London can show its proud and beautiful peeress, the East End has its pale factory, or shop-girl, and the sight of some of these is enough to draw tears into any eyes. Imagine a girl of fifteen, with soft blue eyes, once merry perhaps, and a face white as snow, and long, thin, and trembling arms, a slight body and almost tottering steps. See how sad those young eyes are, which at so young an age should only know smiles, but in fact know only tears. The sight is as touching a picture, as any you can look at in any painting-gallery in London. The very poverty of her dress as it is neat, and even graceful, adds to the pathos of the sight. She turns those blue, tearful eyes up at you, as if she thought you of a different race from herself, belonging to another world, for you are well dressed, and have money and a look of pride, while she never knows what it is to sit down to a well-furnished table, or to ride in a carriage, or to ride at all. No, she cannot even walk among the trees and flowers in the country—they are too far away, and she must work all the livelong day, or starve.

This sight is not an uncommon one in London, by any means, nor are you obliged always to leave the West End to find it, for there are wan and suffering women right among the proud and noble. We have seen faces in Belgravia which were sad enough to make one weep.

We have often met in the streets, an old-fashioned English farmer, and he is a sight to make one's heart grow warm and merry. For his rubicund figure speaks pleasantly, and emphatically too, of all the comforts of an English farm-house. His face is round and merry, and his cheeks rich as rarest port, while his voice, though rough, is honest and manly. Perchance one of his daughters is with him in his cart, and if so, you can see a specimen of the country health of old

England. Her eyes are full of witchery, and her face all smiles, and you know that *she* has never known care or suffering. Contrast her fair merry countenance with the pale anxious face of the trembling shop-girl! The streets of London are full of such contrasts

The old English Squire is another character which one meets, though rarely, in the busy thoroughfares, and we confess that he always looks as if out of his place. He always dresses—if he is of the real old-fashioned class—as English squires dressed two hundred years ago. His face reminds you of ale and port wine, and "the old roast beef of England." His knees shine with silver buckles, and he discards the small clothes of the present age. His horror of anything French amounts to a mania, and a moustache is in his opinion, about as becoming as "a shoe-brush stuck beneath the nose." And though he talks loudly and harshly, with all his stiff toryism, and his utter detestation of all new lights, ideas, and politics, the old Squire has a warm heart beating beneath that old-fashioned waistcoat. He is generous to a fault, as you would be sure to believe, were you once to sit down to his plenteous table, and live with him awhile at home. He has no business to be seen in London, however—he is not in keeping there.

The English merchant is generally a fine-looking man, with an easy countenance, just tinged with wine perhaps. On 'Change' he is not the being that he is at home. Business seems for a time to freeze up his manners and sympathies. In the streets you can tell him by his portly dignified air. He looks different from the American merchant, because possessed of more phlegm. A New York or Boston man of business looks too worn and excited when in the streets, to compare favorably with one of the same class in London.

The chimney-sweeps are a class that could not well be dispensed with, and they are a singular class, too. Their cries may be heard in every street, early in the morning, as

one lies upon his pillow. Their vocation is a bad one, and they deserve better pay than they get. Many of them are mere boys, and we once knew of a case where a lad was sent up a chimney by his brutal master while it was yet warm, and when he came down he was almost smothered, and so severely burned that he died in a few hours.

COSTUME.

The day for splendid costume is nearly over in England. The old days, "the brave days of old," are passed away never to return. Perhaps no country in the world has paid more attention to all "the pomp and circumstance" of dress than England, in the centuries that are past. But now even professional costume is nearly extinct. Black is now the universal color; it used to be distinctive of the clerical profession, but the innovating age has made it common to all classes, and clergymen have now nothing but the white cravat to distinguish their dress from anybody's else, and that even is worn by many besides clergymen.

A man of the world may in the morning put on his dashing colors if he please—his flashing vest and pants, but as soon as evening comes he becomes sober, and a rigid etiquette obliges him to wear a dress of black. But the clergyman cannot even vary his color, nor wear moustaches, though he can *dance* on certain occasions.

The bar, and the army and navy, the police and the beadles, have each their peculiar dress, while on duty. In the street you cannot tell a peer from a shopman by the dress, generally the peer is the plainer dressed of the two. But you can always tell a gentleman by his manners. All nobles are not gentlemen, nor all gentlemen nobles, but a true gentleman will command respect wherever he is, unless it be among a certain portion of *fashionable* aristocracy.

There is a peculiar set of people in all countries distinguished more for their worship of trifles than of genius, intellect, or goodness; where a gentleman is not always sure of attention—but real gentlemen avoid the society of such.

The Court dress, although splendid, has little of the extravagance of the courts of Elizabeth and James I. It is said that the shoes worn by Sir Walter Raleigh on levee-days were worth more than thirty thousand dollars, they were so studded with precious stones, and the rest of his attire was in a similar style of extravagance. A couple of pounds will now shoe the best peer in England.

The artists complain of the penuriousness of the present age. In the old times a painting was worth looking at with its fine drapery and great show of dress; but now every one is dressed plain and sleek, and all are alike. In a group of figures in a painting it certainly makes some difference in the effect whether all are arrayed alike, or differently.

It is said that the finest example of royal costume extant may be seen in the effigy of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey, and his queen, Philippa. The king is arrayed in a long dalmatic, open in front nearly to the thigh, and showing the tunic beneath. The mantle is fastened across the breast by a belt richly jewelled. The queen wears a close-fitting gown, a richly jewelled girdle, and tight sleeves. A wreath is fastened by brooches on the shoulders. Prince Albert and Queen Victoria were thus attired at the grand "*Bal Masque*" given at Buckingham Palace in the year 1842.

The mutations in costume during the last three and four centuries are too frequent to describe. In head-dress at one time lofty periwigs were in fashion; at another pomatum and powder, a fashion which Pitt knocked to pieces when he invented the Hair Powder Tax.

The sex has been guilty of some of the most grotesque costumes, and the absurdest of all was the hoop-petticoat,

which gave the wearer the appearance of a walking balloon. There are many strange stories as to its invention; probably it was introduced for the accommodation of the ladies of the court, who were of easy virtue—such is the opinion of good judges. Certain it is that public sentiment had a good share in driving the fashion out of existence, by accusing those who clung to it of bad morals. Stiff stays are out of fashion in a majority of English society, and silks are retreating before the sublime array of satins.

The clergy once were guilty of wearing as pompous a costume as the class of courtiers. The Reformation wrought a change, for vestments, emblazoned caps, and rich embroideries, were laid aside. The mysticism of religion in the English Church is done away. In the olden times chasubles, dalmatics, and tunics, which were originally derived from the same class of articles in kingly attire, were worn by Protestant clergy, but were finally rejected by them, and the style of clerical dress became by degrees more refined and severe.

English lawyers cling with an inveterate passion to the ancient styles of legal dress and etiquette, though it is now a common thing to see a member of the legal profession wearing whiskers, a practice which was not allowed in the olden time, those hairy appendages to the human face being then usually confined to military gentlemen.

Boots and shoes are generally made so as to wear longer than ours, but are also higher in price. The extremities are differently shaped from ours, and altogether they are lacking in beauty of shape.

An English woman has not the art of dressing so well as a French woman with the same means. She lacks taste. The English children are dressed in the finest manner. Go into the parks on a pleasant summer day, and you will meet with hundreds of the wee things dressed in Scottish hats and feather, and with their legs entirely bare. The English children

are generally robustly healthy, and, generally speaking, more pains are taken with their physical education than with children in America.

There is a general idea in America that clothing is much cheaper in England than here Clothes of certain descriptions are, but a fashionable coat costs as much in London as New York, and pantaloons more. A West End tailor charges more than a New York tailor, but cheap garments can be purchased, ready made, with less money in England than in America.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

When we entered for the first time an English drawing-room, almost our first thought was—"How robust are the English ladies!" and after much observation we are ready again to repeat the thought. The room contained perhaps a dozen women, from eighteen to fifty years of age, and not one among the number was sallow or faded, much less wrinkled, with age. After walking in the leading promenades of fashion and beauty, we found it the same there; the women were healthy—physically well-educated. A friend, who is an American, chanced to be in the House of Lords when it was prorogued by the Queen in person, and there was present a splendid collection of female nobility—he was astonished to see such unmistakable *health* upon every face.

It was the same wherever we went—in the lecture-room; in the great hall; at the concert, the theatre, and the church—the appearance of the vast majority of the women indicated abundant and vigorous health. The cheek was round, and hued with the rose; the forehead exuberant; the eye large and beautiful; the chest well developed; and—we confess it—the feet somewhat large!

We at first were tempted to denominate the beauty of English women as gross, but after thought, could not do so. If

pure nature be gross, if health be not refined, then certainly we do prefer grossness to refinement. If illness breeds a superior beauty, then give to us the inferior charms which are the offspring of health !

" Comparisons are odious," yet the reader will excuse us if we make a comparison between American and English *women of fashion*, on the simple point of health and healthy habits. The tastes of the two classes do not seem to agree in this matter. In many of our fashionable circles it is not the desire of women to be in robust health. If a young lady be languishing, with a snowy cheek just tinged with crimson, if she have a tremulous voice, she may expect to break a score of hearts ! For such a creature to think of walking a mile, would be sheer madness ! If she goes out, it is in her softly-cushioned carriage, with servants to wrap her carefully away from the benignant influences out of doors, and the vulgar wind and sunshine have not a stray peep at that exquisite skin of hers.

As for the fields and flowers, never in her life have her soft feet danced upon them—yet for hours she has waltzed upon the arm of some handsome young navy-officer, in a hot dancing-assembly. Never in her life has she played in the wild-wood with the birds and flowers ; with June skies over her, and a June sun looking into her open, radiant face ! Never has she been gloriously flushed with exercise got from chasing after rare flowers and plants ; from climbing to the summits of lofty hills—for this all would have been vulgar ! Have we exaggerated the picture ? Here is one of English women of fashion.

In England, the highest ladies exercise much in the open air—and as they are healthy in body, so in mind. Sickly sentimentalism and a " rose-water philanthropy" which expends itself over French romances and artificial flowers, has no lot or portion in their characters. They are noble women ;

and their children are worthy of them, for they are red cheeked, of stout muscle and nimble gait, of fine health and appetite. The simple reason is, that English women, as well as children, exercise in the open air. An English woman of refinement thinks nothing of walking half a dozen miles, nothing of riding on horseback twenty, nothing even of leaping hedges on the back of a trusty animal!

We remember once being at the home of William and Mary Howitt, before they had left "The Elms," when some one proposed that we should make a little family visit to Epping Forest—distant four or five miles. The thought did not enter our brain that they expected to go on foot. As we crossed the threshold, we looked for the carriage, but the ladies said we were going a-foot, *of course!* And so we walked all the way there, and rambled over the beautiful forest. As we walked back, we half expected to see the ladies faint, or drop down exhausted, and when we sat down a moment upon a bit of greensward, we ventured to ask—

"Are you not *very* tired?"

The reply was, and accompanied by a merry laugh,

"To be sure not—I could walk a half-dozen miles yet!"

We were once conversing with an English lady eighty years old—the mother of a distinguished author—upon this excellent habit of walking, when she remarked—

"When I was a young woman, and in the country, I often walked ten miles to meeting of a Sunday morning!" This was the secret of her mellow old age. The English women love flowers, and also to cultivate them, and we know of no more beautiful sight than of a fair, open-browed, rosy-cheeked woman among a garden full of plants and flowers. Talk of your merry creatures in hot drawing-rooms "by the light of a chandelier"—to the marines! Here is beauty fresh from God's hand, and Nature's—here are human flowers and those of Nature blooming together.

Mrs. Browning, in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," has a beautiful picture of an English woman ;—

"Thus, her foot upon the new-mown grass—bareheaded, with the flowing
Of the virginal white vesture gathered closely to her throat;
With the golden ringlets in her neck, just quickened by her going,
And appearing to breathe sun for air, and doubting if to float,

"With a branch of dewy maple, which her right hand held above her,
And which trembled, a green shadow, in betwixt her and the skies,—
As she turned her face in going—thus she drew me on to love her,
And to study the deep meaning of the smile hid in her eyes."

And again :—

"And thus, morning after morning, spite of oath, and spite of sorrow
Did I follow at her drawing, while the week-days passed along;
Just to feed the swans this noontide, or to see the fawns to-morrow—
Or to teach the hill-side echo, some sweet Tuscan in a song.

"Aye, and sometimes on the hill-side, while we sat down in the gowans,
With the forest green behind us, and its shadow cast before;
And the river running under; and across it from the rowens,
A brown partridge whirring near us, till we felt the air it bore.

"There obedient to her praying, did I read aloud the poems
Made by Tuscan flutes."

English tourists in America are given to ridiculing the excessive prudery of our women, but we much prefer that delicate sense of what is improper which characterizes American women. In this the English women of certain classes *are* coarser than ours. The Continent is so near that they imbibe a certain laxity, not in their morals, but in their modes of expression, dress, and manners, which the best classes of American women would not tolerate. Mrs. Trollope calls them prudes for this, but notwithstanding that, we prefer the

exquisite purity of mind and manners to be found among our women, to the less refined habits of English ladies. There is a beauty also among the rural women of America, which in exquisite delicacy is not rivalled in any portion of the world. But in the matter of physical health, we can learn a useful lesson from England.

BURIALS IN LONDON.

We beg pardon of the reader for saying a few words upon an unpleasant subject—that of London burials. We shall not give you pleasant pictures of country church-yards, with tall cedars of Lebanon and cypresses, and waving grass over the graves—alas! no; there is little of beauty and serenity in London church-yards!

And yet the cemeteries are beautiful, but they are far beyond the limits of the town. There is beautiful Highgate Cemetery—Kensal Green Cemetery, and Abney Park—all pleasant and quiet spots. But it is only the privileged ones who are buried in such places, only the rich and powerful. Wealth in London helps a man after death. It can and does lay his aching bones to rest in a quiet spot, it covers over his grave with flowers, and the songs of birds—is not that something?

The wealthy are buried here—where are the poor buried? In Paris, city burials were long ago abolished. It is the same in almost all European towns, but it is not so in London. A few years since, the subject was brought before Parliament, and facts were elicited which created great excitement, and which resulted in good, but the practice still continues with some restrictions. We are the more determined to give our readers an insight into this unpleasant subject, as it is of great importance that the inhabitants of American cities should, before they become any older, avoid the errors of European cities. We

are glad that Boston has her lovely Mount Auburn, New York her sweet Greenwood shades, and Philadelphia her Laurel Hill; and we hope with all our heart, that in every city in America, cemeteries *without* the confines of the town may spring up, and that public opinion will prevent any more burials *in* town.

Many times in our walks about London we have noticed the grave-yards attached to the various churches, for in almost every case, they are elevated considerably above the level of the sidewalk, and in some instances, five or six feet above it. The reason was clear enough—it was an accumulation for years of human dust, and that too in the centre of the largest city in the world.

We soon made the discovery that the burial business (we beg of the reader not to be shocked, for we tell the unvarnished truth) was a thieving trade in London, a speculation into which many enter, and a great profit to the proprietors of the city churches, whether State or Dissenting. Upon reading authorities, we were thunderstruck at the state of things only three or four years since, and which are now only slightly improved. Extra cautions were taken during the cholera year, but since, matters have been allowed to take the old and accustomed channels.

The facts which we state are but *too true*. They were sworn to by men to be trusted, before a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed by that body to search into this horrible burial trade.

St. Martin's Church, measuring 295 feet by 379, in the course of ten years received 14,000 bodies! St. Mary's, in the region of the Strand, and covering only half an acre, has by fair computation during fifty years received 20,000 bodies. Was ever anything heard of more frightful? But hear this: two men built, *as a mere speculation*, a Methodist Church in New Kent Road, and in a mammoth vault

beneath the floor of that church, 40 yards long, 25 wide, and 20 high, 2000 bodies were found, *not buried*, but piled up in coffins of wood one upon the other. This in all conscience is horrible enough, but seems quite tolerable in comparison with another case.

A church, called Enon Chapel, was built some twenty years ago, *by a minister*, as a speculation, in Clement's Lane in the Strand, close on to that busiest thoroughfare in the world. He opened the upper part for the worship of God, and devoted the lower—separated from the upper merely by a board floor—to the burial of the dead. *In this place*, 60 *feet by* 29 *and* 6 *deep*, 12,000 *bodies have been interred!* It was dangerous to sit in the church; faintings occurred every day in it, and sickness, and for some distance about it, life was not safe. And yet people not really knowing the state of things, never thought of laying anything to the vault under the chapel.

But perhaps the reader will exercise his arithmetical powers, and say that it would be impossible to bury 12,000 persons in so small a place, within twenty years. He does not understand the manner in which the speculating parson managed his affairs. It came out before the Committee of the House of Commons, that *sixty loads* of "mingled dirt and human remains" were carted away from the vault at different times, and thrown into the Thames the other side of Waterloo Bridge. Once a portion of a load fell off in the street, and the crowd picked up out of it a human skull. It was no longer safe to cart away the remains, and yet the reverend speculator could not afford to lose his fine income from the burials, and so his ever-busy intellect invented a novel mode of getting rid of the bodies—he used great quantities of quicklime! But quicklime would not devour coffins, and so they were split up and burnt in secret by the owner

of the chapel. Several witnesses swore to this before the Committee. Said one of them :

" I have seen the man and his wife burn them ; it is quite a common thing."

It may be said that this state of things has passed away—but such is not the fact. We have ourselves looked into an open grave which was filled up with coffins to within a foot of the surface of the ground, and that too within ten rods of one of the busiest streets in London. A friend of ours assured us he has witnessed of late, things quite as horrible as any that were related before the Committee of the House of Commons.

It was proved that very many of the churches in London were in the habit of carting away the remains of bodies at intervals to make room for the later dead. St. Martin's, in Ludgate, St. Anne's, in Soho, St. Clement's, in Portugal-street, and many others were proved guilty of the practice.

W. Chamberlain, grave-digger at St. Clement's, testified that the ground was so full of bodies that he could not make a new grave " without coming into other graves." He said :

" We have come to bodies quite perfect, and we have cut parts away with choppers and pickaxes. We have opened the lids of coffins, and the bodies have been so perfect that we could distinguish males from females ; and all those have been chopped and cut up. During the time I was at this work, the flesh has been cut up in pieces and thrown up behind the boards which are placed to keep the ground up where the mourners are standing—and when the mourners are gone this flesh has been thrown in and jammed down, and the coffins taken away and burnt."

An assistant grave-digger testified that, happening to see his companion one day chopping off the head of a coffin, he saw *that it was his own father's !* Another digger testified that bodies were often cut through when they had been

buried only three weeks. Another testified to things more horrible than ever Dante saw in hell. He says: "One day I was trying the length of a grave to see if it was long and wide enough, and while I was there the ground gave way, and a body turned right over, and the two arms came and clasped me round the neck!"

We beg the pardon of the reader for relating such horrible facts—but they occurred *in London*, and the cities and towns of America may well profit by them. There *need not* be such terrible curses attending a crowded state of population, but such will be the case eventually in our own towns unless we take warning,

When one thinks of the thousands in London who must look forward to a burial in the pent-up church-yards in the city, it makes the heart ache. To think of burying a kind mother so—of following a dear sister to such a grave! Yet thousands from poverty *must* do so.

Contrast with such spots the sweet though lovely burial-grounds in the country, with its tall cedars, its solemn cypresses, and its grassy mounds, over which affection lingers and weeps. The church-spire is old and kindly in its look, the breezes are solemn and pure—oh the contrast!

We once made a delightful journey into an old and ancient part of England with a friend, going on foot miles away from the line of railway in a quiet old village, which seemed a thousand years old. The reader can hardly imagine the quaintness of everything there—the sweet quietness which brooded over the neglected spot. After a meal by ourselves in the ancient inn of the place, we wandered out into the village streets and over the fields. The *people* seemed old and quaint, but the beauty of the hills and valleys we never saw surpassed. Wandering at will we at length came to the village church and burial-ground. The church stood in the midst of a field of graves, and was nearly covered

with green runners and vines. There were ancient tombs grassed over and mossed over by centuries; there were cedars of Lebanon, and solemn cypresses, and flowers, and all that is holy and beautiful. We entered the little gate and walked slowly from tomb to tomb, reading the solemn inscriptions with chastened thoughts. The sun was almost down, but shone with a solemn splendor upon the spot, and the gravestones cast long shadows to the eastward. We could hear faintly in the distance the murmurs of a waterfall, and the music seemed plaintive there. There was no music, no eager life, but the spirit of holy Quiet was there. Gradually the shadows grew longer, until at last the burning sun dropt down behind the western hills, and the church-yard was in gloom.

A gentle south wind sprung up among the Lebanon cedars in tones of sorrow; the tall grass waved to and fro over the graves, and so like the close of a good man's life closed the day.

And that spot is a place where one could love to weep over a dear, departed friend. There, among the flowers and branches, sunshine and shadows, one could rest over a mother's or a sister's grave, and look forward to a home there, as a place where to

> "Wrap the drapery of his couch around him,
> And lie down to pleasant dreams."

THE COUNTRY.

The beauty of the country portions of England, and especially those which surround London, cannot be too much extolled. There is a serenity in it, a holy sweetness, which charms one like music. There is great difference in localities, but whether one rambles in the region of London, or along the valley of the Wye, or among the hills of Derby-

shire, it matters not—he is sure of being entranced. By nature England was not possessed of extraordinary charms, but Industry has made it what it is. Every acre is cultivated, and cultivated thoroughly. The hills are covered with the richest verdure, the valleys teem with golden acres of crops, with tall, ancient trees, and gentle streams, and birds which sing with wonderful sweetness. Old castles, haunted with delightful reminiscences, quaint legends, and historical truths, are scattered over the country everywhere, and the farm-houses possess the prettiest farmers' daughters ever seen.

It is true that an American cannot forget while among such delicious beauty, the utter wretchedness which is scattered among it. Close by magnificent parks, containing thousands of acres of the richest soil, devoted to deer, and trees, and all that is charming and exquisite, there are men and women and little children starving. Let beauty, voluptuousness, and luxury, never exist at the expense of humanity! The nobles of England are so accustomed to that which shocks us, that they do not appear to notice the horrible contrast which lies in full view of their hall windows. Their system causes the poverty and wretchedness around them, and they ease their consciences in a devotion to Beauty and Art!

The country churches with their grave-yards are the saddest, sweetest places in the world. There is none of that barbarous taste exhibited, which distinguishes certain portions of America. We have Greenwood, and Auburn, but in how many of our villages and country towns are the burial-places a disgrace to a civilized people. How it makes one shudder to pass by such spots, and think that in them sleep the forms of those once dear, and that the friends left to mourn them manifest no care of their last resting-place.

We stopped at sunset once to see the burial-place of ancient Wendover, and as we rested, the lines of Mrs. Browning, in the "Duchess May," came to mind:

"In the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun—
Toll slowly!
Six abeles i' the kirk-yard grow on the north side in a row,—
Toll slowly!
And the shadows of their tops rock across the little slopes
Of the grassy graves below.
On the south side, and the west, a small river runs in haste,—
Toll slowly!
And between the river flowing, and the fair green trees a-growing
Do the dead lie at their rest.
On the east I sat that day, up against a willow gray—
Toll slowly!
Through the rain of willow-branches I could see the low hill-ranges,
And the river on its way.
There I sat beneath the tree, and the bell tolled solemnly,—
Toll slowly!
While the trees and river's voices flowed between the solemn noises—
Yet Death seemed more loud to me."

Not far from London there are many beautiful suburban villages to which a denizen of the city can easily go. One afternoon of May, just at night, with a friend, we started for a little country excursion. Just as we arrived at the wharf, below London Bridge, a crier on board one of the many steamers in sight, sung out, "Passengers for Greenwich and below!" and as we wished to go "below," we hastily jumped aboard. It was one of the tiniest boats imaginable, and looked hardly capacious enough to carry the passengers on her deck—as for officers, there didn't seem to be many. The captain stood on the wheel-house, which was about the size of a western cheese-box, and motioned to the man at the wheel, in the stern of the boat, which way to steer. Whenever he gave out an order or warning, which was done in a sublime bass, a little boy shrieked it over in treble to the engineer below. The captain shouted gruffly "*All aboard!*" the young one executed his shrill echo—the little paddle-wheels began to turn, and we were shooting off into the centre of the stream.

There were many passengers on board, and it was not difficult to discover from dress or action their various conditions. Some of them were clerks, who, after a laborious day's work, were going down to Greenwich to sleep, for health's sake; others were men of capital, going to their splendid homes down the river, where famous dinners were awaiting them; it was too late for the pleasure-seekers. At every place where our boat touched, some one or more of our party deserted the boat—and now our turn was come, the little steamer touched land for us, we gave up our tickets and landed in a small village in the midst of the glorious country. There was a hill away at the left, and as the sun was only half an hour high, we ran for it. Half our time was lost in gaining its summit, but the view amply repaid us for our trouble. The sunset was inferior every way to hundreds we have seen in America, but the landscape was the *loveliest* we ever had seen.

We were in Surrey, and its soft undulations lay before us like the swells of the sea. Hamlets, hedges, farm-houses and cottage-homes were scattered at our feet. The village green was below in full view, and out upon it were boys and girls shouting for very happiness. How different their voices to the voices of the children in London streets! Around the farm-houses the quiet cows were gathered, and the milkmaids were at their work. Every field was fringed with a beautiful hedge, and every garden bloomed with choice flowers. Their fragrance came up the hill to us on the soft breeze that was playing. There was also some new-mown hay near us, which sent up its pleasant odor for our enjoyment. The breeze came fitfully, never strong, and often dying away completely; at such times, with not a leaf trembling, and the full, bright sun going to rest behind the trees, the scene was a perfect picture of happy peace. No rude noise startled us; the music of a tiny stream touched our ears pleasantly; there were no

harsh London noises ; no dismal sights and noxious scents ; no whining mendicants or flaunting prostitutes.

The sun had now set, but lo ! the full moon arose in the east, promising an evening of great beauty.

We now descended the hill, and entered a quaint little inn and asked for tea and toast. The little room that we had it in looked out upon the west, which was all moonlit, and there we sat and talked, and sipped our tea.

Once more we were out in the open air, with the moonlight pale and tender falling down upon us, instead of the rays of the sun. We took a path into the fields, though the dew was heavy upon the grass, and wandered away among the trees and out on the hills. We soon came in view of an old English castle, deserted now, but once inhabited by princes.

The influence of the moonlight must have been magical, for we existed for a time in the past ; and from the windows of the castle streamed the light of a thousand lamps, and the sound of dancing reached our ears. There were princes there, and earls ; queens of beauty and grace, with the blood of kings coursing in their veins. As we approached the ruined building, a rabbit leaped out from his hiding-place, and brought our thoughts from the past to the present, and after gazing awhile at the ruins, we passed on to the stream that had tinkled its music so pleasantly in our ears, and sat down on the little bridge which crossed it. And the present seemed more beautiful than the past. Those days so fraught with chivalric deeds were after all bereft of true humanities. Their happiness was a hollow one. The lords and ladies might enjoy the moonlight, but the peasants were chattels. Perhaps a noble earl occasionally ran daring risks for the hand of some fair and titled lady, but he did not hesitate to break the heart of a peasant's only daughter.

But the evening was gone, and we ran over the fields to a

railway station, and in a few moments were whirling back to London, to spend the night at an English home. And a true English home is as sweet and beautiful a place as a Mahometan could wish for his paradise! It exhibits that exquisite *finish*, which is the consequence of cultivation. When we speak of an English home, we mean a home among the select middle classes, not among noblemen or working-men, for among the former, there is hollow-heartedness, and abject devotion to mere conventionalities—a disgusting pride of blood, wealth and connections. And were we to describe the homes of the latter—the toiling laborers of England—we should picture broken casements, expiring fires, haggard countenances, and young children crying for bread.

ENGLISH HOMES.

But we choose now to describe—

> "The *merry* homes of England!—
> Around their hearths by night,
> What gladsome looks of household love
> Meet in the ruddy light!
> There woman's voice flows forth in song,
> Or childhood's tale is told,
> Or lips move tunefully along
> Some glorious page of old."

In the English heart there is a deep love of quiet, calm enjoyments, and home joys—this is the reason why the English home is so lovable. Unlike the French, they are not suited with an eternal round of festivities, balls, or theatrical amusements. The Frenchman lives continually abroad, and scarcely at all at home. In England the holidays, even in London, have a rural tinge. When the Frenchman would rush to the Boulevards, the more quiet and sedate English-

man gathers his children about him, and goes to spend the day at Epping Forest, Gravesend, or Kerr Gardens. It would be no pleasure for him to wander over the fashionable walks of the city, but away from the crowd, in the bosom of his family, he indulges in the height of felicity.

Among the middle classes in England, or perhaps we should say the upper-middle, there is no degree of want, but rather a profusion of all that can minister to the respectable appetites of mankind. The house, the grounds, the situation and prospect are nearly perfect. We have seen many English homes, and never for once came away from one without an enthusiastic admiration of the sweet garden in which it pleasantly nestled. Painting ministers to the eye, and music to the ear.

In the morning at nine the father sits down cosily with his family to his dry toast and coffee, his morning newspaper and family letters, devouring them all together. *The Times* with fresh news from all quarters of the world lies open before him, and the "resonant steam eagles" have been flying all night that he may read his letters with his morning meal. He then starts for his counting-house, or his office, and with a luncheon at mid-day satisfies his appetite until the dinner-hour—which is at four, five, or six, as circumstances may be—when he dines with his family around him.

Tea is served at seven, a simple but generally a very joyous meal. Supper is ready at nine or ten, of which the children never partake.

A true English home is intelligent, educated, and full of love. All that Painting, Sculpture and Poetry, can do to beautify it, is done, and Music lingers in it as naturally as sunshine in a dell. Those who say the English are not a hospitable, frank, generous people, know nothing of their inner life. A railway ride across from Liverpool to Paris, reveals nothing of the character of the people. It is a part of their system of conventionalities to preserve a cool exterior

when in the business world. Take these very men at home, and the transition is almost miraculous. The knitted brow is smoothed with smiles, and the silent tongue has become voluble with joy. And the influence of the English homes upon the children—is it not visible over the world? Those evening joys never are forgotten, but in the time of temptation, gather about the heart of youth, like a group of angels, guarding it from all sin.

"By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called unto winter mirth;
By the fairy tale or legend old
In that ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer, and kind good-night;
By the smiling eye and loving tone,
Over their life has a spell been thrown.
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath led the weeping prodigal."

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the best of the London Holidays, being more universally observed than any other. The last Christmas was our second Christmas in London, and the last was exactly like the first. The same bustle in all the markets, the same preparations everywhere; loaded railway trains, with game and poultry from the country.

Perhaps a week before Christmas, we noticed that all the markets began to increase in the quantity and quality of their stores, and in front of them all, green branches of holly were hung as emblems of the coming holiday. The game shops were full of pheasants, rabbits, and venison; the confectioners exhibited a richer than usual assortment of saccha-

rine toys; at the book-shops, Christmas presents began to appear, consisting of every variety of beautiful books. As the day approached, all these shops, in fact all the shops of whatever kind, increased in the splendor and quantity of their wares; the very countenances of the people in the streets were brighter than usual, and the rose was deeper on more than one young maiden's cheek, as she thought that on the coming festival-day, she would bid farewell forever to maidenhood. For the day is renowned for its weddings throughout England. The reason being, we suppose, because of the festivities everywhere which fall, in the case of a wedding, naturally around the parties as if in *their* honor, as well as in honor of Christmas.

The day preceding Christmas, the whole of London seemed to be engaged in purchasing the wherewithal to enliven and adorn the next. Then, indeed, the shops did look as if utterly incapable of containing their treasures, and from top to bottom, were lined with sprigs of laurel, and box, and pine, and holly! Then the windows of the confectionery-shops displayed most gorgeous sights for young and eager eyes. In the book-shops Cruikshank and Doyle, Thackeray and Punch, had scattered a thousand laughable books and pictures, as if to *make* the people laugh during the holidays, whether they wished to do so or not!

The streets on Christmas Eve were one continuous blaze of show and ornament. From Piccadilly to Whitechapel the bells rung, and the people flocked to the churches. For a week previous to Christmas-day, the weather had been black and foggy, full of rain, and mud, and hypochondria, but Christmas morning the sun rose to gaze all day long down upon the pleasant earth. The sky was blue and serene, the weather mild, and the chimes of the bells, ringing out against the sunshine, seemed to fill the air with joy. Every shop was shut like the Sabbath, but the streets were full of happy

faces flocking to and from the churches, or wandering in the streets to sharpen their appetites for the Christmas dinner. At all the Unions, or poor-houses, the inmates had pudding, roast-beef, and porter—happy day for the poor wretches; it was the only day of the year when they could taste of a luxury, and they swung their hats in honor of "merry Christmas."

After noon the streets began to grow thin, and with a friend we left town to eat our Christmas dinner among the trees. Christmas in the country! The very thought of it makes the heart glow with pleasure. It conjures up such sights of fairy children with laughing eyes and crimson cheeks, and home-joys and pleasures!

It made our hearts beat fast with pleasure to stand upon the green grass and look into the pleasant sky, and hear the few lingering birds sing—to run races with children, and recall the time when we were young and ran races with our fellows in America!

And when at last we all gathered around that groaning table, fair faces and manly faces, yet each one full of Christmas smiles, and with pleasant converse and laughing humor tasted the viands it supported, it indeed seemed that Christmas in England was a happy festival.

And when, the dinner past, the shutters were drawn, and the fire blazed bright in the grate, when we drew our chairs before it, and in the flickering fire-light one after another told stories of perils on sea and land, or of pale and shadowy ghosts, so that in the dim and shadowy corners of the drawing-room the shadows from the fire seemed to be ghosts of departed days—we said,—"Merry, merry Christmas!"

And when by a mere touch, all the room looked brilliant as noonday, and the evening plays came on, and we thought of all the pantomimes at the theatres that night—we, choosing to remain in the presence of such natural joys and pleas-

ures rather than to go to Drury Lane or Covent Garden—when we looked into the happy, loving eyes of those around us, and saw how calmly joyous were all in that room ;—and when at last we were in our chamber for sleep, and our head lay on a soft pillow, we thought—last thought before going to sleep !—may we never forget the English Christmas—nor Palatine Cottage !

But the next morning—what a change ! The day *after* Christmas is a joyful day for menials, and a provoking one for everybody else. It is a day for " Christmas boxes." On that day every person who has during the previous year served you in any capacity almost, will present himself, tip his hat, and say—

" Christmas box, please, sir !" expecting you to make him a present of money. The custom is such an old one that few care to disobey it, but to an American in London it is a disagreeable usage. When the paper-carrier left at our apartments a morning copy of *The Times*, instead of allowing the servant to bring it to us, as usual, he made his own appearance at our breakfast-room door, and doffing his hat said—" Christmas box, please, sir !" There was no resisting his demand, and our purse was made thinner by his call. In a few moments the postman made *his* appearance, made a like demand, with like success. An hour later and the coalman wished his Christmas box ; still later the laundress hers, until at night we found no silver left in our purse.

Some merchants present the postman with a Christmas box of a guinea, or five dollars. All clerks in large establishments expect to be treated in a like manner. There is a disposition, however, in high quarters, to discontinue the practice. The government, it is said, will no longer allow the postman to demand or ask for any Christmas boxes, and many large mercantile houses have resolved not to obey so senseless a usage any longer.

The custom of feeing servants at hotels is another usage of England which is especially vexatious to a foreigner. Not so much because of the expensiveness of the practice as of the indefiniteness of the sum expected. A stranger knows not how much the servants expect for a fee. London waiters expect more than those of Liverpool, and there is no regularity over the kingdom in the amount charged in fees by the servants, in similar situations. The American knows not how much to give, and fearing to offend, generally gives altogether too much.

CHAPTER VI.

ENGLISH POVERTY.

SPITALFIELDS.

The West End of London is the residence of the wealthy and noble; the central portions are principally occupied by men of business; and the East End is the abode of the poor and wretched. The stranger who has entered London from the West, can scarcely believe, after a residence among the princely dwellings and palaces of Belgravia, that there is a quarter in London like that called Spitalfields, and when he sees it for the first time, he is astonished above measure. When we first gazed at the destitution and horrible wretchedness of Spitalfields, our blood ran cold at the sight, and whenever we hear the great English metropolis eulogized as the residence of princes in wealth, and nobility, we think of some of the sights which our eyes have witnessed, among those parts where the poorer classes herd together, and which we never can efface from our memory.

There is a vast population lying east of Bishopsgate-street, and in wretchedness it may safely challenge a comparison with any people, or class, or nation under the sun. Spitalfields, the region of Bethnal Green, and Whitechapel, all centre together, making a vast area wholly occupied by poor people. The first-mentioned quarter, Spitalfields, is the residence of the poorest of the poor. In it the buildings are low and black—the interiors small, ill-ventilated, but crowded; and the streets

almost too disgusting to describe. In traversing them, one is assailed by the most noxious stenches, and the most disagreeable sights. This region is no small part of London—not a mere Five Points which occupies a small space—it is the residence of the laboring population of London ; there are hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children in it ;—some just raised above utter wretchedness ; others utterly wretched. That many of these people are without principle and virtue, must be evident from the fact that, in London there is an immense number of thieves and prostitutes—the latter unfortunate class alone numbering about 80,000.

Among the laboring people of London, as a matter of course, there are some who reside in comfortable houses, and have enough to eat and drink—but where there is one of this character and condition, there are ten who are without the decencies of a common home in this country—to say nothing of luxuries and superfluities. In some streets there are almost *only* thieves, robbers and prostitutes ; in the others there are mechanics and laboring men ; and in some, perhaps a majority, the thieves, prostitutes, and laboring poor, are herded together in about equal numbers. We took especial pains to learn, through observation, the condition of the London laboring population, and we were forced by our observations, and the testimony of reliable men, to the conclusion, that by far the majority—probably five sixths—of this class do not possess the common comforts of life. In fact, when a mechanic is, what is styled in England, " in comfortable circumstances," his condition here would be thought a sad one. A small apartment, with a loaf of bread and a jug of ale, satisfies the English workman—thank heaven, it is not so *here !* The neat house, with its prettily furnished rooms, its books and papers, its laughing children, which a laboring man in America possesses, the London laborer never even dares to hope for, except in extraordinary cases.

The rent of buildings in respectable quarters is so high, that a laboring man cannot pay it, and it is folly for him to think of it. So he is compelled to locate his wife and children amid disease, and crime, and misery. His wages will not allow him to consult his tastes, nor even his convictions of right and propriety.

Bread is tolerably cheap, but everything else is dear; the price is about twelve cents the quartern loaf; butter is from twenty to twenty-eight cents per pound; good sugar twelve cents, pure tea two dollars the pound, though a miserable mixture may be had for half that sum. The best steaks are twenty-four cents a pound, and fish are high-priced. Let us suppose a case: a mechanic locates in the region of Spitalfields—he is forced to do so because he cannot pay the rents of wholesome neighborhoods—he has a wife and six children depending upon his labor. Say that he is so fortunate as to earn five dollars a week, (always in England, *exclusive of board*)—how well, how sumptuously can he live on that? Can he eat meat every day? Not oftener than every Sunday. Can he pay to send his children to school? No. He pays his rent—lives upon plain bread and cheese and beer—and rejoices if he is able to keep his children off the parish.

He is taken ill—is there any income then? No. He dies—and where goes the mother with her six children? To the poor-house! How happy can a man be with such a prospect forever staring him in the face? The London working-man *cannot* lay up money without practising too severe self-denial.

But suppose our laboring man, instead of getting five dollars a week, only gets two—which is oftener the case—what then can he do? He *must* herd with the vicious. If he has daughters, they become prostitutes. It is a horrible thing to contemplate, but who is sure that he could withstand the corrupt influences of such an earthly pandemonium as Spital-

fields, when Starvation—a most potent pleader—pointed as the only means of subsistence, towards Vice? Let the pure in heart be constantly surrounded by vicious persons and sights, and confronted by Starvation, and how long would it be before they would lose that beautiful purity which now is their crowning glory? But the poor mechanic's daughter never had education, nor the light of religion, was never made to feel the beauty of virtue—and the transition is not so great, not so terrible. And the father sees his children walking in the paths of Vice—can he say to them, "The way of the transgressor is hard?" They will ask, "Was it not hard before we transgressed?" and what can he reply?

One of the most frightful features of London poverty is—the lax morality of the poor, in theories and principles, as well as acts. The discipline of suffering is good for man to a certain extent, but it should never touch his stomach. No man can face hunger long. It vanquishes principles and beliefs—it overrides conscience even, or silences it. These Spitalfields men feel that their social condition is terrible and unjust, and they believe it right to steal when they can get a chance. It is useless to preach to them—they must have bread first. Stay their stomachs first—give them houses, air, water, and light, by doing away with all class-legislation, by throwing taxation wholly upon property, by making citizens of these working-masses, and then pour into their ears *the truth.* Tell them then it is wicked to steal—but not before, because it is useless. And the religious world will one day be astonished to see how these home-heathens will receive the truths of revelation—when the church shall take her stand upon the side of the defenceless and down-trodden. These ignorant masses need softening by kindness, and they will open their ears to religious truth.

That the great majority of the depraved characters in this region are accustomed to think their avocations without any

peculiar sin, we have little doubt. A kind of necessity, in their sight, makes the avocation of a thief as honorable as that of a mechanic. A case came to our knowledge while in London, which is a good illustration. The story is true in every particular. A boy from a low lodging-house in Spitalfields, went one evening to a Ragged-School in the vicinity. Liking it, he continued his visits in order that he might gain a little education. By degrees he got so that he could read in the Testament. The teachers liked him—he was a faithful, good-hearted-boy, though born in the midst of pollution. He was generous and kind. The School which he attended generally opens at six o'clock on Sunday evening, and closes at eight. The churches generally close at half-past eight or nine. There is a large one but a little distance from this Ragged-School. One Sunday evening the Superintendent kept the boys uncommonly late, until at last this boy's patience was exhausted, and he rose from his seat and walked to the master, asking:

"Please, sir, what time is it?"

"Half-past eight," was the reply.

"Please, sir, may I go out?" he then asked.

"Why do you wish to go out?" interrogated the master.

"Because *it's about time for church to break up!*"

"Well, and what do you care about when the church breaks up?"

"Please, sir," answered the boy, with a perfectly innocent countenance, and as if he were saying the most natural thing in the world, "Please, sir, *that's the time for business!*"

A smile spread over the teacher's face, as he saw how frankly the boy had confessed his avocation of stealing—but the circumstance might make one weep, for it indicates a sad state of things when the boys in the streets steal under the impression that they are pursuing an honest vocation. The master himself related the story to us, and gave us many

other facts which have come under his own observation, all going to prove that the general opinion among the thieves of this degraded quarter of London is, that there is nothing sinful in the avocation of a thief. And yet this is in London, which claims to be the most civilized city in the world! Here is a vast population to whom the name of Jesus Christ is hardly known. And their social condition is so wretchedly low that preaching will do them little good. They must somehow be raised to a better condition, encouraged instead of being, as at present, trodden into the dust.

We were fortunate in making the friendship of a gentleman in London who has devoted much of his time to this unfortunate class of people. He has ventured into all parts of Spitalfields, and sometimes to the great danger of his person. Sometimes when we have accompanied him over certain portions of this great quarter of the metropolis, we have returned home with the opinion that there yawns between the rich and poor of London a great gulf almost like that between heaven and hell. Not merely in reference to deeds, but in everything—aspirations, thoughts, and principles, as well as mere actions. Among these people there are many men and women who were once educated and refined, and moved in good society. Nor was it indulgence in intoxicating liquors which brought them there—it was but a turn in the wheel of Fortune—a loss of property, and people with gentle hearts and affections were doomed to such a life. Language is too feeble to portray the mental sufferings of such families, and death is looked for by such as a prisoner looks for a reprieve.

Our friend went one day with a policeman into a terrible haunt in Spitalfields to hunt up a ragged school-boy. They entered a room which was small; the walls were covered with dirt and vermin, and yet 30 or 40 men, women, and children were gathered in it, some huddling about the fire,

and others eating their supper. Our friend could not bear the atmosphere of the room, and after hastily making one or two inquiries, was retreating, when one of the number approached and said :

" *We* are a hard set, sir, but there is a young feller in the next room who is *eddicated*, sir,—*and he is dying !*"

" Dying !" echoed our friend, " let me see him."

He was shown into a miserable apartment, and there, upon a wretched couch, lay a young man with a face singularly marked with intellect, and yet wearing an expression of intense misery—and indeed he seemed to be dying. Our friend spoke to him in a kind manner, and he answered in a low and melancholy voice. He was widely different from the herd about him, and by degrees his history came from his lips, and it appeared that the only cause why he lay there was, *poverty*. He never drank, was not vicious—but he was dying, and, great God ! in the metropolis of the civilized world, *dying of hunger !* He was worn down to a skeleton. He could get no employment, he would not steal, as those did who were about him—and this was the result.

He was of a good family, well educated, but misfortune in business had plunged his father into the depths of poverty, and he, the son, was starving in Spitalfields. And while he lay there, he had an uncle who was wealthy—who had twice been a mayor of a provincial city. Said he—

" I met my rich cousin a few weeks since on the sidewalk. He would not know me. He saw I was starving ; I told him so ; but he turned me off without a penny !" Thus it is that Poverty in London steps in between blood-relations. An uncle will let a boy with a dead sister's blood coursing in his veins, starve to death before he will try to help him—he would ruin himself were he to help all his poor relations, in such a country as England. A friend of ours because of his kindness of heart employed a young man as writing-clerk,

who had a young wife and children to support. He found that he had an only brother who is the Captain of one of Her Majesty's mail steamers, and who has a fine income, and when this poor clerk was out of employment and half starving, he went on his knees before his wealthy brother—who flung him a sovereign and walked away! But to return to our first story. Our friend spoke to the young man of his mother, and he burst into tears. She was dead—and a smile spread over his face while he said it—a smile of joy. Oh! *how* glad he was, that she died before misfortune came.

Our friend asked if he had any sisters—a burning blush suffused his features, and he replied in agony,

"Would that *she* had died with her mother!" All was told in that single sentence—the suffering, sorrow, and shame.

"But she is dead now, poor girl," he added, "and God will, I know, judge leniently one who suffered so much."

The young man was removed to a place where he was kindly nursed, but in a few days died. The physician said that starvation was the cause.

We do not wish the reader to suppose that London is the wretchedest, wickedest city in the world—not by any means—but we do think the social state of England is such, that in many cases the ties of blood and marriage are snapt asunder as an inevitable consequence of that system which depresses man in the mass, and elevates a few to unbounded wealth, education, and privilege. It cannot be otherwise, argue round it as we may. Everything which tends to raise the civil position of the *whole* people of any country, adds to the comfort, sobriety, and religious fervor of that people, and everything which tends to depress the masses, in their civil rights, adds to their woe, vice, and wretchedness.

Much has been written and spoken about the miserable habits of beer-drinking, which almost every English workman has. It is true that it is a vile and wide-spread habit,

but we never expect to see the class of English working-men temperance men, until they possess civil rights. It would be quite as rational to expect our negro population to become masters in literature while in slavery. The cause of temperance, from the first, has moved slowly onward in England—but in America it has been just the reverse, for the universal change of sentiment here in a few years is astonishing. The simple reason is, that the people in this country have rights, and homes, and equal privileges. The social position of a man may be so low as to shut out all encouragement from his heart. If he practises self-denial, he does not reap any striking benefits therefrom. Let the great class of English working-men have their rights, and they will with proper exertion become temperate and good. We know that it is argued by many that Englishmen must cease their beer-drinking before they will have their political rights granted them—that they must become known for sobriety and industry, and then they can demand their rights with success. This to a certain extent is true, but after all, social reforms are exceedingly slow in a country where the majority of the people are without the franchise. Give to a body of men their civil rights, and you add to their dignity of character, and they will strive earnestly to be worthy of their position. Let them remain as mere cyphers, politically, and they lose ambition, and will turn to sensual gratifications. Either the animal or the intellectual qualities in a man will become fully developed. Make him a serf, and you help to develop his animal propensities; make him a citizen, and you develop his intellect. If to-morrow the right of voting were accorded to every honest man in England, the work of the temperance reformers would be comparatively easy. To be sure the poverty of the people and their ignorance would have to be overcome, but all difficulties would vanish when the people become citizens. Their ambition would be strong

and steady; unjust laws would be repealed; a system of common schools established, and the millions of working-men in England would with pride become possessors of happy, sober homes.

DUCK LANE.

With a city missionary—a pious and courageous man—we one day visited Duck Lane. As we approached it, we noticed that the buildings were small, low, and filthy, with their few windows stuffed with rags, pasteboard, or broken panes of glass. The doors were generally swinging wide open, revealing any quantity of half-nude children with squalid faces. The only business-places were little groceries and pawn-shops. The latter were full of various articles of clothing, a few watches, and a very extensive assortment of handkerchiefs, which fact, was proof enough that the pawn-shops, as they are called in this region, are principally supported by thieves. We now entered Duck Lane—but saw no signs of beggary there. In fact, the population of that street are not beggars, but thieves and prostitutes. They are too fierce to beg. We saw no shops or places of business, but the street had an air of suspicious silence. The gas-lights were dimly burning, and occasionally a couple of policemen, arm-in-arm, were walking down the street. Here we saw a window open, revealing the form of a well-rouged girl, sitting by it as a decoy, to tempt some foolish man to enter her haunt of the depraved; yonder there were sounds of a violin, as if music must minister to the wants of even the wretched people of this region.

We passed on a little way down the street, and then turned into a narrow court on the left, which was full of darkness. The missionary stopped before a little building and knocked. Where we were going was only known to himself, but soon an old woman appeared at the door, which she opened to us.

Her face was frank and honest, indeed we were surprised to see such a face in Duck Lane.

"She is the only honest person I know in the Lane," said the missionary, and the woman seemed to like the compliment very much.

We now passed up a narrow and rickety stairway, until we came to a little room or hall, into which opened several doors, but all were shut. This was the old woman's room; in it there was a pallet of straw, a three-legged table, one or two old chairs, a kettle, and a very meagre assortment of crockery—and that was the whole furniture of the room. The missionary turned to the doors of the tier of rooms opposite and asked:

"Are any of the people of those rooms in?" She replied that they were all out.

"And *on business?*" said the missionary with a smile. Pointing at a particular door he said:

"That room is the place of resort for a well-organized band of thieves. I have been there, and the captain of the band gives me a pound sterling every year for Ragged Schools!"

"But what can be his object?" we asked.

"A good one," replied our friend, "for he is desirous to keep all young persons from growing up as he has done. He is too old, he says, to live now by any honest avocation—he must steal or starve. But he wants his own children to go to the Ragged Schools and become honest and live by industry, if it be possible, and so he gives his pound a year for the support of the schools!"

After we had talked awhile, the missionary proposed that we should visit a Thieves' Hotel farther down the street. Once more we entered the dark court and the silent street, and walked slowly on till we came to a door over which there was the sign "HOTEL." We paused at the threshold a moment, to hear the talk and uproar within. Then taking

good care of our purses and handkerchiefs, we opened the door and passed into the bar-room. There were, perhaps, a dozen persons in the room, some of them drinking, some smoking, and others talking to each other in a low voice. They eyed us closely at first, as if we had no business there, but recognizing the missionary, they relapsed into their former positions, and paid little attention to us. For the missionary is at liberty to go where he pleases in this dangerous region. He has helped the vile and wretched so many times when they were ill, that they never harm him; besides, they have confidence in him that he will not reveal anything to the police, as his great object is to save the young, and make known the retributions and the felicities of the next world to all.

The bar-maid, in the hotel, was bestuck with cheap jewelry, and covered with paint, and carried on a species of coquetry with her low admirers. The thieves were many of them well-dressed, but all were wretched in feature, and when we opened the door and were again in the street, the missionary told us that in almost all their cases they were thieves because they could not earn bread any other way—told us that they were the most ignorant of all heathen—that they knew nothing of God or Jesus Christ, nor ever heard of them save in oaths!

We were now abreast the Abbey—glorious Westminster Abbey—and splendid carriages rolled by, with wealth and nobility. Perhaps it was the breaking up of some missionary meeting, where thousands had been voted to spread the Bible in Afghanistan or Turkey; while from the windows of their meeting-hall they could have seen worse infidels than the sun shines upon in Turkey, and darker souls than any that exist in Afghanistan!

Upon one of our visits to the various Ragged Schools of the metropolis, we became much interested in a lad ten or eleven years old, who had a frank, open countenance. He was

dressed in a suit of rags, but still had an air of nobleness. He was reading busily in his Testament, and would stop occasionally, and ask such curious questions of his teacher, that we could not help smiling. We sat down by his side, and asked him *where* he lived.

"I live almost everywhere," was his reply. We asked him *how* he lived.

"Almost any*how*, too," was his reply.

"But what is your business?" we asked.

"I am a water-cress boy," was his reply, "and get up every morning at two oclock, and go on foot three or four miles, and sometimes six or eight, into the edge of the country, to buy water-cresses. I get a basket of them there for a shilling, and by crying them all day, generally clear one shilling on the lot, which pays my board and lodging."

"But can you live upon a shilling a day?" we asked.

"Yes, pretty well—but many times I don't make a shilling, and then I buy a crust of bread, and go and sleep under an arch of a bridge, or some old crate or box, down on the wharves!"

Just then the teacher beckoned me away, and said:

"The lad you have been talking with comes here every evening to study—and that too when he is obliged to be up every morning between two and three o'clock. Not long since, his mother was imprisoned for arrearages in her rent—the sum needed to release her was but ten shillings—and this lad almost starved himself, and slept out-of-doors, until he had saved money enough to release his mother from the jail! Was that not heroism?"

Aye—that boy was a truer hero than ever was Napoleon upon the battle-field, for while one was intensely selfish, the other was ready to suffer *for others!*

THE POOR TINKER.

When the Ragged School system was first introduced in London, it was dangerous to go to the schools, as there were villains ready to injure both teachers and visitors. The place where the first school was organized was in one of the most dangerous parts of London, not far from Duck Lane, and its first teacher was a poor but honest tinker, who lived near the spot. He was very poor, yet he spent all his evenings and Sundays at the school. To be sure he was ignorant himself, and was as ragged as any of his scholars, but his devotion was great, and he labored faithfully until Ragged Schools became popular, and teachers from the educated classes volunteered their services—then the kind old tinker came to the missionary who founded the school, and said, with tears in his honest eyes :

"I am too poor, too ragged, sir, for the school—they will not need me any longer !"

One day the missionary asked us if we would like to see a specimen of the honest poverty of England. We answered him in the affirmative, and followed him into old Pye-street, where we stopped before a mere hut, not six feet by twelve square, the walls of brick, and a few boards thrown loosely over the top for a roof. The only window was in the top of the door, which swung upon leather hinges. We entered the room, but there was scarcely place for us. An old chair, a few culinary utensils, a few tools, were the contents of the room. A few coals were dimly burning in the grate, and an old man, with gray hair, and pale, worn features, yet with a saintly forehead, was bending over them, vainly endeavoring to solder an old kettle which he held in one hand. As we came in, he started up and grasped the missionary's hand, while tears stole down his haggard cheeks and rolled off upon the earth below—for there was no floor. The sight was one

we never had seen before, and we stood, half doubting our identity—doubting whether it could be possible that *such* poverty existed in great London.

"It is the tinker, our first teacher," said the missionary, "and he is very—God knows *how*—poor!"

Ah!—we saw that—it was indeed the saddest sight we ever witnessed. We shook his hand—a faint, forced smile rested like a shadow upon his face for a moment, and then flitted away, and the tear-drops gathered again in his eyes. We heard a low moan in a farther corner of the apartment, and when we looked into it, saw stretched upon a bed of straw upon the naked earth, a woman, apparently in the last stages of consumption. Great Heavens!—and was *this* honest poverty in England? Was this a sample of life among the poor of London?

"She is *my wife!*" said the tinker, looking up at us in a beseeching manner. And then the missionary took the poor woman's hand, and kneeling down upon the cold earth, comforted her worn heart by telling her that in heaven there is no more sorrow or suffering! Her breath came short and quick, and she spoke in whispers, but we saw that she was glad to die. It was like wandering all the hot summer day in search of a garden of flowers and cool springs;—and now she sees the entrance-gate, she snuffs the odorous air, and hears with her thirsty imagination the gurgling of the cool streams!

"You will be happy there," said the missionary.

"Yes! yes!" she answered, but the tears sprang into her eyes as she asked:

"But who will take care of *him?*" pointing at the tinker.

"He who has thus far taken care of you both," replied the missionary.

The old man was still trying to mend the kettle.

"I would not try to mend it—'tis not worth the trouble," said the missionary.

"I shall get a few pennies if I do," said the old man, "and I want to get *her* a few more comforts before she dies—but I fear 'tis too old to mend."

It was an appeal to our purse which could not be withstood, and when the old man's hot tears of gratitude rained upon our hands, we felt richly paid for the few pieces of silver we had given away.

When we came away, and saw in the open street a thousand elegant carriages rolling away; saw the rich and proud on every hand, our heart grew indignant. The next day the old tinker's wife was a corpse, and he is now struggling on alone.

ST. GILES.

London has its St. Giles as well as St. James—its Seven Dials and Saffron Hill, as well as its Strand and Regent-street. In giving the reader a few glimpses of Duck Lane, and Spitalfields, we have not unfolded a tithe of the horrors of London poverty. We sometimes talk of poverty in America, and there is suffering in many of our great towns, but when contrasted with the hidden horrors of a London life among the poor, it sinks into insignificance. Our poverty is not American—it is imported. No great class is here poor—but in England and Wales alone there are three millions of paupers!

St. Giles in London is one of the prominent quarters where poverty and the lowest species of vice abound. It is crowded by a half-Irish population, of all occupations, and no occupations, guilty of all manner of vices, from petty thieving up to cold-blooded murder.

The London Statistical Society recently appointed a committee to examine the sanitary condition of Church Lane in St. Giles. A friend of ours was one of that committee, and

here are a few of the facts embodied in their report. The Lane is three hundred feet long, and contains thirty-two houses. It has three gas-lights, and water is supplied to it three times a week, but no tanks or tubs were to be found. The first house which the committee visited contained forty-five persons, and only six rooms, and twelve beds! The windows were broken in—really a beneficial thing—and filth abounded everywhere. In the second building, there were fifty persons, and thirteen beds. In the third, there were sixty-one persons, and only nine beds, averaging seven persons to a bed, and these of both sexes, all ages and conditions! When it is remembered that these buildings are low, small, and wretched; the rooms mere pens, some idea of their occupants can be formed. The three houses mentioned are only a fair sample of the whole Lane, every house of which the Committee visited. In their report, made for the use of Parliament, they say:

"In these wretched dwellings, all ages and both sexes, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown-up brothers and sisters, stranger adult males and females, and swarms of children,—the sick, the dying, and the dead, are herded together with a proximity and mutual pressure which the brutes would resist: where it is physically impossible to preserve the ordinary decencies of life, where all sense of propriety and self-respect must be lost."

Such is the picture of London poverty, drawn too, by Englishmen. Into this region, scarcely ever, does splendid Vice set its feet. Here are only common thieves and the lowest of the prostitutes. Sin is horrible in its lineaments in St. Giles—it can put on no seductive features there. The expert gamester and richly apparelled prostitute of St. James, little expect to one day make their home in the filthy St. Giles; yet a few years will accomplish the transition. It is invariably the last resort of the wretched and vicious.

When all other portions of London have cast them out, St. Giles opens its doors to them, well knowing that they can go no farther—till they step into their graves. And yet, such is the power of love, there have been instances of reform even among these lowest of the low. Our friend the missionary in one of his visits to this quarter, met with a young thief who seemed to possess certain good qualities. He met him one Sunday morning in the Strand, well dressed, and prepared to carry on his business of thieving, when the missionary went up to him, and took his arm saying:

"Come, go with me to church, this morning."

"You dare not go to church in company with a thief," replied the young man.

"I dare—so come with me," said the missionary.

"But the police will know me, and think I go to church to steal, and will turn me out," replied the thief. But the good missionary would not let him off, and he went to church that morning. After the service was over, the missionary said:

"Let us go to a walk in the Park!" The thief was melted by his kindness, and asked,

"Are you not ashamed to be seen walking with me?"

"No," said the good man, "I am never ashamed of any being who possesses a soul destined to immortality." When they were in the Park he again addressed the thief.

"Would you not like to quit your present life?"

"Yes—if I could keep from starvation," answered the young man.

"Well, I will get you a situation as gardener in the country, with moderate wages—will you go, and promise me you will do your best?"

"But they will first or last discover that I was a thief, and will discharge me."

"I will pledge that if you henceforth conduct yourself honorably, you shall succeed—will you promise?"

"I will!"

The result was that the young thief became an honest man, and rose gradually to moderate wealth and education. He is at present the principal of a large school in one of the first cities in England. He rose because he first had an honest man to recommend him to a good place, and because his early life was shrouded in the strictest secrecy. But the majority of this class have no one to befriend them, indeed the world shrinks with disgust from them, and their course is steadily downward.

CHAPTER VII.

PERSONS OF NOTE.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

Among the naval and military characters of Great Britain, Sir Charles Napier holds a distinguished position. He is Rear Admiral, but aside from his titles is a man of character, a few traits of which we propose to sketch. He is quite as widely known from his writings, as from his military character, though possessed of great energy and military talents. His "Lights and Shades of Military Life" have been published in several countries, and his letters on India, where he has spent a portion of his life, have made a great stir in England. He has something of Andrew Jackson's character—is stern, resolute, and sometimes imprudent. He is a singular author, for he attacks persons and cabinets with his pen, as he would an enemy with his sword in time of war, and as a matter of course, makes himself many enemies. Occasionally he constructs sentences which remind one of Junius, but he descends to coarse personalities too often, in a controversy. Yet there is such a sailor-like honesty and heartiness in all he does and says, that he is very popular, and his books meet with a ready sale. In fact he is pretty generally on the right side of a question, unluckily sometimes, when he damages it by his fiery enthusiasm. He does not hesitate to loudly condemn the atrocities perpetrated by the British Government in India;

to assert that there is blood upon its hand, and that it will hereafter cry "Out, damned spot;" yet it will not "out."

His high position as a commander and nobleman, gives him a hearing whenever he asks it, and he is always ready to attack anybody, in the *Times*, who ventures to hold an opinion contrary to his own, in reference to the army or navy. There is one capital trait in his character—he cares no more for a lord than for a cobbler.

Sometime in 1849, while Sir Charles was in India, a famous letter appeared in the colums of the *Times*, attacking him for some recent letters of his, and was signed "Scott, Portland." This is the manner in which his Grace the Duke of Portland subscribes himself, and so the reading public knew, generally, and they anticipated rare sport when the Duke's strictures should reach Napier at Merchistoun. But the gallant Admiral has always been so busy, that he has not kept in memory all the names of the nobility, and never suspected that the letter was written by a Duke, and so his reply in the *Times* commenced with:

"I do not know who *Mr. Scott Portland* is; but he knows so little about his subject, that his letter is hardly worth answering."

The Duke in his letter had praised General Napier, the cousin of Sir Charles, and he thus pungently noticed it:

"I am much pleased at the high respect Mr. Scott Portland has for my cousin the General, and much distressed at his want of respect for the Admiral; but that, I take leave to observe, has nothing to do either with the construction of steam-vessels, or the defence of the country; and I think, had he left out the latter part of his letter, it would have been more creditable to himself, and given him more weight with the public."

The latter part of the Duke's letter was devoted to personalities, while the first part contained the real matter in

controversy At last Sir Charles became aware that he was waging a dispute with an eminent man—a Duke—but his only allusion to it, his only apology was the following preface to his next letter in the *Times:*

"So it appears that *Mr. Scott Portland* turns out to be no less a personage than His *Grace of Portland!* I never could have thought that a Duke would have condescended to make a gratuitous attack on a half-pay admiral whom he never saw; he did,—and he got his answer. Now for his second letter."

The world is ready to forgive such a man for many faults, and though he is constantly firing his guns at the Premier or Cabinet, the Board of Admiralty or the Secretary of the Navy, yet he is universally popular. His hearty boldness is liked and pardoned by those who would not pardon the same spirit if exhibited by a mere civilian.

In his personal appearance, Sir Charles Napier is very striking. In height he is rather above the ordinary stature of men, his figure is none of the finest, and yet is commanding. His forehead is expansive but retreating, and his face very strongly marked by furrows. He has a shaggy pair of gray-black whiskers, and has a couple of fierce and large eyebrows, and from behind these his piercing eyes shine out with a half-ferocious intelligence. His nose is rather long, and slightly Roman—altogether he is one of the most striking men we ever met. An utter stranger, if used to reading faces, would at once pronounce him a remarkable man. His crotchets all show themselves in his face. There is the fire of genius in his eyes, but there is also a look of odd defiance there, which at once lets you into the secret of his always being in hot water. He loves battle—war to the knife is his delight, and whether it be with the pen or sword, physical or mental, it matters little to him, so that he can be fighting. Of course with his talents and position in society, it is not dif-

ficult to pick a quarrel, and he is constantly disputing with, or attacking somebody. There are many such characters in this world, and many of them, with all their destructiveness, are not bad at heart.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke of Wellington, we need not say, is one of the most renowned characters among the military heroes of England, and the world. We are aware that much has been written about him for the past twenty years, until his name tires one, yet there is much in his character to admire, as well as much to detest. That iron will of his which nothing could ever break through, or triumph over, must excite our admiration, for there is much grandeur in it. It has made him what he is—one of the most distinguished men in Europe. His dogged firmness is only equalled by that of Joseph Hume, the parliamentary economist.

But while we admire the Duke's energy of character, we cannot applaud the use which he has often made of that energy, and almost terrible will. He was as firm, while Prime Minister, against the righteous demands of an incensed people, as he was on the field of Waterloo, or in the battles fought on Spanish soil, where his genius and energy won for him so many honors. He was as willing to draw his sword upon the starving mechanics of Birmingham, who dared to plead for their just rights, as upon the enemy across the channel. It was the discovery of this fact which suddenly overthrew the man from the grand pedestal of universal popularity on which he stood. It was this fact which shivered through a million hearts, leaving horror where before there was almost worship.

The nation had shouted pæans in his praise; the sky grew dark with the dust raised by the feet of millions gathered to

do him honor;—he was "the saviour of his country," "the hero of a hundred fights," the nation's God, for the hour at least. So many iron statues were cast of him, that to this day he goes by the name of "the Iron Duke."

Suddenly the people saw in him their deadliest enemy. He opposed all their political rights; he advocated the most abominable abuses, and dared the people to a trial of their strength.

The agitation of the Reform Bill became greater, profounder, until millions were in a state of dangerous excitement. They only asked for simple rights. They did not demand that the monarchy should be overthrown, or the aristocracy —they merely asserted a principle which was maintained centuries before in Spain, that "taxation without representation is tyranny."

The Duke of Wellington, instead of speaking soothing words to the people who loved him, and adored him—instead of concession, unsheathed his sword, and drew his fingers lightly across its edge before their eyes, trying its keenness, as a butcher does his knife before he cuts the throat of a lamb. Then burst forth the rage, and horror, and disgust of the people. From one end of Great Britain to the other there arose a cry of passionate indignation, and the Duke fell from his position, and with *the people* has never recovered, no, nor ever will recover it.

In their madness the multitude broke in his windows, and in fear he ironed them up, and the thousands of foreigners present at the Great Fair at Hyde Park had before them not only the great monument in his honor, but also a monument to his shame in those ironed windows.

We first saw the Duke three or four years ago in the House of Lords, and were of course struck with his appearance. Although very old there is firm decision upon his face, and he resists the usual weaknesses of old age with great success.

He is no orator now, nor ever was; nor has he, we think, shown himself to be a statesman. Yet he speáks very often in the House of Lords. On such occasions he always seems to lean upon Lord Brougham, and turns to him constantly, and is answered by his erratic lordship with an approving nod of the head. His body, once tall and firm, is slightly bent, and there is a tremulousness in his motions which betrays his years. We were astonished to see a man eighty years old bear himself so finely. His peculiar nose told us the instant our eyes fell upon him who he was—it has not a duplicate in the world.

Three years later than our first sight of the old hero we saw him one day at the Admiralty Office. He mounted his steed and rode away. We could see plainly that he had grown old, from his face and manner, and yet were astonished to see so old a man mount his horse, and gallop off like a young officer. He wore his favorite Hessian boots, and overcoat of blue, a white neckerchief, and a common English hat.

We could not look at the old man without a feeling of mournfulness. We know the man has lacked true sentiments, but there is something grand in his stately old age. Besides for a few years past he has abstained from doing or saying anything which is unpopular with the people. Whether his glory gained on the battle-field be hollow or not, it was the people of England who shouted him on—it was for them he fought, and *they* cannot well deny him honor as a warrior, however much they may detest his statesmanship.

The House of Commons has a celebrated character in Colonel Sibthorpe—celebrated *not* for intellect, or for genius, but for eccentricity. He is a kind of David Crockett, without Crockett's great energy of character. He never rises to speak without setting the whole House into a roar of laughter, and yet he never utters any brilliant sayings. There

is often a rough wit in what he says, but if another member would have uttered it no laughter would have ensued. His character is such that what he says can never assume dignity. He is a fine-looking, hearty man, with a jovial countenance; is a great racer, gambler, and wine-drinker, and somehow his very appearance seems to give a flavor to his words. He makes short speeches, so full of odd ideas and humorous arguments, that the members cannot help laughing, no matter upon what side he chances to be in the debate. He is one of the aristocracy—a kind of pet of theirs, and yet is an exceedingly coarse and vulgar man in many things. He often crows like a cock in the House when he is tired of the speech of a fellow-member, or will interrupt him in other ways. He was bitterly opposed to the building of the Crystal Palace, principally because the ground upon which it stood was the resort of the aristocracy, and they could not pursue their horseback rides as usual with thousands of the vulgar, common people around them. His hatred of foreigners, too, is intense, and he prophesied all manner of evils as the result of such an incoming of foreigners to see the great Exhibition. He frequently called upon God to strike the crystal building with his lightnings and dash it in pieces! The proper place for such a conceited idiot is not in Parliament, but in a Lunatic Asylum. Were he a poor man he would never be tolerated in the House of Commons; and we are very sure he would not dare to act in Congress at Washington as he does in the English House of Commons. But a scion of the English aristocracy can act the fool to perfection, and no one dares to murmur. Fine ladies smile as beautifully upon him as if he were really a gentleman, while at the same time they curl their proud lips in scorn at the base sight of a Commoner, however fair and gentlemanly.

Colonel Sibthorpe is also a notorious libertine, and we were

told by excellent authority that upon the death of a favorite mistress an English bishop condoled with him upon his loss. Such a fact needs no comment.

A somewhat singular character in England is Mr. Feargus O'Connor, once the leader of the great body of the Chartists —a political body who agitated for universal suffrage, and five other, as they termed them, grand reforms. Their grand mistake was in not concentrating upon one point—universal suffrage. For it is clear enough that when the people have obtained the right to vote, universally, they can elect such a Parliament as they please, and that Parliament or House of Commons can pass such laws as they please. But this party scattered their energies upon six objects instead of one, and as a result have obtained nothing, the party and agitation being now pretty much silenced. Mr. O'Connor was the leader, but he was a man of bad moral character, and such men are never to be trusted in political matters, and Mr. O'Connor has long since lost the confidence of the working-men of England. Ten years ago he was a man of considerable abilities, and was feared by the Government, unless, as many think, he was bribed by the Government to lead on the people in matters of reform, and to so lead them as to disgust the better portion of the country with their cause and thus surely defeat reform. Such things have before now been done by the English rulers. Feargus O'Connor was then a good speaker, only he lacked real sincerity—he could not conceal the air and manner of a demagogue, which he was at heart. Since then he has developed himself thoroughly before the nation, and no confidence is felt in him. Of late he seems to have lost his usual powers of mind, and makes the most ridiculous speeches. He tried to address Kossuth in a public meeting at Southampton in the most inflated manner, but was promptly put down.

MACAULAY.

Mr. Macaulay's fame is not confined to England, nor are his works read so extensively there as in America. He is now disconnected with politics, as he ever should be.

He is now in his proper sphere, with his pen in hand, for he has too much genius to be a mere politician. As an orator he has won the highest praise, but not as a mere politician, and in an election was defeated by a far less talented, but more straightforward man. Few who were in Parliament at the time will ever forget his memorable debate with Croker, his political as well as literary enemy.

T. B. Macaulay's father was a strong advocate of the abolition of slavery, and the son has inherited the anti-slavery opinions of the father, who was the companion of Wilberforce. But in politics Macaulay has been rather unfortunate. We know that he won a brilliant oratorical fame while in Parliament, but his course was such as to displease his constituents. He was too much of a party man—bound up with ancient Whigism, or more properly speaking, *modern* Whigism, which is amazingly like Toryism. He was unpopular with the people. It was thought, and with a good deal of truth, that he did not act up to what he had written. Few writers do. Guizot has written very fair sentences in favor of liberty, but his acts have been just the opposite. So, the historian, while a member of Government, seemed to lose his love of freedom.

He commenced his political career by being appointed Commissioner of Bankrupts. One act should ever be remembered to his honor—while president of a commission, appointed to frame a penal code for India, he incurred the greatest odium by insisting that the natives should in law-privileges be on an equality with the English. For this he was attacked in an

outrageous manner by Englishmen in India, who wished the laws to discriminate in their favor.

It is far better that Macaulay is now freed from the slavery of politics, and engaged in literature. He is truly one of the most magnificent writers of this age, and it is doubtful whether he is not, as a writer of gorgeous prose, highly ornamental, but full of ideas, the most talented of any man living. His essays, written as he says in the preface to one edition, "when fresh from college," are, some of them, notwithstanding the traces of youth they bear, master-pieces of prose-writing. His essay on Byron is rich and satisfying, while that on Warren Hastings is as fine biography as one often meets with in the world of literature.

His books, notwithstanding their beautiful classicality, are exceedingly popular with the middle-classes, and one great reason for this lies in the fact that while he is classical, he is not coldly so. He is warm, and his heart beats manfully through his pages. His ornament is always in good taste, and gives a *color* to his writings which makes them relished by the people.

His publishers pay him highly for his works—the Longmans pay him enormously for his History of England. The two volumes which sell in America for less than one dollar, sell in England for eight. It will, perhaps, be thought that the high price must keep it out of the reach of all but wealthy people, but such is not the case. Circulating libraries are more common in England than with us, and sooner or later, through them, all intelligent persons, if poor, get the reading of Macaulay's works. A single circulating library in London purchased one hundred copies of the first volume of Macaulay's last work, and is in the habit of purchasing largely of all new books, yet the subscription-price is as low as five dollars a year. This is the lowest price, and for it you only take one book at a time, but it answers all purposes for the poor

scholar. If you are tolerably rich, and live in the country, you can pay high and take thirty or forty books at a time!

The personal appearance of Mr. Macaulay is prepossessing. He is large and full—has an oval face, which is not pale and scholar-like, but rich and ruddy. His eyes are dark and beautiful, his hair fine and curly, his forehead retreating, but large and intellectual. His manners are refined but hearty, and his conversation is exceedingly interesting and brilliant. We need not say that he is welcome to any society—he is a favorite among the very highest in rank and power. He is a lion at conversational parties, and it is thought talks sometimes too copiously.

His early essays were first collected and published in America, and he made the publication here an excuse for the issue of the collection in England. With all his home-popularity he probably has a larger number of readers in America than in England.

BROWNING.

Robert Browning is one of the finest-looking men among the literary celebrities of London. There is a classical beauty in his features which it is rare to see out of Greece or Italy. His hair is long, and rich, and black; his eyes are very bright and dark; his forehead, which slopes backward, is capacious, and white as marble, and his neck with the soft whiskers coming down upon it, looks finely. And *he* is the husband of Elizabeth B. Barrett—both poets, and both strikingly original in their compositions. Elizabeth Barrett was for years before her marriage with Mr. Browning, the inmate of a sick chamber, and for months such was her extremely delicate state that she lived in darkness, could not bear even the soft light of the sky. After their marriage, the poets went to Italy, and there was written Mrs. Browning's poem to her "first-born" child.

Although Robert Browning is not a popular poet, as he writes in too exalted a style for the masses, yet his firstlings were well received, after which he went to Italy and wandered leisurely over its enchanting hills and valleys. Four years of unbroken silence followed his first volume, which introduced him to the English public, when his "Sordello" appeared.

He is regarded by the "select few" as a great but erratic thinker, while the great majority of Englishmen hardly know his name. He is better appreciated in America by the people than in his native land. His wife is more popular than himself, for she has written poetry in homelier language than he usually deigns to employ.

BULWER.

Sir E. L. Bulwer is to be seen in town during the "season," as certain months of the year are termed by the fashionables of England. He has one of the most beautiful country-residences in England, the land above all others for fine country-seats. It is called Knebworth Park, and lies in Hertfordshire, and was the property of his mother, who was the daughter and heiress of Henry Warburton Lytton, Esq. He is the youngest son of General Bulwer, of Haydon Hall, in the county of Norfolk, and at an early age entered the House of Commons, where he distinguished himself. He became an able political writer, but did not allow politics to absorb all his attention.

It is said that to the influence of his mother is he indebted for his early and strong love of literature. His father died while he was young, and his education was completely the work of his mother, who used to give him, while very young, old ballads to read. He entered Cambridge University at an early age, and as soon as he was through it, made a journey

of England and Scotland *on foot*, and afterwards wandered over France on horseback. It is somewhat singular that all the earlier works of Bulwer are now forgotten. At twenty-one or twenty-two, he commenced authorship in verse. His first novel, entitled "Falkland," is now quite forgotten.

The work which first brought him prominently before the public was "Pelham," which was very successful. He is one of the most popular novelists of the age, but we can never get to believe that the effect of his earlier works is good. All his novels, save those which have been written quite lately, are altogether too feverish and passionate. Vice in them wears too pleasant a garb. No one can doubt his great power, and beauty of diction, but his powers have not always been used for the benefit of mankind. But his last novels have been of quite a different character, being delightful home-pictures, natural and without feverish and unhealthy passion.

As a man, Bulwer is, and always has been, popular. Born to wealth and rank, he has worked hard as an author, and has been a true friend of authors. You can often see Dickens, and Jerrold, and Lemon and others, at Knebworth Park. He has written biographies of several of his literary friends who are now deceased, and among others one of poor Laman Blanchard, to whom he was a real friend, for in his dark days he not only comforted him with cheap words of encouragement, but with substantial British gold.

He has many of the prejudices of his order; is somewhat proud, at fault in his politics; and does not dare at all times to speak the truth. He loves popularity too well to be very far in advance of the times.

He is sometimes laughed at for his excessive nicety in his dress, and when he was in the House of Commons, his political enemies named him "the fop." He is perhaps too fond of fine clothes, but that may be accounted for on the score of

his ideality. In fashionable society he is liked the better for this failing, for he has exquisite taste. He is a fine-looking man, and is a favorite with the sex. His forehead is sloping, but broad, and polished like marble. His figure has something aristocratic in it, and as he is a genius as well as a baronet, no one can dispute his right to a lordly mien. It is when we see wealth, or rank and pride allied to that which is the opposite of genius or talent, that we are seized with a feeling of disgust.

He deserves praise for having the courage and energy requisite in a man born to wealth and rank, to labor as he has done for his present fame. There were many temptations to indolence and a life of pleasure, which poor scholars never encounter, and yet he has studied diligently, and worked laboriously, for which he should have his meed of praise.

We cannot refrain from saying a few words on WILLIAM MACREADY, who has taken leave of the stage forever. It was our good fortune to see him once on the boards of a London theatre, with Mrs. Fanny Kemble, in King Lear, and ever since that night we have felt a vivid interest in his personal fortunes. His public life has been a feverish one—he has seemed always to be unfortunate—and yet fortunate in securing great fame. For many years he struggled with Kean, until, as an eminent critic said, "Edmund Kean, with hands still grappling the shape-thronged air, reeled away half-unconsciously into the darkness."

Then he quarrelled with his manager, who would not listen to him in matters of taste, and at last he became a manager himself. Yet, though acknowledged to be at the head of his art, the greatest tragic actor in the world, he lost money, and was obliged to go to America to save his health, and recruit his purse. There he was mobbed. He returned to England, was enthusiastically received, and took his leave forever of the stage.

While he was manager of the theatre, he completely divorced Art from licentiousness, and made the theatre a moral place—but it never paid as such.

He leaves the stage in comfortable health and good pecuniary circumstances. His farewell performance at Drury Lane theatre was a scene ever to be remembered by those who were present, and the dinner given in his honor shortly after, was graced by the presence of rank, genius, and power.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

William Howitt is a man of about fifty years of age, and is possessed of a somewhat striking physical appearance. He is about the average height, has a tolerably full habit, mild blue eyes (mild save when his ire is aroused), and is bald upon the top of his head and forehead. What hair he has is white as snow, and gives to him an almost singular appearance. In his manners he is a gentleman, not so much from a regard for conventionalism, as from the promptings of a kind nature. In conversation he is one of the most interesting men it was ever our chance to meet in life. He has an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and humor, and is especially at home while talking of the country and country things. He is impulsive, and speaks abruptly sometimes, but one could hear him relate his stories and adventures for hours, without tiring. He imparts to all he says a peculiar poetic charm ; if you are out of a summer evening on the lawn, with the moonlight making shadows all around you, he will tell some strange and thrilling stories of ghosts and ghost-life that will chill you through.

Mary Howitt is a few years younger than her husband, has a matronly look, and would never be taken for an authoress. You would call her the model of a wife or mother, so kind and gentle is she in all her actions. Physically speak-

ing, she is strong, large-made, and full of vigor. She has more *life* in her than in half a dozen young women of fashion. Yet she is exceedingly graceful, and if not strictly beautiful, after an artist's heart, she is *more* than beautiful. Her face is always in a smiling repose, and her eyes have a mingled expression of love and intellect, which constitutes them, to our thinking, very beautiful. Personally, aside from her qualities as an authoress, she is very popular. We doubt if any one ever knew her without loving her character. There is an inexpressible charm in her ways and manners, just as there is in her books. Although her features are irregular, and not strictly handsome, we have seen her among a room full of ladies, when some of those present were acknowledged by all to be exceedingly beautiful, yet Mary Howitt was—and you could not help but feel it—queen among them all. She has, while standing, an air of lofty, commanding sweetness, which pleases and enchains the stranger. But you would not take her for an authoress. You would call her a proper character to figure in fiction rather than a creator of such characters.

When we first became acquainted with the Howitts, they were living at "The Elms," in Clapton, a suburb of London. They were then suffering from the wrong-dealing of John Saunders, of the *People's Journal*, who had ruined them pecuniarily. We shall always feel glad that we knew them then, for one can never know thoroughly what a noble spirit is, unless he sees it in adversity. Mary Howitt was then as gentle, loving, and hopeful as ever, and the whole family seemed to love each other better, and to struggle manfully against all difficulties with brave courage. Said a friend of ours who was entrusted with some of the unfortunate business connected with the disasters which beset them, and who had much to do with the family as a confidential friend:

"She is more beautiful in adversity than in prosperity,"—

and he was right. With true courage both William and Mary Howitt struggled onward, and are again prosperous. They now live in the western part of London, not far from the western extremity of Regent's Park, and have a quiet and beautiful home.

They have four children. The eldest, Anna Mary Howitt, is a young lady who has already distinguished herself as an artist, and who promises well for the future.

The second, Alfred Howitt, is a young man of twenty, of promising talents, and who, we believe, looks forward to a barrister's life. The remaining two, "Charlton and Maggy," are young, and in the midst of their school-days.

Although Mrs. Howitt is a voluminous author, yet there is not a more careful wife, or mother, or housekeeper in London. The mother never sinks into the author, and she has not the slightest tinge of the blue-stocking in her manners. One might converse with her for days, if he were no author or admirer of literature, and never perceive that he was talking with a woman whose whole life has been one of authorship. She has a happy faculty of adapting herself to circumstances, and makes herself agreeable to all.

Marriages between literary persons are not usually happy ones, but in the present instance the general rule is at fault, for never was there a happier couple than William and Mary Howitt. Their names are always spoken together; they have been associated so intimately in authorship that it sounds unnatural to mention one name without the other. The names are intermarried, and should never be "put asunder."

William Howitt was born in Derbyshire, and his ancestors for many generations were respectable landed proprietors. They were proverbially fond of the country, and country pleasures. One of them, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, married into the Middleton family, and became exceedingly rich, but the love of ease and good cheer in the descendants

was their bane, and their broad lands slipped away, piece by piece, until the original estates were scattered to the winds. William Howitt's father, Mr. Thomas Howitt, being a man of energy, retrieved the fortunes of the family, and secured for himself a fine property. He married a Miss Tantum, who was a member of the Society of Friends, and, according to the rules of the Society, became a member.

William Howitt is one of six brothers, and was educated at various schools of the Friends, but never received what is styled a liberal education. During his boyhood he was extremely fond of country sports, was a great birds-nester, and this love of country has never died within his heart. He became a chemist, and at the age of twenty-eight, married Miss Mary Botham of Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, who was also a member of the Society of Friends. She is the present world-known Mary Howitt.

Mrs. Howitt's ancestors were not unknown to the world; her great-grandfather, William Wood, was the Irish patentee who minted half-pence for the Government of George II. under a contract, which Dean Swift in his "Drapier's Letters" made so much noise about that they were not accepted, though Sir Isaac Newton pronounced them better than the contract required, and he lost over £60,000. The grandfather of Mrs. Howitt was assay-master in Jamaica, and was the first person who brought platinum into Europe.

Previous to their marriage, neither William nor Mary Howitt had made themselves known as authors or writers, but shortly after, they published jointly a volume of poetry under the title of "The Forest Minstrel," which was received with universal commendation.

Not long after their marriage, they made a journey into Scotland; landed at Dumbarton, and travelled over its lofty hills, and among its beautiful lakes. They journeyed a thousand miles, and over five hundred of it *on foot*. What

do the American women think of this feat? A foot-journey of five hundred miles for a young bride's honeymoon tour! They looked from the lofty Ben Lomond, saw Loch Katrine, and when they visited Gretna Green, the inhabitants all turned out, thinking that they were a young couple come to be married!

Upon their return to Nottingham, they published another joint volume of poetry, which added much to their reputation. Mr. Howitt began to write for the Magazines; Mrs. Howitt continued her ballad-writing, in which she surpasses almost every other living writer.

Although they were by this time well known, yet Mr. Howitt had not published any work in prose, but in 1832 he wrote his popular "Book of the Seasons." He could not sell the manuscript for a long time. Four of the most noted publishing houses in the kingdom rejected it, and the author was nearly sick of authorship. At last Mr. Bently took it, and since then a dozen large editions have been sold, and it sells as well to-day as it did twenty years ago. At once it received a universal welcome, and the author became still more famous than before. Two years after he published his "History of Priestcraft," which has also become a standard work. In it he is entirely unlike himself in his books on nature. In the one he is all love and kindness—in the other full of sarcasm and passionate eloquence. Such is his real character—a compound of gentleness and love, passion and power.

All this time, Mr. Howitt was a citizen of Nottingham, but becoming favorably known to his fellow-townsmen as a liberalist, he was elected Alderman of the borough. Had he possessed a large fortune, he might have secured fame as a politician, but, as he was only moderately wealthy, he removed to Esher, where he could devote himself to literature. While there, he and his wife published several works, and

made a journey into the north of England, and spent some time with Wordsworth at the lakes. The "Visits to Remarkable Places," "Boy's Country Book," &c., &c., appeared about this time.

After remaining at Esher three years, they went into Germany, and settled down at Heidelberg, and visited all parts of Germany. They were there three years, and Mr. Howitt wrote his "Student Life of Germany," and "Rural Life of Germany;" the last was reprinted in Germany, and highly commended by the ablest of German critics.

Here they became acquainted with an English family which had resided in Sweden, and was enthusiastically in love with Swedish literature. Mary Howitt began its study, and soon was entranced with the fiction of Frederika Bremer.

When they returned to England, she began her translations of Miss Bremer's Tales of Domestic Life in Sweden, which created a great sensation throughout England and America, and for awhile such was the demand for them, that both William and Mary Howitt were constantly engaged in translating, though all of them were issued in her name.

The establishment of the "People's and Howitt's Journal," was a most unfortunate circumstance, as through connecting themselves with an unprincipled man, they were pecuniarily ruined. But ill-fortune did not crush them, and since then they have published some of their most delightful books.

A few years since a book was published in London under the title of "The Aristocracy of England, by John Hampden, Jr.," which created considerable sensation. It is one of the most thorough and caustic attacks upon the British aristocracy which we ever read. It had a large sale, and sells now almost, or quite as well as it sold at first, for it is a hand-book for all those who are dissatisfied with the oppression of the nobility of England. The "John Hampden, Jr." is a false name which really means "William Howitt," for he is the

author of the book. He is also the author of many other creditable works.

Although educated as Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt long ago gave up their distinctiveness of dress, and are never known or spoken of as Friends. The love of religious liberty, the cordial hatred of priestcraft which distinguishes that Society, they share to this day with them, and there is a simplicity in their lives which is in harmony with the religious principles of that noble sect, but they are not distinctively members of the Society.

They have for years been peculiarly hospitable to Americans, and one almost always finds one there on their evenings of reception.

The qualities of each as authors are plainly perceptible in a conversation. In Mary Howitt, you feel all that charming gentleness and loveful beauty which shines forth in her books. In William Howitt you see his strong love for the country, and old haunts and castles, in the tales about them with which he will regale your appetites, if you have any for the wild and marvellous. He is fonder of German stories and wild legends; Mary Howitt of pleasant tales of sunlight love, and of flowers and smiling fields—and both are poets.

We will allude here, for a moment, to a somewhat singular literary character in London—G. W. M. Reynolds. He has no claims among the really great or good, for he is not only a second-rate writer and author, but he lacks morality in his writings. Charles Dickens says of him, "his writings are a national reproach," and he never uttered a truer saying. He has a worse morality than Paul de Kock, and lacks his genius. Yet his books have a tremendous circulation over England, and indeed in this country. He writes only for money, and cares not how many hearts he fills with pollution so long as he gains gold. He is, however, shut out of all good

society in England, because of his wretched principles. Sin, in his pages, is painted in the most attractive colors; it is true that he claims that there is always a moral in them, but the tendency of all his books is bad.

He has a good personal appearance, and sometimes attempts to address reform-meetings, but the people will not often hear him. Such a man does more to corrupt a nation than a hundred common propagators of infidelity, for he seduces the young by glowing pictures of sensuality and crime. He professes to draw his stories from actual London life, but if such were the case, it is no apology for him. The truth is not to be portrayed to all minds in the style of his writings.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle is one of the first among the literary celebrities of London. We should not venture to write much concerning him, since he has characterized us as "a nation of bores," only that we have the pleasant consolation of feeling that we never even so much as looked at his dwelling-house. Any American who, after all that Mr. Carlyle has written of "bores," will persist in trying to see him, must indeed be a man of energetic impudence. The "Latter Day Pamphlets" have been bitterly received in England, as well as here—even his best friends were displeased with them. But Mr. Carlyle should not, and will not be judged by those pamphlets. His recent book, "The Life of John Stirling," proves that the hand that wrote the life of Schiller has not lost its cunning. No one can doubt his great intellect—no one can doubt his masterly genius. He has *heart* too, and earnest sympathies for humanity. He cares little for rank; gewgaws cannot blind him to that which is hid beneath them. He is a wild, earnest, mysterious Scotchman. Who needs to be told that his style is strange and fantastical? Some call it affectation

—others his natural utterance. His life has been a singular one, and men write from their lives. A happy experience may color his style with rainbow hues, while darkness and suffering may have a contrary effect. It is at any rate true, that Thomas Carlyle has walked through dark places, and has had a sombre experience. His style might have been far different from what it is, had he not wrestled with the world as few men do.

He was born in the south of Scotland, but at a young age went to Germany, where he remained for years. He became thoroughly acquainted with the German language, and with many distinguished literary men, in Germany. He became the attached friend of the great Goethe, and the attachment was mutual.

He came before the English world first through the magazines, and anonymously, but his original style and great energy of thought could not fail to attract attention. His first book appeared in 1826, and was a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Then came a life of Schiller, and afterward, a German Romance. His later works we need not mention, for they are better known in America than in England. He is indeed more popular here than at home.

From the first, Carlyle has had a hard life to live. In early life he was not at all successful. He was bitterly criticized, and the world did not, as in the case of many authors, rush in between critic and author for the latter's defence. His books were not popular, nor was he acknowledged to be a great writer. There were a few who clung to him, and they only partially understood him. The majority of men would have lost heart, but for years he struggled on, and never thought of despairing.

His life of Schiller was received at first with surprising coldness, and yet was so highly praised in Germany, that

Goethe translated it into the German, and bestowed the highest compliments on Mr. Carlyle.

It is singular how for years his books were neglected. Volume after volume came dead-born from the press, as it were, and yet the brave spirit of the heroic Scotchman was not to be conquered. In 1832 he added something to the sale of his books by a series of lectures delivered at the West End of London, and though his audiences were small, yet they were composed of the wealthy and powerful. The *fashionables* made the discovery that he had genius, and at once his books began to sell. He has lectured many times since then in different parts of London, but always to comparatively small, though exceedingly refined audiences.

He is perhaps the most awkward public speaker one could hear for a twelve-month, even in such a place as London. He uses very little gesture, rubs his hands together, screws his mouth up into all manner of shapes, and yet his dark eyes shine with earnest enthusiasm, and his whole person bears the impress of solemn earnestness. And then the *matter* richly compensates for the lack of *manner*. He opens to your view brilliants and diamonds, and whole veins of shining ore, and yet it is done in an abrupt and disjointed style. You are jerked along hither and thither ; made to stumble over this and that uncouth sentence, yet you get such glimpses of beauty and grandeur that you dare not complain !

The tone of his voice is harsh and unpleasant—he has no control over it whatever, and some of his delicate admirers make complaint of this. His style of speaking is a good deal like his style of writing—it is unpleasant, yet the matter redeems all.

England is the greatest place we ever yet were in for demanding an author's religious opinions. Every author, every stranger, is asked the exact state of his religious belief. Mr. Carlyle has been questioned, but is too proud to answer his

inquisitors. His religious belief was with himself and his God. Many accuse him of being a Deist, but we do not credit the accusation. He probably is latitudinarian in his views of the Bible, but is no infidel.

It is said that Mr. Carlyle has a small property, from which he derives a slender income aside from that which comes from his published works. He lives very plainly in Chelsea, a suburb of London, on the southern bank of the Thames.

He is tall and slender in his person, has dark hair and a dark countenance also. His forehead is high, but not broad —his face is poor, and his cheek-bones are conspicuous. He is getting to look old, and in fact getting to be advanced in years.

He has little of what is styled politeness—so say some of his intimate friends—and does not know how to bandy compliments. But to those whom he loves he is kind and affectionate.

People will have their own opinions of Thomas Carlyle as an author and a man—ours are that he has extraordinary genius, but that there is a certain amount of "sheer fudge" mixed with it. His notions respecting human government show how senseless a great man can be at times. Almost any other man would be dubbed a fool for publishing such nonsense.

The position of a literary man in England is not so high as in France. If he be exceedingly distinguished, the aristocracy and nobility are ready to do him honor in a *patronizing* manner. In France, the literary man takes the first rank in society—wealth and blood retreat before the advent of genius. No man in social position stands higher in France than Lamartine. Dickens in England is as much respected, but is inferior in social position to Lamartine. There is too much worship for mere rank in England to give Genius a fair chance. Thomas Carlyle in France or in Germany, would

be a greater character, in social respects, than he is in England.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn Law Rhymer," the "Poet of the Poor," is dead, but it is one of our happiest thoughts that we once met him, heard the eloquence of his lips, and gazed at the sweet, though passionate enthusiasm of his face. He died the first day of December, 1849, at his own residence, not far from Sheffield, where he used to carry on the iron business.

We can see him now as we saw him that rare night in London (he was not often in London), sitting by a pleasant coal-fire, with his gray hair and rugged countenance, upon which usually there was a smile. We can see those clear, blue eyes of his, and the brilliant flashes which they gave forth as sentiment required, and even the tone of his voice is still in our ears. He used to talk with great force—his sentences were energetic and abrupt. We need not speak of his poetry—the world has given him his niche of honor. In conversation, he was always full to the brim of animation, and was the soul of a literary party. One who was not acquainted with his characteristics, would have taken him to be an awful man, for when he was fired up he *looked* the stern enthusiasm of his nature. There was no half-way feeling about the man—if his indignation was excited at all, it was in an almost terrific manner. His pathos was entirely free from namby-pambyism—it was clear, and touching, and hardly ever failed to draw tears from the hearts of those who read him. Sweet and mild as the carol of an early spring bird are some of his lays, while others, and the majority, are full of the bitterest and most powerful indignation. He is terse in expression, and is sometimes accused of needless harshness. It may be so, but the man had a hard-hearted

set of men to deal with, when he sang songs against the English aristocracy. In early life he had a hard lot, suffering from constitutional sensitiveness, and there is a fair excuse for his burning plaints of indignation and scorn. He is a strong prose-writer, but the world knows very little of him in that character. His command of the strongest Saxon is wonderful—he crushes an enemy into nonentity—yet the poet is a man of finest pathos and sensibilities. He it was who wrote of a dying boy :—

"Before thy leaves thou com'st once more,
White blossom of the sloe!
Thy leaves will come as heretofore,
But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
Will then lie low.

* * * * *

"Then panting woods the breeze will feel,
And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel;
But I through woodbine-leaves shall steal
No more—no more!

"Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept,
For I was stricken when he died—
I felt the arrow when he sighed
His last and slept."

We saw the poet at a literary *re-union* in the great metropolis, and well remember how joyous the party was when the name of "*Ebenezer Elliott*" was announced. We had longed for a sight of the veteran poet and reformer—the man who by his verses could rouse a nation to their duty. When he entered the drawing-room, we almost all rose to do him honor. His hair was bushy and gray; his forehead high, broad, and compact; he was tall and sinewy in frame; when he was still, his eyes were of a cold blue, but when he was

excited, they stirred you with their brilliance and various shades of emotion; his eyebrows were large, and gave him a wild appearance; his face was broad and marked with character and decision, and his lips closed together with that expression of almost dogged firmness, which few possess.

He sat down and conversed pleasantly for awhile; but at length some person made a careless political remark reflecting on the people of England, and extolling the nobility. Then the old man's eyes flashed, and his frame quivered with emotion. When his tongue was fairly loosed, he came down upon the extollers of the nobility with tremendous power. His words were thick and abrupt; terse, and bitter, and vehement, and yet you felt that all he said was not against the utterer of the sentiment, but the sentiment itself.

Ebenezer Elliott was born in March, 1781, and was consequently over sixty-eight years old when he died. His father was clerk in some iron-works near Rotherham, and received a salary of £300 a year, which in those days was considered a large salary.

In his youth it is said that the poet was distinguished for two qualities—a keen sensitiveness and an inability to make any progress at school. He says of himself, that his stupidity was made worse by the help of a schoolfellow, who was in the habit of solving his arithmetical problems for him, so that he got over as far as the rule-of-three without understanding numeration, addition, subtraction or division! His old schoolmaster, after many efforts, gave him up for a dunce, and his father, after finding that he knew nothing from his books, put him at hard work in an iron-foundry near by. He had a brother, named Giles, whom everybody said was *smart*, and who was clerk in the counting-room of young Ebenezer's employers. Many a time he wept, alone in his little bed-chamber, over his situation and his sad ignorance, and there alone did he make vows which were the secret of his after greatness.

One of his youthful friends was Joseph Ramsbotham, the son of the old schoolmaster who had decided that he was a dunce, and this friend clung to him, and as he was fitting himself to enter the ministry, his studies were of the higher class. Young Elliott used to hear him recite Greek poetry, and was entranced with the music of the verse, without understanding a syllable of what he heard. He committed to memory the introductory lines of the Iliad, and in after-life was fond of repeating them as remembrances of his boyhood.

At this time in the poet's history he suffered the acutest misery, and it is said that previous to his death he commenced an autobiography, but when he got as far as this part of his life he could not bear to dwell upon it, and threw the manuscript into the fire, with his eyes flooded with tears.

He came to Sheffield six or eight hundred dollars in debt, and commenced the iron business. Year followed year, and yet he was unsuccessful, until, at last, after enduring every hardship, he was happy in business He grew rich fast, and had not the great panic of 1837 overtaken him in the midst of trade, he would have been an immensely wealthy man. As it was he lost twenty or thirty thousand dollars, and was glad to retreat from the manufacture of bar-iron. He built himself a fine villa, out of town, enclosed by an acre of beautiful ground, which was surrounded by a high wall, shutting out all sights of the manufacturing town.

With his sons he again went into business in the iron and steel trade, and was at the time of his death engaged in it, though not personally attentive to it. His office in the iron warehouse used to be reckoned a place of great curiosity, for alongside ponderous ledgers, amid dust and smoke, were volumes of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Dante, and all the master-poets. Here he would sit and write entries in his ledgers, or poetry, letters of business, or prose for the press.

The literary history of the poet is full of interest, but we

can only allude to it. From the day on which the young Ramsbotham recited Greek poetry to him, he was filled with a burning desire himself to express his thoughts in rhyme. He applied himself to his books, became a proficient in mathematics, a fine reader, a handy chirographer, and well read in general literature. His first poems were written in defence of the poor, and as at that time the critics were all in the employ of rich and *noble* men, they did not deign to notice the poet of the poor, or only sneered at his rhymes. But he who could make a fortune out of nothing was not to be disheartened at this, but continued to pour forth touching and beautiful songs, with those that were harsh with indignatory eloquence. The keenness of his satire could not fail of attracting the notice of his aristocratical opponents, and their notices of him were such as to add fire to Elliott's heart. In the great Corn-Law struggle he battled like a giant for cheap bread, and the nation hailed him as one of its deliverers.

The critics at last gave in, and admitted that he *was* a poet. So he won a fame and a fortune together! He "weighed out iron and ideas—took in gold and glory!" He was sick for several months previous to his death, and when it seized upon him was engaged in the revision of an enlarged edition of his poetic works for the press. During his last illness he composed several beautiful poems. His descendants are five sons and two daughters. Three of the former carry on the old business at Sheffield, while the other two are Church-of-England clergymen.

CHAPTER VIII.

REMARKABLE PLACES.

BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

Foul language is often characterized as "billingsgate," but we dare say there are some in America who use the word without understanding its origin. It comes from the great fish-market in London, called Billingsgate. It is the only wholesale fish-market in London, and necessarily is a scene of great confusion. The people who do business in it are a low and dirty class, and at all hours of the day the market is the scene of noise, confusion, and filth. By degrees the people got to calling language which was foul and noisy, "billingsgate."

The market opens as early as three or four o'clock in winter, and in summer by two.

One frosty morning in winter we arose early with a friend to make it a visit. The stars shone brightly as we turned into the still deserted streets, and it seemed a relief for once to thread the streets of busy London and find them silent. Not a soul was abroad, save the blue-coated policeman, who, as we passed him, looked at us with a suspicious glance, as if he thought it very strange that we should be in the streets at that hour of the night.

From one street we passed into another, until we came into the ever-busy Bishopsgate-street, and that too was silent as

the rest. We walked down this into Grace Church street, then turned to the left down a street near the river Thames, which brought us to the great Fire Monument. Then we began to see the crowds of fishermen with their baskets and carts. At last we were in Billingsgate-market; and we never witnessed a more singular sight in our life. The large market lies on the banks of the Thames, and slopes from the street down to the water.

This place was covered with the wholesale dealers at their stalls, and all the alleys were crowded with buyers. Gas-lights were burning brilliantly at every stall, and the business of buying and selling was going on with a great deal of noise. The street for a long distance each side of the market was full of carts and horses; there were hundreds of men in the market all talking and running "hither and yon," so that we could not hear ourselves speak for the din. The river was full of fishing-smacks, which were constantly passing up their treasures as fast as the retail-venders bought off the supply already in the stalls. Old women were scattered about with ancient copies of "*The Times*," or "*Chronicle*," to sell you cheap, provided you wished to buy some "shrimps," or a "sole," and had no basket to carry them home in. It was a scene of life and bustle, and yet it was dark out in the streets, and all London was asleep!

Billingsgate is named after Belin, a king of the Britons, who built a gate on this spot 400 years before the birth of Christ. From Belin's Gate came the present Billingsgate. There are several good-looking churches in its vicinity, and also several fine mercantile houses.

The fish are brought to the market in various ways. Salmon are brought from Scotland, in warm weather, packed in ice. It takes only twenty-four hours to bring them. Fishing-smacks arrive at all hours of the day and night from the different fishing-grounds of the kingdom. Some of the night-

railway trains bring loads of fish from Margate, Hastings, &c. &c. Great quantities of shrimps are brought from Margate.

Each stall in the market dispensed a peculiar kind of fish; one, shrimps; another, turbots; another, mackerel; another, salmon, and so on.

Some of the wholesale fishermen are very wealthy. The Society of Fishmongers is one of the most powerful in London.

It is thought to be quite an honor to be elected an honorary member of it. Their Hall is one of the finest buildings in the city, and stands at the right of London Bridge, on the northern bank of the Thames. Fishmongers have risen to occupy the highest office within the gift of the city—more than one of them has risen to be Lord Mayor.

Fish are dear in London, and as yet comparatively few of the people eat them. The prices are not like those of the different meats, stationary; but rise and fall every day. Therefore the latter are preferred.

The scene at Billingsgate well repaid us for our trouble in visiting it. The walk on such a frosty morning gave a healthy hue to our cheeks, and also to our spirits. To emerge suddenly from the death-like streets into such a scene of noise and confusion and brilliant gas-light, had something of the magical in it.

We turned away and walked to the centre of London Bridge. The day had dawned, and the east was full of crimson streaks. London lay before us—and asleep! Looking eastward, we saw a dense forest of shipping from the four quarters of the globe; there rose the vast Custom House with its walls tinted over with London smoke; still further down the stream rose the turrets of the Tower into the clear, cold sky. To the northwest, looking, we saw great St. Paul's dome, a beacon for the lost in the great wilderness of London.

There was the tall column in memory of the great London fire, when for whole days the flames raged and the sky was black as night with smoke. It was a splendid sight; and then we thought how it must look on a summer's morning, when the sun rises long before the people wake. Then Wordsworth's splendid lines, written or conceived upon one of these London bridges, over the river Thames, came to our lips :—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
The river glideth at its own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

THAMES TUNNEL.

With a friend, one day the last summer, we visited the Thames Tunnel, and though it was not our first visit, by any means, yet we were awed by the grandeur of the marvellous structure.

From the Bank we turned east into Bishopsgate, then into a Jew street called Houndsditch, and soon entered Whitechapel. Here, at a junction of streets, we saw the famous establishment of "E. Moses and Son," the great clothing-dealers of London. The building is costly and showy, but is, like all such gaudy shops, wanting in taste. We soon came in

sight of the Tower, with its turrets gilded by the morning's sun, and passed down towards Wapping, one of the dirtiest places in London. It is full of low houses, ignorant people, obnoxious scents. The inhabitants are many of them coal-heavers, and are wretchedly poor. But soon we saw a humble guide-board with "To the Tunnel" inscribed upon it, and turning to the right, saw before us the little circular tower of stone which guards the shaft from the occasional overflow of the water in the Thames.

As we entered the door, each slipped the toll—one penny—upon a counter, and passed through a gate which would only admit one person at a time, and which, at the close of the day, indicates the number of persons that have passed through it, thus giving the servants in attendance no opportunity to cheat, were they so disposed. When we had passed this clicking gate, we entered the circular room which is at the top of the shaft of the Tunnel, on the Wapping side of the Thames. Leaning over the rail, we looked far, far below upon the floor of the Tunnel, and saw spectators looking away across to the Rotherhithe side of the river. In the little room, upon its walls, there are a few daubs of paintings, of Naples, and other beautiful places in the world. Gladly leaving these, we commenced our descent by the spiral staircase. At last we were upon the bottom. Gas-lights were burning brightly, for it is always night in this subterranean region. We found that it was impossible to see to the opposite end of the tunnel, either from a curvature, or because of the distance, which is 1200 feet. The noise of music was in our ears, and in the many arches of the Tunnel, it sounded prettily. The Tunnel has two divisions, or half-arches—through one it was intended that carriages should pass, and through the other, foot-passengers. Between the two departments, there are innumerable little cross-arches, which were lit up, and occupied by old women and young women, with

all kinds of gewgaws, and fine baubles, for sale. There was note-paper, with pictures of the Tunnel upon it, all manner of views, and trinkets, and edibles, which were pressed upon us with that zeal which European shopmen know so well how to exercise.

In the centre there was a "Steam Cosmorama," turning out views "beautiful and unique," for "only one penny!" It was patronized too, once, by Her Majesty the Queen, which of course wreathed the brow of the proprietor in unfading laurels! Once upon a time, the Queen, attended only by one or two ladies, came here in great haste, and as soon as she had entered, no one was allowed to pass in until she had come out. The keepers of the stalls, the old and young women, were overwhelmed with the visit, *so* unexpected, *so* glorious, and with an impulse of truest loyalty, made a path for the blooming Queen with their handkerchiefs and their shawls! Then to think what a sight the few who were in the Tunnel had of Her Majesty! And the Queen out of curiosity entered the little "Steam Cosmorama," for one penny, and ever since, the word "Royal" has been prefixed to it!

Standing in the middle of the Tunnel, we could see each entrance with distinctness. There was a little coffee-room close by us, and with our companion we took a seat and called for a cup of the beverage and a couple of "hot cross-buns," merely to gratify a fancy, for we were not hungry.

There were many gentlemen and ladies present while we were in the Tunnel, mere visitors, and occasionally some person on business crossed from one side to the other. However, as a thoroughfare and speculation, it is a great failure, paying scarcely interest upon the capital emphatically *sunk* in the construction of the Tunnel. The carriage-way has never been completed at the entrances, as it is sure not to pay for the immense outlay of money necessary to construct a gradual approach to the level of the Tunnel.

We passed along to the Rotherhithe entrance, where a woman wished to take our likenesses for only a shilling, and an Italian music-grinder gave us his coarse-ground melodies for what we pleased to give in return. Then we sauntered slowly back towards the Wapping side, thinking as we walked of the daring spirit of the man who first proposed to construct this mighty Tunnel, and who accomplished, after years of difficulty, what he undertook. Isamburt Brunel was that man—afterwards *Sir* I. Brunel, as a reward for his genius, his courage and perseverance, and final success.

In 1824, by express act of Parliament, after the continued suit of Mr. Brunel, a company was formed to construct the Tunnel, and in March, 1825, the workmen commenced sinking the shaft. Day after day it descended, until at last it rested upon the proper level, and the main work commenced. The excavation was to be about 38 feet broad and 22 high, but it never could have been done but for the invention of a *shield* by Mr. Brunel, in which the workmen could pursue their work with comparative safety. The first few feet of excavation was through a firm clay, and then came a loose and watery sand, and for thirty-two days did the workmen dig ahead in this soil, expecting death every day, until hard ground was again reached.

On the 14th of March, 1826, bursts of water came through upon the workmen, but the precautions taken were so good that the shield was closed against it, and no one was harmed. Two weeks after, a similar occurrence took place. The 1st of January, 1827, 350 feet of the Tunnel were completed, but as depressions in the bottom of the river were discovered bags of clay were thrown in to fill it up to the usual level.

In May, a great irruption took place while all the workmen were at their posts. The water came pouring in, in volumes upon them, and they ran for their lives. Some were knocked

down, while others were choking with water. One of the assistant engineers says :

"The wave rolled onward and onward. The men retreated and I followed. Then I met Isamburt Brunel. We turned round: the effect was splend'd beyond description. The water as it rose became more and more vivid—as we reached the staircase, a crash was heard, and then a rush of air extinguished all the lights. . . . . I looked up and saw the staircase crowded—below, and beheld the overwhelming wave. Dreading the reaction of this wave upon our staircase, I exclaimed, 'The staircase will blow up!' Mr. Brunel ordered the men to get up with all expedition, and our feet were scarcely off the bottom stairs, when the first flight, which we had just left, was swept away. . . . . The roll was immediately called—*not one absent!*"

It took a long time to fill up this chasm with clay, and go to work again at the Tunnel, but the genius of Brunel would not rest. It is said that the workmen became accustomed to expect death at any instant, and that one night at dead midnight, while a son of Mr. Brunel was overseeing the workmen, he heard a cry of "The water! The water!" and hurrying to the place of danger, found the poor exhausted laborers fast asleep in the "shield"—one of them had cried out in his dreams!

In 1828, another irruption took place, and this one was fatal to many lives. A son of Mr. Brunel was at the time in the Tunnel, and was knocked down. He struggled under the water for awhile, his knee was badly injured, and he set out to swim to the entrance, when a mighty wave came sweeping along, which swept him on, and on, and finally *up to the top of the shaft*, where he was saved. But many of the poor workmen were killed or drowned. This calamity occurred at an unfortunate crisis. The funds of the company were low, and they ceased operations. Mr. Brunel was in a

state bordering on madness, but for *seven years* his favorite work was untouched. Yet it is said that every day of that seven long years, he came and viewed with a melancholy brow the half-wrought Tunnel, and would not give up his hopes. See what "*Nil desperandum*" accomplishes! In 1835, after a respite of seven years, the arches of the Tunnel were unclosed, and laborers went to work at it under the old master-genius, Isamburt Brunel. Five different irruptions took place, but the work went steadily onward until on the morning of the 13th of August, 1841, Mr. Brunel—now *Sir* I. Brunel—passed under the Thames, completely to the other side. His great thought was at last turned into reality—he had made a pathway for millions under a river which carries upon its bosom the fleets of all nations of the world!

The whole cost was in the region of $3,000,000, but as we have remarked, it does not pay as a pecuniary scheme. Still, it stands before the world as the mightiest work of its kind in all the world—and it is well worth three millions! Perhaps there was never a brighter instance of Genius struggling under the most disheartening difficulties, and finally, through every obstacle, achieving not only a glorious success, but an appreciation of it from the highest quarters. Well did Isamburt Brunel deserve the honors he received—without them his name would be immortal.

It is a strange feeling which comes over one as he stands in the centre of the Tunnel, and knows that a mighty river is rolling on over his head, and that great ships with their thousands of tons burthen, sail over him. We well remember our first visit to the Tunnel, and how our companion, an English lady of lively temperament, said as we stood in the centre:

"Ah! what if now these arches were to give way, or the river were to gush in upon us, what would become of us?"

The bare idea of such a thing was enough to strike one with horror.

"But," added she, "*I* am your cicerone to-day, so we will sit down, and while tasting some marmalade, compute the possibility of the thing!"

Preposterous as it may seem, there are people in London who durst not venture into the Tunnel!

There is no single work of Art in London (with the exception of St. Paul's Cathedral) which excites so much curiosity and admiration among foreigners as the Tunnel. Great buildings are common to all parts of Europe, but the world has not such another Tunnel as this. There is something grand in the idea of walking under a broad river—making a pathway dry and secure beneath ships and navies!

THE OLD BAILEY.

With a friend we went over the Old Bailey, from top to bottom—over court and over prison, and as it is one of the most celebrated prisons in Europe, we saw much which was striking and full of interest.

We saw the spot on which the celebrated Jack Sheppard was executed, where that cunning deceiver, Jonathan Wild, met a similar fate; and witnessed the Old Bailey Court, in session.

There is no object in London which has such a dismal aspect as this prison. Its massive walls, so grim and dark, strike the beholder with an awe which chills him to the heart. Yet of all the countless throng which passes it each day, how few ever think of the wretched culprits who are dungeoned away from liberty within those dreary walls. It is only the stranger, unused, whose heart throbs quickly at the sight.

The Prison is but a little way from the General Post Office, or Saint Paul's, and lies between Fleet-street and Holborn, on a cross street which is named "Old Bailey." The morn-

ing on which we visited it, the Court in a part of the building was in session, or in fact the Lord Mayor was opening it. The room was a small one, considerably smaller than the court-rooms of America, and ranged upon the Bench were the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, the Sheriffs, and a few Aldermen. They were all in their wigs and robes, and the Mayor, Recorder and High Sheriff wore the insignia of office upon their breasts. A jury was being impanelled while we were present, so that we saw no trial, nor exhibition of legal skill. In this little room all sorts of crimes are tried, from petty larceny up to treason. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Mayor, Recorder, Common Serjeant and Aldermen are the judges, but pretty much all the cases are tried before the Recorder and the Common Serjeant. There was no more decorum in the court-room than in similar places in this country.

The Court, as we have remarked, wore wigs and solemn gowns, and also all the lawyers. It is claimed that this gives to the court-room a solemnity which it needs, but we must confess that the sight of a couple of lawyers in full costume, and at their profession of wrangling, always excites our laughing, rather than reverential faculties.

There was no one in the Prisoner's Dock, but we could not help remembering some of the celebrated persons who have stood there Fauntleroy, the celebrated Quaker forger, took his trial there, and was hung in front of the prison. Eliza Fenning had her trial there in 1815, and circumstances have since transpired which render it almost certain, that she was innocent of the crime for which she was hung. She was a slight, beautiful creature, and it is said, grew so emaciated after her sentence, that when she was suspended upon the gallows there was not weight enough in her body to produce strangulation, and Jack Ketch was obliged to apply additional weight to produce death.

The poet Savage had his trial there in 1727, and Jonathan

Wild in 1725. Jack Sheppard swung before the gates of the Old Bailey a year previous. Dr. Dodd had his trial also in the same place.

There is, to us, something exceedingly painful in the sight of a prisoner taking his trial. The suspense of an innocent man must be full of agony, and the alternate hope and fear of the guilty one cannot but be terrible. The countenances of such men are painful, whether guilty or innocent, and the innocent man is much more likely to be confused than the hardened criminal.

A friend introduced us to the Governor of the Prison, Mr. Hope, who received us in a very gentlemanly manner, and learning that we wished to go over the Prison, summoned the chief turnkey, who at once took us to the kitchen for the male department. There were large fires and boilers, and everything was looking clean and neat. The prisoners are fed with meat four times a week, and soup three, besides a regular allowance of bread and potatoes.

We soon came to where, in an open court, surrounded by iron pickets, but open above to the sky and air, some prisoners were taking exercise. They were all waiting for trial, and among them were some pleasant faces, but upon the majority crime was written in plain characters. We passed through several such yards, in all of which a party of prisoners were taking exercise, by walking round and round, close by the iron pickets. One party exercises thus for an hour, when they return to their cells to give room to another party.

We entered the cells, and found them neat, wholesome, and clean. We now came to that part of the prison where the convicts are confined, and were shocked with the expression of every countenance. There was generally an expression of low cunning upon the faces of the prisoners; their eyes were keen, but their foreheads low.

We saw in one cell a daring burglar who had, a short time previous, broken into the house of an American near Regent's Park. In one yard the turnkey pointed up at a corner, and said that a sweep who was a prisoner, had contrived to run up forty feet of the bare wall, and climb over a fence of iron spikes. It is impossible to conceive how it was done, and now, the corner where two walls meet, is guarded by a row of iron teeth which project from the wall, a short distance from the summit, to prevent any similar attempts.

We entered one room where writing materials were provided for the prisoners awaiting trial. A dozen persons were seated upon the wooden benches, and were leaning forward upon a table, writing letters to friends. We caught the heading of one of the letters, and it ran "Dear Mother." We were struck with the sentence, and thought how much of wretchedness in this world the innocent must suffer with the guilty. Almost all of these persons had hopes of an acquittal, through the abilities of some able lawyer, or the positive merits of the case. There are several noted criminal lawyers who practise at the Courts of the Old Bailey, some of them making twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

We were now shown the Condemned Cell—the place where persons are kept after a sentence of death has been passed upon them. It was a gloomy little spot, with hardly any light creeping into it. We could not help thinking of the weary nights which many a poor wretch has spent in that solemn cell—of that *last* night, with all its bitter woe and agony. There was no occupant then—it was as silent as a tomb, and while we rested in it for a few moments it seemed to us as if we could see and feel something of the scenes which it had witnessed. If those walls could only speak, what tales of misery they would tell. If the evil-inclined could only see the bitterness of spirit which those old, grim walls have witnessed, they would "go, and sin no more."

If they could see the tears of repentance upon the pale cheeks of the condemned—too late for pardon in this world—there would be no more pleasure in crime.

Mrs. Manning was the last occupant of the cell, and we remembered her case well. Husband and wife were both engaged in the murder of a friend, to get a large amount of money, in his possession.

The chapel of the Old Bailey is a neat place, though rather small for the accommodation of all the prisoners. There are two or three boxes in it for the Governor and the Sheriffs, and some open benches for young offenders, but the older ones were separated from the rest by an iron fence. There is a seat which is always occupied by persons condemned to execution. Upon the last Sunday a sermon is preached for the especial benefit of the condemned, and here he sits with all the rest gazing at him. Years ago his coffin used to be placed right before his eyes, and strangers could gain an entrance to look at him during the sermon, by paying the turnkey a few shillings, but such barbarities are not now allowed.

We now passed into the female department of the prison—the first room we entered contained two quite handsome young women, and as a rule there was a great difference between the appearance of the male and female prisoners. The latter were ashamed, and could not conceal it. One face was really a beautiful one, and crimsoned with blushes, but some of them seemed wholly lost to goodness, and such were indescribably more horrible than any of the men's faces. Why is it that an utterly depraved woman looks so much worse than a depraved man? It certainly is so, and perhaps the reason is, that we all *expect* to see virtue and beauty in women, but we are not so confident of men, and when we *are* disappointed, the look of Vice upon the woman's face looks more hideous than on a man's.

In one ward we saw a woman with as sweet a looking

babe as ever we saw out of it. It was a touching sight—such pure Innocence in the arms of Guilt. And when we thought of the cruel scorn of the world, we wished, almost, that the babe might die, instead of living to herd with wicked men, or if among good, to be taunted with its birth. Born in Newgate! let the child be gentle as the gentlest, pure as the purest and beautiful as a poet's ideal, and that stigma would forever banish it from society!

There was a young girl in the same ward only eight years old, who looked as if she was frightened at our approach. We wondered how one so young *could* get to such a place. Her face was very pale, and she was reading a little Testament when we entered the room: she curtsied to us gracefully, and as we looked at her, we thought her eyes filled with tears. She did not seem to be at home with those around her. Close to her side there was one of the ugliest-looking hags we ever have seen, with reddish eyes, and a low forehead. Newgate has its contrasts as well as the world outside its walls.

It was in this prison that Jack Sheppard was imprisoned, and from which he made that daring escape which handed his name down to us in rhyme and romance. We are clearly of the opinion that such books as Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" should not be tolerated in society, or rather that men of conscience should not write such books, for they make heroism out of crime. Yet the daring courage of Jack is unquestionable, and some of his adventures were most wonderful.

In a book entitled "Annals of Newgate," by Rev. Mr. Vilette, who was once a chaplain of Newgate, or the Old Bailey, he says as he was returning one evening from the west part of the town, and had lost his way, he stopped before a porch to listen to the voice of a preacher, when he heard the following words:

"Now my beloved, what a melancholy consideration it is,

that men should show so much regard for the preservation of a poor perishing body, that can remain at most for a few years, and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul which must continue to the ages of eternity! We have a remarkable instance of this in a notorious malefactor, well-known by the name of Jack Sheppard. What amazing difficulties has he overcome, what astonishing things has he performed for the sake of a miserable carcase hardly worth having! How dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail! How manfully burst his fetters asunder, climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him, till he got upon the leads of the prison; and then fixing a blanket to the wall, with a spike, he stole out of the chapel; how intrepidly did he descend to the top of the turner's house, and how cautiously run down the stairs, and make his escape at the street door! *O that ye all were like Jack Sheppard!* Mistake me not, my brethren: I do not mean in a carnal sense, for I propose to spiritualize these things. Let me exhort you then to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take from thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone walls of despair, and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourselves to the level of divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the church; let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humanity; so shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of inquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner, the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour!"

SOMERSET HOUSE.

Any stranger who has walked often up that busiest of London thoroughfares, the Strand, must have noticed Somerset House. Its gates of iron open into the street on the left hand as you go west, about three fourths of the way up from St. Paul's to Charing Cross. Passing one day near the gates, we entered the court of the House—if it be proper to designate so magnificent a pile of buildings by that name. The buildings are in a quadrangular form, are of great height, and constructed of granite. The open court is of great extent, and what is a little singular, the buildings not only extend far *above* the level of the court, but also far *below*. A railing of granite runs round the area, and leaning over this, you look far below to a second level which is the basis of the structure, though very much below the level of the streets. There are subterranean passages running in every direction; some opening down on the shore of the river Thames, when the tide is out, and when it is in, half filled with the tide. Here we found immense cellars also, for storing provisions and wines, and vaults in which the echoes of our voices seemed hollow and unearthly.

The buildings can be seen best from the court, though a good view of them can be obtained from the river while on board a steamer.

Upon one of the walls, about forty feet above the level of the court, there is inserted the face of a watch. This singular circumstance always arrests the attention of the stranger. Tradition says that when Somerset House was being built, one of the workmen, or architect from the Continent, while upon a staging, lost his foothold and would have fallen to the ground below had not his strong watch chain caught in some part of the staging, which arrested his descent for a moment.

long enough for a kindly hand to reach forth to his rescue. This story was told us by a person well versed in antiquarian lore. The workman to commemorate the feat, inserted the face of the watch in the wall.

The magnificent Somerset House was once the residence and property of one man. In 1536, Henry VIII. married the sister of Edward Seymour, who was at once made a peer. When his sister gave birth to a prince, he was made Earl of Hertford, and four years later elected Knight of the Garter, and appointed Lord Chamberlain for life. The King died at this time, intending to heap new honors on his favorite, and left instructions in his will that his intentions be carried into effect. In 1546 he was elected by the Privy Council, Governor of the young king Edward VI., and shortly after was made the *Duke of Somerset.* He then owned property upon which the Somerset House was built, and now stands, the whole of Covent Garden, and neighborhood. He soon began to construct the present Somerset House, intending it to be a magnificent family mansion for himself. It was a grander private scheme than England had seen executed, and as at the very time she was engaged in a war, and a terrible plague raged in London, the people were discontented, for all the while the Duke of Somerset was spending enormous sums of money upon this building, and importing Italian architects. For the sake of personal aggrandizement he brought his brother to the block, and in many ways rendered himself unpopular, and he was finally committed to the Tower, "for seeking his own glory as appeared by his building of most sumptuous and costly buildings, and specially in the time of the King's wars, and the King's soldiers unpaid."

He appealed privately to his great rival, the Earl of Warwick, and was released, but was shortly after again confined, and finally beheaded. His own nephew, Edward VI., in his diary, thus coldly notices the death of his uncle :—

"Jan. 22.—The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off between eight and nine this morning, upon Tower Hill."

Thus perished the founder of Somerset House. Many of the people loved him, and a few moments before his death a rumor among the multitude said that his nephew the King had pardoned him, and a cry arose of "Pardon! pardon! God save the King!" But it was a mistake, and the Duke was beheaded after a new hope of life. Although the Duke constructed Somerset House, he never inhabited it. After his death the sister of the King, Princess Elizabeth, inhabited the house, and after she came to the throne it was a favorite residence of hers. Anne of Denmark afterwards used it, and in 1625 the body of James I. lay in state there.

In 1780 a portion of the house was devoted to the exhibition of the paintings of the Royal Academy. The Society of Antiquaries and Royal Astronomical and Geological Societies also now have apartments in it.

The Admiralty has large offices in it. The Civil List and Audit Office are also there, and a Board of Stamp and Taxes Revenue. In the southern front of the buildings is the Income Tax Office.

Perhaps we can give a better idea of the business done in it, by stating a fact. In the Taxes department (which only includes probate and legacy duties, land taxes and the Income tax), 700 clerks are employed, and the yearly revenue collected by these, averages more than 60,000,000 of dollars, or nearly one quarter of the whole public revenue.

It is a little singular that a building constructed by a private man for his private residence should now be used as it is. It is a pleasant souvenir of the past, that "golden age," in which the noble was all-in-all, but the millions of people little better than slaves.

THE FIRE MONUMENT.

The Fire Monument is one of the finest in the world. It commemorates the great London Fire, which occurred in the year 1666, or nearly two hundred years ago. The column stands upon the spot where the fire is supposed to have originated. It stands on Fish-street Hill, on the city side of London Bridge, and overlooks the whole metropolis, but especially the river with its many bridges, the gray old Tower, St. Paul's, the Bank, and Royal Exchange. We visited the top of the monument one pleasant winter morning. A sixpence, admittance-fee, was demanded at the door, and we commenced the toilsome ascent through a worse than Egyptian darkness. Three hundred and forty-five steps brought us out into light and wholesome air on the summit. The sight was almost overpowering. The morning, though a winter one, was sunny, and the atmosphere of that peculiar clearness and purity only known when frost is in the sky ; and scarcely ever, then, in London. Just below us, on the right hand, the Bloody Tower lay, with its cupolas shining in the morning's sun—and still farther on, the docks lay with their harvest of ships and steamers. The Thames ran gracefully along at our feet, with its bosom freighted with steamers, barges, bridges, and boats. On the left was the low-roofed building which holds in its vaults the wealth of the world—the Bank of England ; still farther on, the glorious Saint Paul's Cathedral ; and in the south-west, in the spot where the sun would set, Westminster Abbey raised to the sky its venerable walls, the pleasantest sight of all, the sight most suggestive of dim and shadowy thoughts.

All London and its suburbs lay spread out before us. Gazing down upon the Strand, Holborn, Bishopsgate, and Cheapside, the great street-arteries of London, Wordsworth's lines

written on Westminster Bridge at sunrise, when the city-world was asleep, came to our mind, and the thought of "*All that mighty heart*" throbbing impulsively before us, was grander than to see it "*lying still.*" Men pouring down Cheapside in one incessant, never-ending stream, earnestly moving onward; lawyers pressing after debtors, merchants intent on great bargains, stockholders on good dividends, doctors on a large practice, the trades people on a lively market, and the crossing-sweepers on making pathetic bows, such as win sixpences instead of pennies—carts, wagons, coaches, cabs, omnibuses, and carriages, all pushing on, and making an uproar like that of a thunder-storm! We know of nothing grander, in the line of sounds, than the noise of a great city, heard away from it, so far that no harshness is heard, but a low, heavy thunder. It is to the ear what a yellow, doomsday, London fog is to the eye.

It was a long time before we could waken from the trance we were in—the contemplation of the world at our feet; looking as we did from Greenwich in the East to Westminster in the West; from Stamford Hill in the North, to Clapham in the South; taking in such myriads of churches; so many acres of houses; so many forests of shipping; so many hideous, awful streets, so many beautiful, wealthy streets; so many wretched, drunken, starving homes, so many happy and generous homes; so many pleasant resorts for the wise and good, so many dens of crime and pollution; and so many hundreds of thousands, even millions, of human beings. *Now* the scene before us was all excitement, all noise, and bustle, and confusion. A few hours sweep on—

"And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

The great world which now lay open before us with its

gigantic impulses, its miraculous energies, bared to our vision, would in a few hours be helpless as an infant.

A few years pass away and then they all sleep the Sleep of Ages! Verily, *sic transit gloria mundi!*

"Life in its many shapes is there,
The busy and the gay;
Faces that seem too young and fair,
To ever know decay.

"Wealth, with its waste, its pomp and pride,
Leads forth its glittering train;
And Poverty's pale face beside,
Asks aid, and asks in vain.

"The shops are filled from many lands—
Toys, silks, and gems, and flowers;
The patient work of many hands,
The hope of many hours.

"Yet mid life's myriad shapes around,
There is a sigh of death!"

* * * * * * *

The Great Fire, of which this Tower is commemorative, consumed *four hundred and thirty-six acres of buildings*, over thirteen thousand houses. St. Paul's, ninety churches, Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, Custom House, four bridges, Newgate, fifty-two Companies' Halls, and a vast number of other edifices. The amount of property consumed was over $60,000,000!

Pepys, in his Diary, gives, in a few quaint words, the following vivid description of the fire:—

"Then did the city shake indeed, and the inhabitants did tremble, and fled away in great amazement from their houses, lest the flames should devour them. Rattle, rattle, rattle, was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon

the stones; and if you opened your eye to the opening of the streets where the fire was come, you might see in some places whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many great forges from the opposite windows, which, folding together, united into one great flame throughout the whole street; and then you might see the houses tumble, tumble, tumble, from one end of the street to the other, with a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the heavens.

"And now horrible flakes of fire mounted up to the sky, and the yellow smoke of London ascended up towards heaven, like the smoke of a great furnace—a smoke so great as darkened the sun at noonday. If, at any time, the sun peeped forth, it looked red like blood. The cloud of smoke was so great that travellers did ride at noonday some miles in the shadow thereof, though there was no other cloud beside to be seen in the sky!"

And yet all this apparent waste of property by fire is now supposed to have been a mercy and a real benefit to London. It demolished vile streets, wretched houses, and buildings, built in miserable taste, and opened a chance for new streets, wider and more wholesome than the old ones, new houses, and new edifices, built upon the principles of a correct taste. Often in the world, if we observe, we shall see that what in the present appear as calamities the future proves to be blessings.

The whole top of the Monument is inclosed by an iron net-work. It was erected a few years since, because jumping from the top of the Monument had become a popular way of committing suicide. The last suicide which occurred was but one of the many tragedies enacted privately in this world of ours.

A young woman in a wealthy family was seduced with the solemn promise of marriage by a scion of nobility. She

was young, fond, and beautiful, and loved "not wisely, but, alas, too well." Week after week did the cruel seducer postpone the day of marriage, until at length the truth began dimly to dawn upon the young creature's soul. *The truth!* —that he had dishonored her, and was a liar and a villain. And yet so deeply-rooted was her love, she could not loathe him, but clung to his promise still longer, till at last a report came to her ears that he *was* to be married, but *not to her.* Ordering a close cabriolet and driver, she went to the rooms of the seducer, and asked him plainly if the report were true. He was thunderstruck, and knew hardly what to say.

"Will you marry me?" shrieked the now half-mad girl.

He protested that he loved her, and had always loved her, but she asked,

"Will you marry me?"

They were not alone—his young companions were about him—but she saw no one but him, heard no one but him, and asked but the one question:

"Will you marry me?"

At last his answer came—he loved her, but *his station* forbade the marriage—he would like to, but Fate said—

"*No!*"

In a moment she was gone. To the driver she said, "To the Fire Monument!" and a little while after a horse all smoking stood before it, and a young woman dropped a sixpence into the palm of the keeper. He noticed she looked wild, and trembled excessively, but suspected nothing wrong. Swiftly she glided up that winding staircase, and soon stood *alone* at the summit! It was the work of an instant—she stands on the giddy edge—she balances in the air for a second—a slight shriek—a groan of horror from the crowd below, who notice her too late to save her—and she lies a mangled corpse on the pavement below.

This is a tradition of the Monument.

A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

One pleasant Saturday morning we accompanied a friend on a visit to the Synagogue of St. Helen's—the best Synagogue in London, and perhaps in Europe. We walked from Bishopsgate into Crosby Square, and from there through a narrow lane to the building, the exterior of which does not prepossess the observer in its favor. It is situated in a dirty quarter of London, where Jews of all classes and conditions congregate, and is but a little distance from the Rag Fair, which is kept up by the poorer class of Jews. We went often through this part of London, and several times when the Rag Fair was in full operation, and invariably came away disgusted. The confusion on such occasions can scarcely be described. A large, open court is filled with men and women of ghastly, avaricious countenances, and dressed in decayed habiliments. The commodity which they sell and buy is—rags, and nothing else. Old clothes, and hats, and boots are bought up by large dealers from the smaller ones, and are shipped to Ireland, and indeed all parts of the world. Old men and women continually traverse the streets of London with their cries of "Old clo'! old clo'!" purchasing for a merely nominal sum of money all worn-out garments, of whatever description. The Rag Fair is held two days in each week, in Houndsditch—a street principally monopolized by the Jews.

The Synagogue was in this region, and we were little expecting the sight which was soon presented to us. Passing into the interior, we forgot ourselves, and pulled off our hats, as usual in a place of worship, but were quickly reminded of our mistake, for we were requested by an officer to put them on again! It was in their eyes a violation of the sanctity of the place to remain uncovered.

The place was crowded—the lower part was devoted to

males, and the galleries to females. Every man wore his hat and the *taled*, a white, embroidered scarf. The interior is of no great extent, and yet it wore an air of spaciousness and elegance which surprised us. It is said to be one of the finest specimens of interior-architecture to be found in London. The upper portion of the place—where the altar usually stands in churches—the "ark," consists of a beautiful recess a little elevated from the floor of the rest of the building, and is built of fine Italian marble. A splendid velvet curtain, in red, hangs over the lower part of the alcove, fringed with gold, and emblazoned with a crown. In this recess are kept the books of the Law. Between rich Doric and Corinthian columns are three arched windows, with stained, arabesque glass. Upon the centre one is the name of Jehovah, in Hebrew, and the tables of the Law and this sentence :

"KNOW IN WHOSE PRESENCE THOU STANDEST."

The appearance of this recess from where we stood was exquisitely beautiful. The lower portion of it was the "Ark," or "a *shadow* of that in the Temple." The decorations were gorgeous, and as the sunlight from the beautiful eastern windows fell upon it, we could almost unite with the Jews present in their feelings of reverence for that holy spot. As the worship proceeded, we listened with intense interest, for it was our first visit to such a place, and to us the Jews have always seemed a melancholy, interesting class of religionists. It seemed as if we were living in David's or Abraham's days, and were mingling with them in worship. Yet we missed the glorious Temple of old, and there was a look on the faces of all the Jews present which told of their state of dispersion and desolation. While we were there, they sang some Hebrew melodies, and they were exceedingly plaintive. There was a wild sorrowfulness in them which it was touching to

hear. The women in the galleries sang with excellent skill, but the gentle mournfulness of their songs reminded us of when—

"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion."

The galleries were a beautiful spectacle—in England we never saw a more beautiful collection of women. The most of them had the prominent features of Jewish female beauty—dark hair, flashing black eyes, and a tender expression. They are said to be the most affectionate wives and mothers in the world.

The countenances of the men we cannot say were prepossessing. There was an eager, avaricious look upon almost every face. Yet we could see that they were in earnest about their worship. It is a prominent feature in their character—an intensity of devotion to whatever they pursue, in religion as well as business.

One significant fact was given to us by a Londoner, and it is, that no people in the world give more to the poor than the Jews. In the Synagogue we visited, a Jew never passes by it without adding something to its wealth. Not a Jew is ever allowed by his fellow religionists to come upon the parish, and every one is allowed a respectable burial, however decayed in circumstances. The professed followers of Jesus Christ—He who inculcated generosity to the poor—may well learn a lesson in this respect from these Hebrews, for their fellow church-members are allowed to perish with paupers and make their resting-place with the world's outcast, because of poverty!

The morning service was over, and we passed out into the street. Although it was Saturday, the streets were silent, solemn, and still. They were "Jew-streets," and they keep their Sabbath with the greatest show of decorum. Hounds-

ditch, which every other day of the week is crowded with a disagreeable population, now was quiet and pleasant. As soon, however, as we had passed into Bishopsgate-street, we were among Christians, and the tumult was great as ever, and the change striking and painful.

There are in London over 20,000 Jews, and they are an exceedingly industrious class of people. We need not say that some of them are very wealthy. The Rothschilds, Solomons, and others, are among the wealthiest men of the world. As a religious class, the Jews in former years suffered terrible persecutions, and they cannot now sit in Parliament as legislators. Once, in London, the Jews set fire to their own houses, and with their wives and children voluntarily perished in the flames, to escape from their infernal Christian persecutors! A terrible vengeance has come upon them for their cruel treatment of Christ and the early Christians Thank heaven, the days of religious persecution in England are nearly past!

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARISTOCRACY.

The aristocracy of England boast much of their descent from the Normans. The Normans were rapacious conquerors, and destitute of anything like Christian morality. They were moreover descended from the Danes, a barbarous race of people. The history of England shows clearly that whatever in that country is good and noble, has been earned by the common people. The civil and religious liberties of the nation were demanded and obtained by the people; its glory in arms; its still more brilliant fame in letters—everything worth preserving has sprung from the people. The aristocracy has been always the deadly enemy of liberty, and has always oppressed, and now oppresses the people. Says that great man, Richard Cobden :—

"I warn the Aristocracy not to force the people to look into the subject of taxation,—not to force them to see how they have been robbed, plundered, and bamboozled for ages by them."

Says John Bright, Cobden's coadjutor :—

"I hope the day will arrive when the English people will throw off the burdens with which they are oppressed by this Aristocracy, and stand forth the bravest, the freest, and the most virtuous people on the face of the earth."

The people are ground into the earth by taxation, which does not, as it ought, fall upon property. The enormous debt

of England was incurred by English aristocrats. In 1696 the ministers of William of Orange proposed the bold and iniquitous scheme of borrowing money at ruinous rates of interest, and saddling the debt upon the unborn generations of Britain. The aristocracy to wage war against liberty abroad, in one hundred and fifty years incurred a debt of *eight hundred and thirty-four millions pounds sterling!* The consequence was that provisions rose in price, that taxation became oppressive, while at the same time the common people were not allowed the privileges of citizenship, which is the case at present. The reader can scarcely imagine the extent of the rapacity of the English nobles. An enormous list of aristocrats are pensioned upon the Government. We will merely give a few samples :

Earl Cowper has a	*hereditary*	pension of	$6,000
Lord Colchester	"	"	15,000
Viscount Canning	"	"	15,000
Duke of Grafton	"	"	50,000
Duke of Manchester	"	"	10,000
Duke of Marlborough	"	"	20,000
Duke of Wellington	"	"	20,000

These are not a moiety of the whole number of pensioners. Every ex-Ambassador has a pension for life ; there are legal pensions amounting yearly to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Every ex-Chancellor receives for life $25,000 a year. But perhaps the most iniquitous of all the pensions are those taken out of the Post Office revenue, and given to the heirs of Charles II.'s bastard children ; the sum annually amounting to $100,000 !

The Government Offices are monopolized by the aristocracy, and have, as a matter of course, attached to them enormous salaries. The following are only a specimen :

	Salary.
Lord Chancellor	$75,000
Vice Chancellor	30,000
Chief Justice, Queen's Bench	40,000
Chief Clerk, ditto	45,000
Chief Justice, Common Pleas	40,000
Lord Chancellor of Ireland	40,000
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	100,000
Governor General of Bengal	125,000
Home Secretary	25,000
Colonial Secretary	25,000
Chief Baron of Exchequer	35,000
Master of Rolls	35,000

These are specimens of the salaries attached to Government Offices, all of which are in the hands of the aristocracy.

And yet the people laid the foundation of English free institutions—and the aristocracy tried to destroy them. The people have earned money, and the aristocracy have spent it. The people planted America, and the aristocracy lost it. The people pay the interest upon the National Debt, and the aristocracy invented it!

THE NOBLES.

The English Aristocracy is, however, in point of morality and virtue, superior to that of any country in Europe. There can be no doubt of this we think. Not by any means are all of its members virtuous, but the general tone of aristocratic society in England is higher than on the continent. There are cases of notoriety where a worse than French morality is openly professed, but they are exceptions. The majority of English noblemen are quite respectable in their outward conduct, and some of them are worthy of being held up as mod-

els of true gentlemen the world over. But when you have given the class credit for common morality, you are done. They are not philanthropists, they are not workers—in fact, they do nothing which is good, their great aim being pleasure. As a body they stand aloof from the rest of the world, superior to the vulgar herd in their own estimation, and are enormous consumers, but no producers.

Generally speaking, the members of the aristocracy are finely educated, have a cultivated love for the fine arts, and patronize men of genius. In this manner they, without intending it, do some good, for they give to learning and genius an importance which they would lack, in the eyes of the world, without their patronage. But they never use their own talents to any purpose—if they are blessed with any, which is not often the case. It is intensely disagreeable for a nobleman to work—to accomplish anything. Of course we speak of hereditary nobles—not of those who have earned their titles. Still a certain kind of good results from this inactivity on the part of the nobles. It being entirely out of character for them to work, to trade, to paint, to write, or act as philanthropists, as a natural result they devote their energies *to themselves*, and their homes. They employ the finest architects to build castles in which to dwell; have created the most beautiful parks; purchase paintings and statuary; study constantly how they may beautify and improve their homes. Selfishness is at the root of it all, but notwithstanding that, a benefit of a certain kind accrues to the country and people. It begets a love for the beautiful, seduces the national mind away from its devotion to cold trade and commerce. But the good by no means compensates for the evil produced by the same class, and such an aristocracy is a dear one for any country.

The nobles as a class are noted for generosity, and yet there are exceptions, one of which we will mention.

There is a certain Duke in England who is notorious for his parsimony. A more selfish man does not exist. Often when at his country-seat, with his own hands he sells milk to the country-people, and on a certain occasion received a pungent rebuke from a little girl. One morning the daughter of poor parents, a young girl, came for a penny's worth of milk, and the Duke, being in his dairy-house, measured out a small quantity into the little girl's cup, saying :

" You can tell the world as long as you live, that *a Duke* once measured out for you a cup of milk !"

" Yes," answered the innocent girl, looking wistfully at the copper coin which the Duke had received from her, and which now lay in his palm,

" *Yes—but you took the penny !*"

There are cases of open libertinism among the nobility, which would shock the reader—but still the general outward conduct of the English nobles is good. The women are however far superior to the men in virtue, beauty, and sympathy for the poor. Some of the ladies among the aristocracy, while in Paris, imitate the French women, and have their train of lovers, but it is foreign to the nature of an English woman to carry on an intrigue, and when she attempts it she generally fails. It constitutes the life of many French ladies, and their expertness in concealing secret love from the eyes of a careful mother or a jealous husband is surprising ; but the English woman, though she lacked principle, has not the exquisite tact of the Parisian.

The women among the nobility are distinguished for their beauty, and with good reason. In many instances, however, their beauty is more masculine than that of the American women.

We once met in an anteroom of the Italian Opera House

one of the most distinguished beauties of England. Said our friend in a whisper:

"Do you see the lady yonder arranging a shawl—and the gentleman at her side?"

"Yes."

"They are Lord and Lady H—— !"

"You must be mistaken," we replied, "*that woman* cannot be Lady H——." But our friend was correct. We had often heard much of her beauty, and indeed she was beautiful, but there was no spirituality in her features, no intellect, but a rough, sensual beauty. Such is the case with some of the English female aristocracy, but as a class, in beauty we think they are peerless. At least as an aristocratic class of females they are so. There is an exquisite dignity in their manners one rarely sees out of England, and they have the art of preserving their beauty to old age. This is a striking characteristic of the female beauty of England—it does not decay until old age. Beautiful women at fifty years of age are no uncommon sight in London.

The Duchess of Sutherland is, though old, yet a very beautiful woman. We saw her one day in a carriage with the Queen, and could hardly believe that there is a wide difference in years between them, which is the fact. For many years she was considered the most beautiful woman at court.

There are several women whose names we might mention, who are noted for their great beauty, among the English female aristocracy, but we are not attempting to sketch the belles of London.

Aristocracy in England is much more dignified than that of America—for it is useless denying that we have an aristocracy. Ours is as yet puny, young and not oppressive. The English aristocracy has at least an excuse for existence, as it is incorporated with the Constitution, and if it be more highly

intellectual than ours, it is a thousand times more cruel in its exactions.

Aristocracy in America is a plaything yet—the great people laugh at it, knowing that real power is theirs in all political matters. Feeling thus, they care little about the pretensions of any family, or clique of families. There is no throne to endanger—no manner in which any such family or families can endanger the liberties of the land, for a band of shoemakers in a country-village are their equals in the eye of the law. A sorry sight it is when the aristocracy of the land, instead of *being* the plaything of the people, *make* a plaything of the people, eating out their incomes, starving them by terrible taxation, and stealing away their political rights. Such is the case, to a degree, in England.

But there are men among the English nobility who are worthy of honor. The Earl of Carlisle is such a man, and his noble qualities are such, that we shall venture to draw his portrait on another page.

Lord Ashley is widely known for his untiring philanthropy. Though a bigoted man in some respects, he is devotedly pious, and is constantly engaged in some good work. He is known extensively for his devotion to the cause of Ragged-Schools. Himself and lady are in high repute with the Queen. In looks Lord Ashley is Norman; he is a fair speaker, and has enthusiasm, a quality which the English nobles generally eschew. Not a shade of enthusiasm is ever perceptible in the oratory displayed in the House of Lords. Anything approaching to it is considered decidedly vulgar.

The Earl of Arundel and Surrey is a devoted Christian, though a Roman Catholic, and compares favorably with many of the nobles who profess Protestantism. His devotion to his religion amounts almost to fanaticism.

Lord Dudley Stuart is an ardent liberalist, and is chiefly known for his devotion to the cause of Poland. He was the

champion of Kossuth before he landed in England, and is also now. He is a firm friend to liberty, and is an unpleasant thorn in the side of my Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary. He is a member of Parliament, and is much respected.

Sir William Molesworth is a thorough radical, and there are others among the titled class who are like him. It is because of such men that the nobles are held in such esteem in England. Were they openly to profess immoral principles, like some of the nobles of Europe, and were they in conduct to become corrupt, they could not stand a year. Indeed, as it is, their position is far from being a stable one. Gradually the people are attacking their privileges, and they thus far have had the good sense to bow quietly before the will of the nation. Had they, in the days of the Reform Bill Agitation, or Anti-Corn Law excitement, remained firm, they would have been swept away by Revolution. The spirit of the age is against such a class—against its unjust usurpations of power.

A member of the humble classes of society cannot gain admittance into noble society. Any man of business, of trade, unless a great and exceedingly wealthy man, and worth his millions, cannot enter the drawing-rooms of the nobility. An author of talent can go there ; so can a man of political importance, or your millionaire, if refined and educated, but no common man of business. Still every young man can hope to rise above his present position, and if successful, he can relinquish his business, and with a million of dollars set up for a gentleman, if he possesses refinement, and then he can walk into Lord Addlehead's parlor.

A friend of ours, an English merchant, one day pointed out to us one of the wealthiest men in London, as a person who was once his father's boot-black ! He rose from his humble calling first to be a clerk ; then he amassed a small property by close economy, and at an early age began to speculate in

the Stocks. In a few years he became immensely rich, retired from business, and set up for a gentleman. He was by nature polite and intelligent, and soon married the daughter of a reduced baronet, a woman very celebrated for her beauty. He was now welcome to the best of society, but through the extravagant conduct of his wife he was nearly ruined. Such was her desperate fondness for a gay life, that only a few nights after a confinement she went to the theatre—and died two days after. After her death, the husband once more repaired to the Stock Exchange, to repair his damaged fortune. The first day he netted $45,000 ! After winning a second fortune, larger than the first, he again retired from business, and entered high society.

But though there are occasionally such cases in England, the pressure is downward, and the majority of enterprising minds are crushed to the earth. The tendency of the monarchical and aristocratical system is to keep the masses degraded, to isolate a few from all the rest, to crush talent and genius among the multitude. Literary men do not have the position that they deserve, though they are honored, perhaps more than any other class of men who are mere commoners.

EARL OF CARLISLE

There are really so few lovable characters among the English nobility, that we plead no excuse for devoting a short space to the Earl of Carlisle, who is truly worthy of honor and renown, for his admirable qualities. Such a man, whether he springs from a hamlet or palace, whether his name is simple or garnished with lofty-sounding titles, deserves to be held up for the imitation of the world. Such men, we have observed, whatever their social position, *are not proud.* Believing in the worth of the soul, in the dig-

nity of simple manhood, they cannot be proud of mere titles, or garters.

The Earl of Carlisle sits in the House of Lords, and is well known as an advocate of Liberalism. He was formerly (and is even now better known as) Lord Morpeth, until at the death of his father, when he became a peer of the realm, through hereditary right, and took his seat in the House of Lords. He belongs to one of the noblest families in the kingdom, that of the Howards, whose blood, according to English notions, is perhaps the purest and gentlest in the land. He is also connected by marriage with the Houses of Rutland, Caudor, Durham, and Stafford. Among the aristocracy of England no one stands higher than the Earl of Carlisle, and at the same time he is universally popular with the middle and lower classes. There is a genial love for him everywhere, principally because of his mild and philanthropic disposition. As a matter of course his advocacy of liberal sentiments makes him popular with the people, and perhaps slightly disliked among the worst portion of the nobility. He is a friend of authors and artists, and in society does not exhibit any of that odious exclusiveness which disgraces so many of the English aristocrats.

He seems to be above no man of real goodness or genius, and in a thousand ways has testified his love of humanity. In a public speech he once happily spoke of Charles Dickens, as :—

"That bright and genial nature, the master of our sunniest smiles, and our most unselfish tears, whom, as it is impossible to read without the most ready and pliant sympathy, it is impossible to know (I at least have found it so) without a depth of respect and a warmth of affection which a singular union of rare qualities alike command."

For many years Lord Morpeth (or the Earl of Carlisle) sat in Parliament for the West Riding, the largest and most hon-

orable constituency in England, but in 1841, strangely, he was defeated, to the great sorrow of the whole nation. A plenty of other places were open to him, but he refused to sit for any of them, and made a tour to America, where he made many admirers and friends both at the South and North. In Washington circles he will long be remembered.

On the death of Lord Wharncliffe a vacancy occurred in the West Riding, and Lord Morpeth was returned to Parliament without the opposition of a single voter. Richard Cobden, the great champion of Free Trade, sits in the House of Commons for the West Riding at present, Lord Morpeth being in the House of Lords, having assumed the titles of his late father, the Earl of Carlisle.

Through his whole political life he has been identified with the Liberal-Whig party, early giving in his adhesion to Cobden's Free Trade movement. Since 1846 he has been a member of the Russell Ministry, and is well known as an energetic friend of all sanitary reforms. His philanthropy is unquestionable, as he is very zealous in endeavoring to better the condition of the laboring population of Great Britain. When a man is zealous for freedom's cause *abroad*, but not at his own doors, one may well doubt his sincerity, but the Earl of Carlisle is anxious to improve the condition of his fellow-men in England. He does not hesitate to deliver lectures before common Mechanics' Institutes, and aids all educational schemes. He is a man of talent, and a very eloquent speaker, and can make himself acceptable to common men, and also to the best educated men, for his best speeches are noted for the classical purity of their style.

At a great dinner, given by the Mayor of London, before the Crystal Palace was built, and in honor of the (then) proposed project, the Earl of Carlisle, when called on for a toast, gave " The working-men of the United Kingdom" in connection with the great Exhibition of the Industry of the World,

and made a most eloquent speech in honor of those men who are the true glory of any land.

We have often heard radicals in London who detest the aristocracy root and branch, speak enthusiastically in *his* praise as an exception to the rest. He is indeed an extraordinary man. It is extraordinary in Europe to find a man born to the highest titles, yet a simple-hearted philanthropist. Such a man stands out in bold relief from the great mass of the selfish English noblemen, and teaches us how much good they might accomplish if they were so disposed.

The personal appearance of the Earl of Carlisle is good. When the stranger looks down upon him from the gallery in the gorgeous House of Lords, he at once selects him from among his peers, by his appearance, as the noblest of them all. He has a fine, full forehead ; full, pleasant face ; rich lips ; and a mild pair of eyes. His hair is generally carelessly disposed, giving him an artless look, which is captivating. His dress is generally rich, but at the same time plain. It is vulgar in England to dress showily. The passion for gaudy dress, which possesses so many people, is entirely condemned among the nobles of England. Plainness of attire is proverbial in such circles.

When speaking the Earl does not use much gesticulation, but what he does is graceful and true to nature.

Since his return to England from America, he has in two or three public lectures stated some of his opinions of our country, its men, and institutions, and they show his thorough liberality of sentiment. He is far more just towards us than many profound English radicals. He speaks fairly of our voluntaryism in religion, and of universal suffrage. In speaking of public men, he calls Henry Clay the most fascinating public man he ever knew, save Mr. Canning ; Mr. Legaré of South Carolina (who died a few years since), he thinks was one of the best classical scholars in America, and John Quincy

Adams "was truly an 'old man eloquent!'" Congress he characterizes as "disorderly," at times, and as he witnessed some exciting scenes while in Washington, that is not to be wondered at.

As a whole, the Earl of Carlisle is a man whose character is an honor to any country, and especially so to the order to which he belongs. If there were more such men among the aristocracies of Europe, there would be no danger of bloody revolutions, for Revolution is the daughter of Oppression.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Perhaps there is no man in England about whom there is such a strong curiosity among strangers as Lord Brougham. His reputation has been so great and wide, his connection with political matters so notorious, that when the foreigner enters the House of Lords he first asks for Brougham. But when he is pointed out, when you gaze upon the man, you are wofully disappointed. What!—that man the Ex-Chancellor Brougham, upon whose face, lips, nose, cheeks, and chin seem all crowded together? That man who cannot sit still for five consecutive minutes; who jumps up continually with interruptions of the speaker; who has a painful, nervous twitching of the face; the man, in short, who impresses you with the idea of some harmless lunatic? Yes—that certainly *is* the wreck of the great Brougham. For we believe that none of his best friends contend that he now possesses all the faculties which he once possessed. Age has rusted out some of them, and there are people who believe the man insane. We presume not, however. He is certainly very erratic, incomprehensible, without Christian principles, and yet a great genius still. He is the wonder of the nation, though the nation no longer loves him, no longer is charmed with his siren eloquence. But because of great services he

once rendered, because he once sunk upon his knees in the House of Lords, and, in tones of wondrous magic, plead for the cause of freedom; because he once dared to say there—in reference to the influence of the Queen over the mind of the King—those remarkable and daring words: "*She has done it all!*"—the people of England, though he has deserted them, will not entirely forget him.

There was perhaps never a commoner in England, with more ambition than Harry Brougham. He asked place and power with the utmost *sang froid*. The Government wished his services, and offered him as respectable a post as they thought it wise and proper to give a mere commoner. He replied to the offer of the Premier, that he would not take such an office.

"What *do* you wish?" was the question of the surprised Minister.

"Nothing or the Lord Chancellorship!" was the reply. This was one of the highest offices in the kingdom, and the occupant must by virtue of his office become the Speaker of the House of Lords, and of course a peer of the realm. But Brougham was a mere commoner.

"You are not a peer," said the Prime Minister.

"I know that," was Brougham's laconic reply.

Before night he was made not only a peer, but Lord Chancellor. The Government could not afford to lose him, as he was the great idol of the people, and so it bribed him over to the cause of the aristocracy. Only a few days before at a great public meeting, Brougham denied a rumor that he was to be made a peer, and told the people never to believe that he would desert them until they saw it. They did see it, and will never forget the base desertion. Ever since, he has been detested by the masses of the nation, and it would seem as if then he lost his greatest powers, for since he has been a peevish, erratic old man—and yet at times, his mighty genius

will break forth, and astonish the nation. Perhaps this age can boast no other man who has the varied acquirements of Brougham. He has been one of the world's greatest orators; is a great lawyer; a severe student of the physical sciences; and a skilful political economist.

Mr. Brougham was born in Scotland, and was admitted to the Scottish Bar in the year 1800. In 1820 he was appointed Attorney-General to the unfortunate Queen Caroline, and made a speech which lasted two days, in her defence, so eloquent, so masterly, that Lord Liverpool abandoned the prosecution against her Majesty. For many years, plain Henry Brougham sat in the House of Commons. He was elected Lord Rector of the Glasgow University by the casting vote of Sir James Macintosh, in opposition to Sir Walter Scott, the great poet and novelist. He now enjoys a pension of $25,000 a year as retired Chancellor; is a Privy Councillor; President of the London University; and a member of the National Institute of France, where—at Cannes—he has a country-seat.

He is a strange character. Just after the French Revolution of 1848, he applied to the French Government, to be made a citizen of the republic, and yet all the while a member of the House of Lords in England! All Europe was in laughter at his foolery. Yet it was a fair sample of the man. He seems insane upon some points. He sometimes dresses foppishly, and then again as carelessly as any mechanic in the streets. Yet he is not demented—he possesses a violent love for eccentricity and originality. He has before now attacked *himself* in one newspaper, and defended himself in another! A thousand singular stories are current in London society respecting him; some invalidating his reputation for intellect, and others his morality. Enough of them are true to give countenance to the rest, and thus he is obliged to shoulder a greater amount of obloquy than he in reality deserves.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNALISM.

The Times.

There is perhaps no single town in the world which executes so great an amount of printing as London. There are many places, where there are more newspapers, daily and weekly, but when we include all manner of periodicals and books, London must stand at the head of the world. We think too, that nowhere else has journalism become so brilliant and lofty a profession. The London daily papers are the ablest in the world, so far as mere writing talent is concerned. And first of all, towering far above all the rest in stature and importance as a daily paper of magnificent editorial-talent, stands the *London Times*. It is what it has once styled itself —the leading journal of Europe, the journal which is read everywhere, from the Mississippi to the Ganges. Whatever people may believe as the principles of the paper, all are agreed in one point—that it is the mightiest intellectual engine in the world; if bad, then mightily dangerous.

It is printed and published in Printing House Square, a quiet place in London, and a visit to the establishment is well worth the while of any American. Everything in its vast apartments is conducted with precision and wonderful dispatch, and one is struck with admiration to see how quietly so vast a machine can perform its gigantic labor.

A thousand fingers, a thousand pens in all parts of the earth, the railway engines, steamers, and the lightning are constantly at work to feed this great leviathan. It has a host of editors, and regularly paid contributors; it has able correspondents everywhere—at Paris, Berlin and Vienna, it keeps men—often, we are sorry to say, to fabricate untruths—whose sole business is to furnish matter for its columns. It has reporters almost without number—some travelling and others stationary. Every word spoken in either House of Parliament, at night, appears in the next morning's *Times*. Not an occurrence anywhere escapes its quick ear, unless it chooses not to hear. It has steamers of its own, and often charters steam-engines, and almost monopolizes the electric telegraph. It pays for its matter most liberally, as it can well afford to do. It chief editor receives a princely salary, and all of its contributors are remunerated in a splendid manner. We know of one man, a conscientious and learned English Professor, who was a few years since seduced by old Mr. Walter, into writing a few articles for the paper, but upon his insisting on paying him in a princely fashion, the honest Professor stopped his communications—it seemed to him so much like bribery!

As a property the *Times* is one of the best in Europe, and could not be purchased to-day for millions of dollars. It has an immense circulation, but its income does not come from that, so much as from its advertising patronage. That is immense, for every day it publishes a supplement entirely devoted to advertisements which alone is as large as the usual papers, and this is often doubled. The charges for advertising, too, are higher in London than here, while composition and press-work are cheaper. It is stated that old Mr. Walter, the father of the present principal proprietor, gave his daughter for a marriage present, a single advertising column of the paper, and that it was really in itself a pretty fortune For

talent, energy, and consummate abilities this leviathan sheet stands at the head of journalism in Europe. As a mere *news* sheet we do not admire it, for it is in that department surpassed by the Daily News, but in the splendor of its editorials, as far as talent and genius go, it has, perhaps we may safely say, no equal in the world.

But we have said all that can be said in its favor. There is another and a darker side to be looked at. There does not exist in Europe a more unprincipled journal than the *Times*. There is no sheet which will sell itself so quick, body and soul, for gold. It does not even profess consistency—it reflects *the times*—save when a millionaire, or a foreign despot bribes it, for then it will fight against the current of public opinion. It is owned by a set of speculators whose entire and sole object is to make money by the concern. They therefore advocate that which will pay best, and principles are good or bad with them according as they are *pecuniarily* profitable. When Cobden's great Anti-Corn-Law Agitation commenced, the *Times* ridiculed and abused it. But the nation took the question up in earnest, and that journal saw that it surely must triumph. Commercial men began to withdraw advertising patronage. On Saturday morning the paper came out opposed entirely and thoroughly to Free Trade—on Monday morning it hoisted the colors of the Anti-Corn-Law League without a single word of apology. Every item in the paper which had a bearing upon the subject, was in favor of Free Trade, and an utter stranger upon taking up the sheet, would have supposed it to be an old advocate of its new opinions. England, though accustomed to its pranks, was thunderstruck.

Its unprincipled character is best seen in the department for foreign news. It is steadily—the only thing it is steady in—the enemy of human liberty in Europe. Its continental news can never be trusted, such is its propensity to prevaricate. It has not hesitated for a moment to coin the basest

lies against Mazzini and Kossuth. Its course in this matter has aroused the indignation of universal Christendom. Mr. Cobden, in an eloquent speech in reference to its course against the poor exiles said :

" How shall we describe those indescribable monsters who, when foes are fallen—when they are gone into exile—when they are separated from their wives and children—when they are shivering in our streets, brought down from lofty places to beg their bread in the midst of winter—how shall we describe the wretches who are base enough to traduce the character of these men? I spoke of ghouls and vampires. They prey upon corpses and the material body; but we have no monster yet by which we can describe the nature of him who lives by destroying the character of a fallen foe."

During the spring of 1851, the *Times* persisted in stating that Mazzini was in Genoa, carrying out his revolutionary projects. Day after day it reiterated this statement, and yet we knew that he was in London. At a later day it acknowledged his return, and pretended to give a report of his speech at a public dinner. In the report occurred the following sentence :—" For the Emperor I would substitute the people—for the Pope *Nature*." Here was a deliberate, premeditated lie, for Mazzini said, " For the Emperor I would substitute the people—for the Pope GOD !" The object of the *Times* was to prejudice the English mind against the Italian hero, by making him out to be an infidel in religious matters. But the course of that paper in reference to Kossuth, has damaged it perceptibly in sale and reputation, and the English people will never forgive it for its base conduct.

We have it upon excellent authority, that in the height of the French Revolution, the Paris correspondent of the *Times* came to London in hot haste, saying to the proprietors : " I cannot pursue my present course of misrepresentation any longer with personal safety !" The unprincipled but talented

gentleman was kept in London doing nothing on a full salary, until there was a turn in the tide of French politics, when he was sent back to his infamous work. One of the strongest facts which the history of this sheet unfolds, is that the best talent of Europe is always for sale, for or against despotism. Although that paper changes as often as the wind, it is not often obliged to change its contributors. With the easy principles of the members of the legal profession, they write for pay, and whether their client be in the right or wrong, it matters very little with them, so long as the remuneration is princely!

DAILY PRESS.

Few in America are aware of the exceeding difficulty of establishing a daily journal in Great Britain. There are only six or eight in the whole kingdom, and all but one or two of those are published in London. It is strange, but Liverpool with 400,000 people, has not a single daily newspaper, and Manchester, with a still larger population, is in the same condition. One reason for this is, that London, by railway, is brought very near to all provincial towns, and the dailies of the metropolis are read all over the kingdom. The *Times*, *Daily News*, *Morning Chronicle*, and *Post*, are scattered everywhere over the land in a few hours, by the express-trains, and it is almost impossible to keep up a daily paper in a provincial town, with local news, and all else is brought the quickest through the metropolitan journals. The duty on paper is heavy in England, which, added to the specific news-tax of one penny, or two cents, upon every sheet, amounts to a terrible burden upon the newspapers. Every newspaper in the kingdom must pay into the coffers of the government two cents for its every sheet. This makes the risk of those who attempt the publication of new journals exceedingly great. The well-established journals like the tax, for it crushes all

competition. This is the reason why *The Times* opposes the abolition of the stamp-tax on papers—if it were swept away, instantly a hundred cheap dailies would spring into existence over the country, and it would probably lose a share of its present immense patronage. There is a duty of fifty cents upon every advertisement in any newspaper or periodical in England, so that very few people in business advertise through the periodicals. Almost every conceivable method is resorted to on account of this tax, to advertise to the world without touching the papers. Great vans parade the streets with printed inscriptions upon them; men, encompassed with boards, upon which are written flaming advertisements, and even dogs perambulate the streets. Small bills are thrust into your hands at every corner—so that the tax almost amounts to prohibition of newspaper advertising.

There has been expended upon the *Daily News*, to make it pay for itself, over half a million of dollars, and even now it is not considered excellent property. Large numbers of shares are bought by men who wish to keep up a liberal daily paper in London, and who purchased the stock, not so much expecting good returns as desiring to uphold Liberalism.

A few years ago, a gentleman of large property in London, attempted to establish a daily newspaper. Everything was done to make it successful that could be done; not a stone was left unturned—yet after three months it perished, and its owner lost with it £30,000! He had the numbers splendidly bound, and whenever after that any friend of his talked of starting a newspaper, he led him by the arm to his bookcase, and taking out the volume said, "That is *my* newspaper; it lived three months; cost £30,000!"

Still later, an attempt was made by a powerful firm to establish a liberal daily paper, under the name of "The London Telegraph," but after a hard struggle of three months' duration, it died.

The *Daily News* is, perhaps, the next paper in London in importance to the *Times* It is more thoroughly liberal in tone and manner than the latter; still, like all the other London dailies, it cannot be trusted in its foreign news. All London newspapers in this respect are untrustworthy. The editor-chief of the *Daily News*, is a man of fair abilities and generous sentiments, but does not sympathize heartily with the democracy of Europe. It is, however, very far superior to the *Times* as a journal of news. It never prevaricates, and the only reason why it is not wholly to be trusted in its continental matter, arises from the fact, that its sympathies are not strong enough for republicanism, and it sometimes reports things against the character of the republicans, which they believe to be true, but which are not in reality. It never, however, becomes the tool of despotism for pay.

The *Morning Chronicle* is, and always has been celebrated for the peculiar literary talent displayed in its columns. Charles Dickens, or "Boz," became first known to the world through its columns, and Henry Mayhew wrote in it his celebrated letters upon the English Poor. It is exceedingly conservative on some questions, but possesses talent, and a fair circulation.

The *Morning Post* is the special organ of the kid-gloved aristocracy; is full of fulsome adulation of nobles, and never admits anything into its columns which can possibly offend the eye of an aristocrat. It possesses little ability, and generally goes in England by the name of "Mrs. Gamp," one of Mr. Dickens' celebrated characters in fiction.

The *Morning Advertiser* is owned by the Licensed Victuallers Association, and is taken in by every victualler in London and the country. It therefore has a steady circulation; and it is generally favorable to freedom.

The *Globe* is at present the organ of Lord Palmerston, and is a fair paper, though it has a moderate circulation. It re-

ceives official news in advance of other journals, and this fact has aroused the ire of the *Times*, and it takes every opportunity to revenge itself upon the Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston.

WEEKLY PRESS.

The Examiner is at the head of the London weekly newspapers. As a literary and political critic it has no superior in the world. Its wit and talent are of the first order—its sentiments are liberal. It is more than forty years since it was established, and it has ever preserved a high character as a weekly journal of politics and literature. John and Leigh Hunt owned it for many years; and while under the editorial charge of Leigh Hunt it acquired great popularity and reputation. Mr. Hunt was admitted on all hands to be the most accomplished dramatic critic of his age, and made the *Examiner* popular with all drama-loving people. While its editor, he wrote a paragraph reflecting somewhat upon the character of the Prince Regent, and was thrown into jail. He had his room papered, and a piano introduced, and when Byron and Moore visited him, was happy as a lark. Hazlitt, and Keats, and Shelley, used to contribute literary articles to the *Examiner* while under the editorship of Mr. Hunt. It then had a circulation of between seven and eight thousand, and paid well. After Hunt's death it passed into the hands of the celebrated Mr. Foublanque, under whose control it has ever since remained. He is one of the most brilliant writers of the age. His articles are sought after by all classes—Tories and Whigs. Mr. Foublanque is something of a lion in literary circles; he is in personal appearance bad-looking. He is intellectual, but his long, black hair, which lies negligently over his splendid forehead, his cavernous eyes, and carelessness in dress, make him unpopular as a gentleman, but the brilliancy

of his intellect, and the keenness of his wit, gain for him an entrance into the very best society.

Whenever the *Examiner* gets into a public discussion, however provoking an adversary may conduct, it always preserves its temper. It is provokingly cool on such occasions. What would set any one else on fire, only provokes its wit. But if it never is passionate, it *is* revengeful—it devours an enemy, not voraciously, but slowly and delightfully!

John Forster is the literary and critical editor of the *Examiner*. For many years he has filled that post with distinguished ability. He has in the meantime written several books, which have gained for him a good reputation as an author. He is generally just in his criticisms of American works.

The *Sunday Dispatch* has the largest circulation of any weekly paper in England—nearly one hundred thousand. It is devoted to politics, news, and general literature. It is an interesting paper, though not eminent for the ability displayed in its editorial columns.

The *Mark Lane Express* is a commercial paper, and has special reference in its articles to Mark Lane transactions in corn. John Wilson, M. P., is its present editor, and although from his connection with Government, he is not to be trusted in political matters, yet the paper is noted for its abilities.

The *United Service Gazette* is a military paper, well known by military men in America. For a long time it was under the editorial control of Alaric de Watts, who is a powerful writer. We chanced to meet him one evening at the house of a mutual friend, and thought we never before had seen so savage a looking man in London. He has a large head, which is covered with rough, black hair; his body is athletic, his arms sinewy and strong, and he looks as if more capable of fighting than writing. But his articles are like his frame, massive, and full of strength.

The *Literary Gazette* was a few years since a weekly paper of considerable note in London. It was published by the Longmans, the wealthy book-publishers; and while it was under the editorial management of Mr. Jerdan, it contributed much towards the fame of Robert Montgomery and Letitia E. Landon. In attempting to publish the work himself, Mr. Jerdan finally became a bankrupt.

The *Athenæum* has an excellent standing as a literary and critical journal. It was established sixteen years since, by John Stirling and James Silk Buckingham, and when its circulation had declined to four hundred, it was purchased by the present proprietor, Mr. Dilke, whose business talents are not surpassed by any man's in London. He expended thousands in advertising and purchasing the best of talent for his journal, and was eminently successful. Its proprietor was one of the commissioners of the Great Exhibition, and was offered the honor of knighthood, which he had the manliness to decline. The Queen sent to his wife a diamond bracelet in token of his services.

The character of *Punch* is well known in America. It is almost the only successful journal of wit in the world, and it owes its circulation to its eminent ability both in literary matter and artistic illustration. It is a fine speculation, and well rewards its enterprising publishers—Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. There are several other journals, religious, political, and news, but we have mentioned the most important of all. There are weekly journals which evade the stamp-duty, by excluding all current news, and which are published at a cheap rate. Some of them are the vehicles of the most degraded literature and morality, but not all.

CHAPTER XI.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.

The portraits of Queen Victoria, seen in this country, are generally correct and faithful likenesses. She is of medium height, clear complexion, and full in the face. It would be supererogatory for us to say that her subjects love her—indeed there are thousands who have a gentle affection for her in America. She is eminently lovable, and certainly deserves praise for filling her position so well as she does. She is surrounded by gorgeous temptations, and yet preserves a virtuous court. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, gave her a most rigid early education, and that she needed it, with the blood of the effeminate and besotted Georges flowing in her veins, none can doubt. She inherited a predisposition to inactivity, and a nervous-lethargic temperament, and her sagacious mother, to counteract it, obliged her in her youth to take a plenty of exercise in the open air, eat wholesome food, and sleep upon a hard mattress. The result is, that though possessed of an extremely delicate nervous organization, the Queen enjoys good health. In disposition, she is said by those who know her, to be mild and loving. When young, she had a firm will, and if rumor speaks truly, it is a characteristic of her still. Upon some public occasion, when she was a girl, she was allowed by her mother to go for a few minutes to the window and gaze at the crowd of people in

the street. In a short time the Duchess called her away, but she did not heed the summons. Again the command was given, and unheeded, when her mother asked:

"What are you gazing at?"

"*At my people!*" she answered, in a tone of pride and haughtiness.

One morning while we were in London, the Queen and Prince Albert visited Madame Tassaud's exhibition of wax-work, and orders were given, upon their entrance, to admit no visitors until their departure; but an original specimen of a Cheshire farmer, by some unaccountable means got in, and knowing nothing of the presence of royal visitors, walked leisurely up to the wax group of the royal family, before which stood the *real* Queen and Prince Albert. After gazing at the wax group for awhile, the honest old farmer turned to his neighbors, whom he supposed to be ordinary visitors, and said:

"Well, now, I doant think they be so very fine-looking after all—do you?"

At that moment the proprietor of the exhibition came up, exclaiming:

"How came you here, sir? Are you aware that you are addressing Her Majesty the Queen?"

At the words, "Her Majesty," the old man's hat flew off, and his knees bent with a quickness that would surprise an unused republican. The Royal couple were much amused, and reassured the old farmer, who retired to boast, as long as he lives, of his interview with Prince Albert and Queen Victoria!

In economy, Victoria is said to be an adept, and in her habits exceedingly exemplary. Her popularity is unbounded —everywhere she goes she is received with great demonstrations of applause.

Prince Albert is a handsome man, and is quite popular of

late throughout England. His devotion to the Great Exhibition, and to several benevolent schemes, have contributed much towards his popularity. At heart he has many sympathies for the working-people.

We had the good fortune last spring to see Her Majesty and the Prince, as they were on their way in their state-carriage to Parliament, and it was the most gorgeous spectacle of the kind which we ever witnessed.

The day was a lovely one of early spring. The sky was blue, warm, and serene, the sun shone with splendor, and as we were stationed in Green Park, the acres of park around us were covered with bright-green grass. As early as twelve o'clock, the whole pathway from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament was crowded by people from all ranks of society. At a little before two o'clock, the Queen came into the Park, preceded by bands of music, the Guards, and splendid carriages containing officers of state. She was drawn by six beautiful cream-colored horses, covered with brilliant trappings, and the state-carriage was truly magnificent. The top was mainly of glass, so that the populace could have a fair view of Her Majesty. She was dressed in excellent taste ; her gown was of white brocade satin, trimmed with gold, and upon her head she wore a splendid tiara of diamonds. She rose repeatedly and bowed to the people with exquisite grace. She is not a very beautiful woman, but there is after all a charming expression in her features, a gentle beauty which wins all hearts.

Prince Albert was dressed in his military uniform, and looked very well.

The Duchess of Sutherland was in the carriage with the Queen, and has for years been connected with the court. She is quite old, but still very beautiful. For many years she was considered the most beautiful woman at the English court, but at present we believe that honor is generally con-

ceded to the Marchioness of Douro. The Duchess is twenty years her superior in age. The Duke of Norfolk rode in the carriage also as Master of Horse.

The Marquis of Westminster came sweeping past in his family carriage. He has the look of a genuine aristocrat—haughty, cold, and yet majestic.

We could not help contrasting this royal pageant with the simpler ceremonies attendant upon the opening of our Congress. The President is open to all, but the Queen is hedged round with grand ceremonies and etiquette, so that but few of her people can ever look at her, save in the open air on state-occasions.

We have been sorry to see that certain American writers persist in saying that the Queen is a woman of no intellect, and partially insane. We know from good authority that such statements are entirely devoid of truth, and if made in England, would expose their authors to laughter and ridicule. Her Majesty is not a woman of extraordinary intellect, but she has good intellectual powers, and in some of the Fine Arts is skilful. Above all, she is strictly moral. That she occasionally is given to seasons of deep melancholy, is a well-known fact, and some have gone so far as to state the cause to be her early love for an English nobleman, whom, according to the Constitution, she could not marry.

This story is probably not true, though before her marriage it is well known that she was quite intimate with a certain lord, who has since banished himself from the kingdom.

Her nervous temperament is frail, but to say that she is half-idiotic, or half-insane, is not only untrue, but a cruel misrepresentation of her state.

The town residence of the Queen is Buckingham Palace, and was built by the architect Nash, under George IV., and it affords proofs of the imbecility of mind of both king and architect. It is universally condemned by all foreigners of

taste; Von Raumer declared that he would not accept a *free* residence in it!

St. James' Palace is the place for parades, levees, and drawing-rooms, while Buckingham Palace is the domestic home of the royal family. The park from this palace looks finely at all seasons of the year. In the palace there are seven distinguished apartments—the Green Drawing-Room, the Throne Room, the Picture Gallery, the Yellow Drawing-Room, the Saloon, the Ball-Room, and the State Dining-Room.

The Picture Room is at certain times accessible to the public, and is well worth the trouble of a visit. The paintings in it are by Titian, Rembrandt, Claude, Vandyke, Laurie, Wilkie, and other rare old masters. When the Queen is absent, at Osborne or Windsor, by a proper card of introduction almost any one, especially a foreigner, may view the distinguished collection.

The Throne Room is probably the richest in Buckingham Palace. Its walls of plated glass, its polished marble pillars and pavement, the gorgeous furniture, all of which is tempered by the light that is thrown over all most artfully, so as to elicit every species of richness, combine to make a dazzling room. In 1842 the Queen held a grand Fancy Ball in this palace, and the court of Edward III. and Queen Philippa was renewed. Its gorgeousness has scarcely ever been equalled, and will probably never be surpassed. Upon the occasion Her Majesty wore upon her stomacher alone three hundred thousand dollars worth of diamonds.

St. James' Palace was built in the fifteenth century, but since then has undergone many sweeping changes and additions. It looks finer than Buckingham Palace, but is still inferior to the palaces of the Continent. Its drawing-room is the place where the Queen holds all her levees, and is a splendid apartment.

CHAPTER XII.

PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The British building of the House of Lords has one of the finest interiors in Europe. We well remember the impression it made upon us the first night we took our seat in its Gallery. The sight was most gorgeous, and for the moment we fancied ourself gazing at some scene in the "Arabian Nights." The interior is spacious, and wears an air of dignified grandeur; the light steals into it beautifully through stained windows; the throne in the distance is of splendid material, and the walls are one mass of artistic beauty. It is very difficult to gain access to the building during the session of the House, as no one is admitted without a written order from a peer. We were fortunate enough to gain the name of the Earl of Jersey upon a bit of foolscap, and therefore walked boldly through scores of policemen and guardsmen into the presence of this body of hereditary law-makers. As we passed through the bands of these lacquey-in-waiting, we could not help contrasting everything we saw with corresponding things in America. There, all was pomp and circumstance; the House of Lords was guarded as if from an infuriated mob. In this country a stranger enters the United States Senate without any writing of orders or nonsensical bustle, goes and comes when he pleases. In real, simple dig-

nity, the House of Lords will not compare for a moment with the American Senate, and the great reason is, that here a man must be possessed of some sort of talent or he cannot secure an election to that place, while in England the peers are *born* to their position as law-makers. Of course they are as likely to be men of moderate abilities as common people, and generally speaking rather more so.

The time we first entered the House of Lords the people of Paris were in the midst of Revolution. When we entered the Earl of Winchelsea was speaking upon some insignificant question, and when he sat down we noticed that the peers present grew excessively noisy. The confusion increased, and soon we saw fresh newspaper sheets in the hands of several. The news soon flew to us in the Gallery—*the King of the French had abdicated his throne!* Consternation was pictured upon every face, and we could not restrain our smiles. It was a scene for a painter; the proud despots seemed for a moment to catch a sight of the retribution which is in store for their wrongful usurpations. For, talk softly as we will, the system of hereditary rights in England is one of base injustice, and is only propped up by the sword and bayonet.

The really talented men of the House of Lords—with a very few exceptions—are plebeian; men who have been bribed over from the ranks of the people by the offer of titles. Here lies a great secret in regard to English Reform. The nobility know exceedingly well when and how to bribe. Harry Brougham becomes Lord Brougham when his talents have become a terror to the aristocracy, and from that moment he is an aristocrat. Men of talent cannot withstand the temptations of office and titles, except in a few instances, among which Richard Cobden is an illustrious instance. For he might have taken high office if he would, and without doubt might have a title for the asking, if there had been any hope of winning him to the side of the aristocracy.

There are few really great men in the House of Lords. There are Brougham, the lawyer; Wellington, the warrior; Campbell, the jurist-statesman; the Marquis of Lansdowne, an enlightened Whig; the Earl of Carlisle, formerly Lord Morpeth; Earl Grey; Lord Stanley, recently by the decease of his father become the Earl of Derby; and perhaps among the ecclesiastics the Bishops of Norwich and Exeter.

Lord Campbell is considered by some as the rival of Brougham in the Upper House, but while he is in the meridian of life, so far as ability and aptness go, the other is a mere wreck. There cannot be said to be rivalry, properly speaking, under such conditions. Both are Scotchmen, and both have carved out their own fortunes, with their own hands. Lord Campbell is perhaps the ablest jurist in the kingdom; as a statesman he ranks high, but not so high as some others in Parliament. He is a fine-looking man, with many Scotch characteristics, in countenance and actions.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is a prominent member of the Whig Government, and an influential peer. He has for years been distinguished for his hereditary position and intellectual acquirements. He was once extremely good-looking, but is now touched by age, limping, when we saw him, with the gout. His speeches, though not brilliant, are yet replete with good argument, and candor. His sympathies are as much for the people as one could expect, owing to his aristocratic position, and there is a visible difference between his definition of liberty and that of the Earl of Derby's.

We once saw the Bishop of Norwich—since deceased—and the Bishop of Exeter in the House together. There was a striking difference between the two men. The former was a small man, with bright eyes, and a pleasant, amiable manner, and he was good, benevolent, and liberal. The latter had a narrow, contracted look, and is contracted in some things, but possesses vigorous talents, and a biting, cross satire.

Earl Grey is one of the finest-looking men in the House. His personal appearance is classical, his speeches are models of parliamentary eloquence, and his influence over the peers is justly great. There is no other man there whose personal appearance, taking everything into consideration, is so good. When speaking, his figure appears to the greatest advantage. The popular engravings of him are generally correct, and in this respect he is a fortunate man. There are three men in Parliament whose portraits cannot fail to be correct, their features are so ludicrously striking. They are Brougham, Wellington, and Russell. The first has such a compressed face, the second so beaked a nose, and the last so *grannyish* a face, that it is impossible to make a picture of either, and leave out the distinguishing feature.

Lord Stanley—now Earl of Derby—is a bitter Tory, but after all one of the ablest men in the House. His appearance is good, though not remarkable. His speeches are characterized by bitterness and prejudiced reasoning—yet he is a man of great talents. His hatred for Liberalism or Democracy is as vehement as his love for the system of Protection and Toryism.

The House sits in two capacities—a legislative and a judicial. When judicial, it sits as the highest court of justice in the kingdom. On ordinary occasions, the only persons robed are the Lord Chancellor, who sits upon the Woolsack, the Bishops, the Judges, and the Masters of Chancery. But when Parliament is opened or closed by the Queen in person, the interior of the House of Lords presents a grand and brilliant spectacle. All the peers are in their robes, and ladies of the highest rank are present—the peeresses in their own right, and the wives and daughters of peers. Parliament is generally opened by commission, which is a tame ceremony, but all London is in excitement when Her Majesty opens it in person. People crowd all the avenues leading to the Houses

of Parliament, and when the Sovereign approaches she is saluted with cheers and hurrahs, the waving of handkerchiefs, the ringing of bells, and the roaring of cannon. When she arrives at the House she is first conducted to the Robing Room. When duly attired, Prince Albert accompanies her to the throne, and when she is seated, himself takes a chair-of-state immediately on her left. As soon as she is seated, the Queen desires the Peers to be seated also, and the "Usher of the Black Rod" summons the Commons. The Speaker soon appears at the Bar of the House with a multitude of members at his heels. The Lord Chancellor presents the speech to the Queen, and she at once proceeds to read it. There is a deal of foolish pomp in the ceremonial, but no one can deny that it is a most brilliant pageant.

The members of the House of Lords are divided into two classes—the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal. The former consist of two Archbishops and twenty-four Bishops, from England, and one Archbishop and three Bishops, from Ireland. There was a time when the Spiritual Lords outnumbered the Temporal, but now the latter are vastly in the preponderance. The Temporal Lords consist of twenty-eight Irish peers, elected for life, sixteen Scotch peers, elected for each term, and any quantity of English peers, who sit by right of descent, and whose only qualifications are that they be of age, of the right birth, and not totally imbecile. They are divided into various ranks, such as Barons, Viscounts, Marquises, Earls and Dukes.

When the House sits in a judicial capacity, it tries all individuals who are impeached by the House of Commons, Peers who are indicted, and determines appeals from the decision of the Court of Chancery. When it sits judically it is open to the public. Upon such occasions only the law-lords—generally—are present.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

An English politician frequently expends fifty or a hundred thousand dollars in securing an election to the House of Commons. No man—unless of great popularity—considers it prudent to risk an election without a heavy purse. In many cases votes are bribed with gold ; but generally with dinners and flattering personal attentions. A few thousand pounds are absolutely necessary, for there are committees who must sit and be paid, canvassers for votes, and voters who must either be bribed directly with gold, or indirectly with wines, brandies, and riotous living. This renders it difficult for the Liberals to become elected to Parliament—the cost is out of the reach of poor commoners, and therefore the aristocrats step in and win the day. The members are not paid for their parliamentary services, and many reformers are too indigent to be able to sit for seven years in the House—the length of the Parliamentary term—without any pay. Thus the House of Commons, which was originally intended to be the people's house, is ruled completely by the aristocracy.

Perhaps the most noted man in the Commons is Richard Cobden, the great Corn-Law opposer. The triumph which he achieved over the Corn Law was a heavy blow against the aristocracy, and they felt it to be such. He is one of the noblest of men, and is very democratic in his opinions and sympathies. No other man in England is so popular with the masses. He is a man of prepossessing personal appearance—with a broad and thoughtful brow, black hair, black eyes, and a half-solemn, sincere look. And what is a little singular, his eloquence is alike fitted for the masses or for Parliament. He knows well how to address people or senate. His eloquence is of the simplest cast, yet has the potent quality of convincing. There is no bombast in it, no flowing

rhetoric, but it satisfies. No other man could have converted the mighty intellect of Peel to Anti-Corn Lawism save simple, straightforward Richard Cobden. Through that mighty struggle of seven years, night after night did Cobden stand up in the House and advocate his opinions. One after another came over to his side, and at last the great leader of the Protectionists, Peel himself, came and sat at his feet as a follower! A grander triumph the world never saw, and Cobden might have taken any office or title if he would, but instead of that he has gone still further on in democratical opinions, and he is therefore separated from the administration by his sentiments.

Joseph Hume is another veteran among the ranks of the Liberals in the House. He is self-made, and has for forty years fought against the aristocracy. John Bright, the Quaker member, is an enthusiastic speaker, and was the compeer of Cobden through the great Corn Law struggle. Fox is a chaste orator, and George Thompson has eminent abilities as a speaker—and both are Liberals.

Lord George Bentinck was for a few years previous to his death the leader of the Protectionist party in the House of Commons. His speeches were characterized by nervous energy, and he was an ingenious arrayer of facts, which is often the most convincing kind of eloquence. Aside from his peculiar sympathies for the Corn Laws, he was a reasonable man, and a good leader of his party. He was deficient in morals, being a great gambler. In one season he netted by his gambling between three and four hundred thousand dollars. It was a singular sight to see the leader of the Tories of England betting at the races like any common and debauched gambler. England, however, had her "gambler statesmen before Bentinck came upon the stage. In appearance he was tall and slim—dressed fashionably, but not foppishly. His

forehead was broad and showy, and his general appearance was intelligent and pleasing.

Since Lord Bentinck's death, Benjamin D'Israeli has been the acknowledged leader of the Tories in the House of Commons, though his advocacy of Jewish liberty came near costing him his place. If the party had a single talented man in the House beside him, they would dispense with his services, for he is ill-fitted to be the leader of a great party. His personal qualities are not such as to inspire respect. His natural position is one from which he can attack whom he pleases, for he is only brilliant when destructive. As a builder he is good for nothing ; he has no clear-sighted philanthropy ; but can wield savage, though polished sarcasm and wit, with terrible effect. He often expends his wit upon the defenders of Truth, but in such cases it falls harmless to the ground ; but occasionally he points his guns where he should point them, and then, when truth and wit unite, his success is magnificent. He dissects an enemy with the ferocity of a tiger, but does it *politely*. His wit is keen and deep, but his invective is irritating rather than grandly impetuous. He has not depth enough to pursue a man as Daniel O'Connell did in that House. He cannot storm along with Daniel's thunder, making the very skies grow black and tempestuous about his victim's head ; but he stings like a venomous insect, and the result is, that his subject becomes vexed, maddens and hates, but is never afraid, and always despises his enemy. He has little popularity, because he lacks *heart*. As a brilliant speaker and writer—for he is far-famed as an author—he commands much attention, but little love or esteem. He has a Jewish look, and is of Jewish descent. His hair is dark ; eyes intense, wickedly black, narrow yet high forehead, slim body, and a medium height. He has a foppish and jaunty appearance, and in his dress causes much amusement, for he is the dandy-statesman of the House.

Mr. Goulbourn is one of the members from Oxford—the stronghold of Toryism. He is not talented as a speaker, but in the opinion of some is a man of sound judgment and discriminatory powers.

Sir Harry Inglis is quite distinguished for his advocacy of blind Conservatism; Sir James Graham was one of Peel's Generals, and is a moderate Conservative of great talents.

Lord John Russell, the Whig Premier, is by virtue of his position, one of the most prominent men of the House. In personal appearance he is quite ordinary, and indeed inferior. He is diminutive in size, has a *grannyish* face, the features being dry, small and wrinkled, his eyes are intelligent, his forehead small, and his manners rather pompous. This is not affected—he is of such inferior size, has such a doleful face and general appearance, that when he rises as Prime Minister with great words upon his lips, there is a look of pomposity about the man. One smiles involuntarily to think of a great statesman on so short a pair of legs! And besides, *Punch* has so often presented to the public that same peculiar face attached to so many different kinds of bodies, that the gazer cannot forget it. The Premier is a man of genius, but no statesman. He lacks depth, breadth, and statesman-like fore-knowledge. There is little dignity in his character, and the nation remembers that once he was, while out of office, a flaming reformer, but now a craven aristocrat. In the days of the Reform Bill he talked loudly of the people's rights, but long since has hushed that cry. He dresses with aristocratic simplicity, is a gentleman, pure in private life, and obliging in disposition. We shall not be at all surprised to see Lord John Russell once again an agitator. If circumstances deprive him of office, he will lead the people again, and ride triumphantly into power—perhaps again to deceive them.

We saw Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons during our first year in the metropolis, and we always thought him the ablest statesman there. The very face and figure of the man proclaimed him to be no ordinary character. His forehead was large, his countenance always in grand repose, and his person in keeping with the colossal proportions of his intellect. He was always well dressed, not splendidly, but with a plain richness which became him well. Whenever he rose to speak, the House gave all attention. No other man in the House inspired such universal respect. Men might differ from him, but they stood in awe of his stern morality and large intellect. His sudden conversion to Free Trade his quondam friends can never forgive, but it was a sublime proof of his love for truth and candor. The cry of "traitor!" did not disturb him, for his conscience told him he had acted nobly and well. He had mortified himself, for the sake of the toiling millions of England! And he lived long enough to see the discomfiture of his enemies, and now that he is dead, the man who would dare to traduce him would be hooted out of England. Knowing the temper of the nation, in this respect, the Tories never mention his desertion, now they well know that the cause of it was a powerful conviction in the mind of Peel, that to save the English nation, the Corn Laws must be repealed.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRIP TO HAMPTON COURT.

One pleasant day, as the Spring was just dying away into Summer, with a few friends, in a private, open carriage, we made a delightful excursion to Hampton Court. In a short time we had left Piccadilly, the Clubs, and Hyde Park out of sight, were off the stony pavements; and fields of green, and country-houses with close-shaven lawns, and groves, were scattered profusely on either hand. The day was clear, soft, and lovely, and the little villages through which we passed were nestling in among the vines and shrubbery like bird's nests. We stopped our carriage on Wimbledon Common to have a quiet view of the place, and the surrounding scenery —for only a few moments, and then were riding swiftly onward. In a short time we arrived at the pretty little village of Kingston on the Thames, about fifteen miles from London. We drove to a hotel, had our panting horses well taken care of, and after taking a luncheon, ordered a couple of boats in which we intended to pull up to Hampton Court, which was two or three miles distant.

Our boats were light as bark canoes, so much so that a single unlucky movement threatened a plunge into the water to us all. Our office was that of helmsman, and as soon as we were fairly upon the bosom of the stream, we saw the extreme loveliness of the scenery around us. On our right, lay the celebrated Richmond Park, its dense forests growing

almost down to the brink of the river. On the left hand, (going towards Hampton Court) there were beautiful residences, the gardens of which ran down to the edge of the river. Some of these were the most beautiful and exquisitely lovely spots we ever saw, and fairly made our heart sick of life in town. Out on one of the lawns a group of rosy-cheeked children were playing, while beside them in quiet contemplation, stood two young women, fair as lilies. There were hills in the dim distance covered over with the tint of the sky, while those nearer, were green and ridged with hawthorn hedges. Here and there were groves of trees, or flocks of snow-white sheep; the merry birds were singing in every bough, and English birds *can* "make melody" of marvellous sweetness on summer mornings! Occasionally we rested our oars and floated silently backward on the stream while we gazed at all the sweet beauty around us, as if charmed by the scenery as a practical mesmerist charms his patient. But the tide and stream were so strong against us, that we could not afford to stop rowing long at a time, and we felt the force of that line in the old song which says:

"Row! brothers, row!—the stream runs fast!"

As we glided on against the stream a song was struck up by our fellow boatmen, who were some distance in the rear, the notes of which echoed sweetly in the groves, on the banks of the river. The children, as we passed, came down to look at us and hear the song, and the birds sung louder than ever, as if to prove their undoubted right to the realm of song.

And now we were almost in sight of Bushy Park, which belongs to the Hampton Court Palace. A turn in the course of the river soon brought the Palace in full view, and a finer sight we never saw. The Park gates were just opposite us, and we could see a fine avenue of chestnut and lime trees,

fountains and statues, while back of them in magnificent splendor rose the palace which Cardinal Wolsey built for himself, but when questioned by the king, Henry VIII., why he had built a palace more sumptuous than any in the kingdom, he gracefully and at once gave it to his majesty.

Running our boats ashore, we put them into the care of a boy, and arm-in-arm passed through the little village of Hampton, and entered the gates which lead up to the magnificent Palace.

Hampton Court Palace stands on the northern bank of the river Thames, some fifteen miles west of London. The celebrated Cardinal Wolsey, who rose from a butcher's boy to be the greatest character in Henry VIII.'s reign, at the summit of his power wished to build a magnificent palace for his personal use, and wished to build it on the healthiest spot within a few miles of London. Physicians of eminence selected Hampton, where the palace was erected. It so far surpassed even the Royal palaces, that the king questioned Wolsey as to the matter, when he at once gave it to his master, who in return presented him with the manor of Richmond, a favorite residence of Henry VII.

John Skelton, a poet of Wolsey's time, wrote the following lines, which show the dissatisfaction of the people at the Cardinal's magnificence :

"The Kingyes Court
Should have the excellence!
But Hampton Court
Hath the pre-eminence;
And Yorkes place
With my Lordes grace,
To whose magnificence
Is all the confluence
State and applications
Embassies of all nations!"

But although Cardinal Wolsey for a long time was the favorite of his monarch, and lived himself like a king, yet, finally, he fell. He was impeached, arrested for treason, and died, it is supposed, by poison administered by his own hands. Before he died, he lamented that he had not served his God as faithfully as he had his king. It is supposed that Wolsey himself furnished the designs for Hampton Palace, which will forever stand to commemorate his greatness.

Henry VIII. held several magnificent banquets in the Palace—one of them in particular, given to the French Ambassadors, was a most gorgeous pageant. Henry, who will ever be remembered by his cruelties, often lived here, and brought every one of his six wives (if we mistake not) here for a short time.

Edward VI. was born in Hampton Palace, in 1537, and his mother, poor Jane Seymour, only survived his birth a few days. Henry loved her better than any of his other wives. She it was whom he married the day after his former wife, Anne Boleyn, was beheaded.

Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, spent their honeymoon in 1558, at this place. Queen Elizabeth occasionally held scenes of festivity in it, and James I. held the celebrated conference between the Presbyterians and the members of the established church, in one of the lofty rooms of the Palace, himself acting as moderator. The result was the present translation of the Bible.

The wife of James I., Queen Anne, died here in 1618. Charles I. spent some time at Hampton Palace in 1625, to get out of the way of the plague, which was raging fearfully in London—and here too, the poor and wretched king was kept in a state of gorgeous imprisonment by Cromwell's soldiers, and from here went to the scaffold.

Elizabeth the daughter of Cromwell was married here on the 18th of November, 1657, and the following year his

favorite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, died in it. George II. is the last king who has resided in it.

The Palace covers eight acres of ground. Over the archway of the gates, are the arms and motto of Cardinal Wolsey —"God is my help," and on the small towers are busts of the Roman Emperors. They were sent from Rome by Pope Leo X. to Wolsey, purposely to decorate his Grand Palace, and have recently been repaired.

This was the grand old Palace we were entering, and with all its rich historical associations in our memory, the reader will not wonder if we looked at its antiquated walls as they rested peacefully in the sunshine with something of reverence in our hearts. It was the Palace of Kings and Queens famous in the centuries which have fled away—it was the home and prison of Charles I.—and in it Cromwell, the Protector of the Commonwealth, closed in death the eyes of his favorite child !

We entered by the "King's Grand Staircase," which is crowded with allegories and devices painted by Verrio, into what is called the "Guard Chamber," a splendid apartment, sixty feet long by forty wide, and thirty in height. Here there was a grand display of armory—enough, it is said, to fully equip a thousand men. There are also several pictures, none of which attracted our special attention, save a portrait of Admiral Beubon, of whom the British sailors sing so lustily.

We next entered the "King's First Presence Chamber," and found a large collection of paintings. A portrait of the Duchess of St. Albans struck us—she was the child of poor but beautiful Nell Gwynne and Charles II. There was also another picture by Holbein, entitled "An old woman blowing charcoal," which was capital. In the second "Presence Chamber," there are among others two or three beautiful paintings by the old master, Titian, and in the "Audience Chamber" there are some excellent scripture pieces by old

masters. There is also, and we gazed long at it, a portrait by Titian of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesuits. He was a fine-looking man, if the portrait be correct, and it must be, for it is by Titian. However, Loyola was not the founder of all the dangerous and fearful maxims which have since been adopted by the Jesuits. *Venus and Cupid*, by Titian, is also a beautiful painting in the same room.

In the "King's Drawing Room" there is a powerful piece by Poussin, entitled "Christ's Agony in the Garden." In "King William's Bed Room" is the identical state-bed used by Queen Charlotte. The furniture is all embroidery of the most beautiful description. The ceiling is painted by Verrio. At the head of the bed there stands a celebrated clock, which goes a year without winding up. There are several paintings hung up on the walls—one of Catherine, wife of the licentious Charles II. She, it is said, was the very pattern of meekness and piety, and though at first shocked at the conduct of her royal husband, yet never ceased to love him. She was once so ill as to be given over by her physicians, when her husband wept at her bedside, begging her to live for his sake, little supposing that she would take him at his word. But his words acted like magic upon the dying Queen, for she suddenly revived, and finally outlived the king by twenty years.

We noticed in this room a portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth, one of Charles II.'s favorite mistresses. Her beauty was of the most delicate cast. She was purposely sent over to England by the French King to entrap the English monarch, and bind him to the French interest, and the scheme was successful. We saw also another of Charles' mistresses —the Duchess of Cleveland, of whom Bishop Burnet said: "She was a woman of great beauty but enormously wicked, ravenous, foolish, and imperious."

"Her Majesty's Gallery" is a large, fine apartment, and in

it there are many paintings which to us were full of interest. There were a dozen different paintings of Queen Elizabeth, and never before were we so impressed with the haggish hidcousness of her features.

One painting represented her when a child, and even then she was devoid of beauty. Horace Walpole says :

" A pale, Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns, and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls are the features by which everybody knows at once the pictures of Queen Elizabeth."

One picture represents her as an old woman, and of all the horrible sights we ever have seen, that surpassed all. Cruelty, passion, and imperiousness are written in all her features. In one picture she is drawn in a quaint dress, in a forest, a stag behind her, and on a tree are some Latin mottoes. On a scroll at the bottom of the painting, are some verses, which some suppose to have been written by Spenser, but more generally it is thought they were written by Queen Elizabeth, who it is well known, pined away after she had consigned Essex (whom she loved) to the scaffold. They are so plaintive that we will copy them here, exactly as they are written on the scroll :

" The restles swallow fits my restles mind,
In still revivinge, still reneuinge wrongs :
Her just complaint of cruelty unkinde
Are all the musique that my life prolonges,
With pensive thought my weeping stagg I crowne
Whose melancholy teares my cares expresse ;
His teares in sylence, and my sighes unknowne,
Are all the physicke that my harmes redresse.
My only hope was in this goodly tree,
Which I did plant in love, bring up in care ;
But all in vaine, for now *to* late I see
The *shales* be mine, the kernels others are.
My musique may be plaintes, my phisique teares,
If this be all the fruite my love-tree beares."

Not one of all the portraits of Queen Elizabeth gives to her any beauty. There is a look of repulsive intellect in some or all of them, but in none is there any softness, or womanly beauty. How Leicester or Essex could ever have *pretended* to have an affection for such a being, we cannot conceive. No one denies her great intellectual superiority over the women of her time, but she was also cruel as death, and without much personal morality, however much the old Conservatives of England may cry about the golden age of "good Queen Bess!"

In the same apartment there is a fine portrait of Prince Rupert.

But we will hurry on to the "Closet," which contains the cartoons of Raphael. They are so called because they are painted on sheets of paper. They were bought for Charles I. by Rubens the painter, and are the most distinguished pieces in the Palace. It seemed strange to stand before the mighty creations of Raphael's genius, which were executed in 1520, only a few years after Columbus discovered the New World. The first of the series is entitled "The Death of Ananias," and no one can conceive how vividly all the characters stand forth upon the paper, who has not with his own eyes gazed at them. You can see the man Ananias, as if the life were not completely gone from his body; the horror of those around him, as if it all was reality. "Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate" is another exquisite thing, and which intoxicates the gazer like the odor of June mornings. The power of such paintings over the human soul is wonderful, and cannot be otherwise than beneficial.

But we cannot record our admiration of all the paintings—we visited room after room, and at last emerged into the Great Hall, which was designed by Cardinal Wolsey. In the days of Queen Elizabeth this same Hall was used for dramatic performances, and there is a tradition that some of

Shakspeare's best plays were first performed here. In 1718, 'Henry VIII., or the Fall of Wolsey," was represented in this Hall, which was once the scene of his greatest splendor. The walls are hung with beautiful arras tapestry with arabesque borders. The windows are exquisitely stained and traced.

And now we walked into the ancient and lovely gardens which surround the Palace. They were full of verdure and bloom, of fountains and statues, and sweet-smelling flowers. In one part of it we saw a grape-vine which is 110 feet long, and some distance from the ground it is 30 inches in circumference. Last year it bore near three thousand bunches of black Hamburgh grapes.

There are a hundred beautiful avenues, shadowy with linden or lime trees, whose branches were graceful and refreshing. In one part of the Gardens there is a maze or labyrinth, which was formed during King William's reign. The paths are separated from each other by high hedges, and if you are tempted to enter the dangerous place, it is doubtful whether without help you can find your way out again.

It was with a feeling of regret that we returned from the Palace—perhaps never to enter it again. But it was now time to take to our boats, and upon the tide and stream we swiftly floated down to Kingston, where we partook of an excellent dinner, and rode home in a moonlight evening that would have made a poet sing!

And we were sick, *sick* of the town. Give to us the open, breathing, healthy country, in preference to the noise and confusion of the town. How strange that people *will* flock to the cities when all heaven lies without! Peace and Beauty and holy Quiet are not to be had in town; but in the country they are free, "without money and without price."

CHAPTER XIV.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

BUNYAN'S GRAVE.

THERE are many spots in London sacred to the memory of the departed great. Some of them are out of the way, in quiet nooks, or corners of old churchyards, where few persons ever go, and others are in renowned places, where the eyes of the world are sure to see them.

In Westminster Abbey fashion and nobility deign to gaze upon the tombs of philosophers, and poets, and statesmen. But there are places to which few wander, but yet which mark the burial-places of men of genius, of goodness and greatness. There are graves mossed over by gray years, without even a legible tombstone, which are sadly interesting to the lover of truth and religion, and poetry. Everybody can tell where Horace Walpole was buried ; but who can go and stand over Chatterton's grave ? He was buried among paupers—while the aristocratic butterfly who saw him perish without remorse, had a tomb like a king.

There is to us a peculiar pleasure in finding out the haunts of the poets of ages ago, and of good men, and resting upon the grass which waves gracefully over their graves. And we are content to take up with a hero whom the world may not have christened as the greatest. There are smaller stars in

the firmament, which, though not so brilliant, are as beautiful as the largest. There were men living a century or two centuries ago, not perhaps the greatest of men, but who were great and good enough to deserve immortality at the hands of the world.

In passing up a street called "City Road," we had often noticed a burial-yard which juts closely upon the street, so that we lingered sometimes to read the inscriptions on the tombstones. We were first attracted toward it by seeing a granite column in memory of "Thomas Hardy," who, a century ago (so says the granite column), was a great radical, and befriended the cause of the people to such an extent that he was thrown into the Tower on a charge of high-treason, where he lay separated from his family for six months, when he had his trial, which resulted in his triumphant acquittal by an honest English jury.

Just opposite this yard there is another, which contains the dust of Wesley, the founder of Wesleyan Methodism. No one who has ever read the life of that truly devoted man can stand over his grave without feeling and thoughtfulness. There is something in every earnest and holy man's life, though only seen through biography, which commands the respect of even the worldling, and no man, however cold, ever bent over Wesley's modest tomb without feeling in his inmost heart a sentiment of veneration for so disinterested and truly pious a character.

The opposite yard is called "Bunhill Fields," and was opened, if we recollect aright, just after the Great Plague which raged so fearfully in London.

One Sunday afternoon, seeing for the first time in all our walks past it, the yard-gate open, we dropped into "Bunhill Fields." A friend was with us, and we turned in at the little gate to decipher the quaint inscriptions upon the time-worn stones.

The yard is of considerable extent, and is very thickly strewn with stones. Almost all of them, too, we noticed, were old, some of them extremely old. Upon some the inscriptions were entirely worn away, and not a trace remained to tell the stranger whose ashes were beneath his feet.

We had wandered away from the main path, following a little narrow one strewn with gravel, when a tomb of very ancient appearance arrested our attention. It was in the style of the small, square tombs of the sixteenth century, and the stone was worn away in certain places by the ever-busy fingers of time. There were traces of old inscriptions, but so crumbled away that nothing could be made out of them. Upon one side was the simple inscription :

"MR. JOHN BUNYAN,
"AUTHOR OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,
"*Obt.* 31*st August*, 1688,
"*Aet.* 60."

It was what we had come to see—Bunyan's grave. The simple inscription struck us dumb, for we were standing over the dust of the author of that wonderful book which has penetrated to all parts of the world, and whose name is like a saint's in thousands of Christian households. The despised artisan of London, base-born, lowly every way, and treated with cruelty, made his name immortal, so that in lands where then nought was heard but the Indian's wild war-whoop, now millions of Christians pronounce his name with love and veneration! His earnest, fearless spirit; his pure devotion to Christ; his endurance of suffering and strong intellect can never be forgotten so long as religious freedom has worshippers.

The tomb bore the imprints of the years which have rolled away since the body of John Bunyan was laid in its final

resting-place—and what changes and wonders have they witnessed! Worlds have been peopled, as it were, since then, and light has driven out darkness, and the hideous spirit of Religious Intolerance has grown feeble, and in every year, every month, every day since then John Bunyan has borne his part of the battle for truth and piety. His pages have comforted, strengthened or sustained some desponding heart each hour since then—how wonderful is that immortality which a man creates for himself. How strange that by a heroic act poor man may work on till the earth perishes, while the fingers which once executed it are but dust!

Turning away from the tomb we resumed our wanderings, and soon stood before the grave of Dr. Watts. He was not a great man, not a great poet, but he *was* a *good* man, and his simple songs are now sung from Atlantic to Pacific in many homes and churches. As we leaned against his tomb, we had a vivid glimpse of the summer-sabbaths of America; of the simple country-churches, and the songs of village-choirs singing the hymns of Watts. We remembered Longfellow's touching picture of the village blacksmith:

"He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village-choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes."

Those smiling sabbaths!—how beautiful and holy they were! And it is something to the honor of Isaac Watts that his hymns are chanted in so many lands on these holiest of

all days! And speaking of sabbaths—a sabbath morning in London in the summer time is a beautiful sight! People clad in their best crowd all the streets on their way to church, and the chimes from a thousand bells fill the air with cheerful music. We have sometimes listened, when perhaps a half-dozen miles out of town, to the sabbath-bells, and never in any town or country heard anything more beautiful. The distance made the music soft, and the variety of sounds, and their cheerful tone, amid the sabbath sunlight, made the very air seem joyful. After service, go into the parks, and you find them crowded with men, women and children, especially the latter, who are brought out in great swarms to play upon the grass in the open air. But, to return to Bunhill Fields;—after leaving Bunyan's and Watts' graves, we wandered at leisure over the crowded but quaint grave-yard. Some of the grave-stones were extremely old-fashioned, and bore the quaintest inscriptions. In one part of the yard the graves were crowded together so closely that there was no space for walking between them, but this was where persons had been buried many years ago. In a part where recent graves had been made we saw some exceedingly beautiful tombs and marbles. There were not many people in the yard, for Bunhill Fields is not an elegant, fashionable burying-ground. In it lie some of the sternest of the old puritans, who had little sympathy for the fashions of this world. Indeed the whole aspect of the yard was gloomy and stern. Not a flower raised its head anywhere to be kissed by the breezes sweeping over the spot. Not a cedar or cypress tree was anywhere to be seen. And they would not be in keeping there. The religion of those grand old puritans was a solemn, almost gloomy thing. Yet was it not superior to the easy, poetical religion of this age?

STOKE NEWINGTON.

We made one day a delightful visit to Stoke Newington, an ancient suburb of London, and saw many things full of interest. Many years ago Stoke Newington was a very fashionable place for residence. In Queen Elizabeth's time there was a royal residence in it. We were shown a delightful walk, lined with ancient oak-trees, which is called "Queen Elizabeth's walk," because she used often to walk in it with Lord Leicester. There is a very beautiful villa in it, with a fine park, which the dissolute George IV. used as a residence for some of his mistresses. But there are other things in Stoke Newington of far deeper interest than any of these relics of royalty. There is in it a Friends' Burying-Ground, where lie the ashes of that pure and simple-hearted man, William Allen, who though simple, yet consorted with kings. When the Emperor of Russia was in London, he came with plain William Allen to the Friends' Meeting House in Stoke Newington, and knelt upon the bare floor of the house of worship, while the honest Quaker prayed for him as he would do for any other man. We have seen one who witnessed that scene, and he says it was a thrilling sight. The grave-yard is a quiet spot—the graves are all grassed over, and are without tombstones. In it lies buried the mother of Mary Howitt. A few years ago, while in England, we had the happiness of making her acquaintance, and a more intelligent, happier woman we never met. Her brow was smiling as that of youth, though she was very old.

In Stoke Newington there is one street, on which are houses, in which Dr. Watts, Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," and Mrs. Barbauld lived! The very house in which Defoe lived was pointed out to us, and we could not help stopping awhile before it to think of the olden

time. There is a Common, east of the house, on which he used to love to walk in pleasant weather. The house is old and crumbling, yet it is still inhabited and finely furnished. The *outside* of some of the most aristocratic buildings in London are exceedingly plain, and this old building is occupied by a person of wealth and taste. To wander through its rooms and think of the time when Defoe sat over his desk in one of them, writing his story which will live as long as the world, to the delight of the young, was to us a choice pleasure. It almost seemed as if the man "Friday" lurked somewhere behind some of the great window-curtains, and as if relics of the wonderful spot where Crusoe was so long a "monarch of all he surveyed," must be hid somewhere in the recesses of the old building!

The house in which Mrs. Barbauld lived is not far from Defoe's, and like it, is very old. The house in which Dr. Watts lived is in pretty much the same condition. There is an old building in Stoke Newington which used, many years ago, to be a chapel, and in it Dr. Watts used to preach. It has not been used for many years for public worship, but recently a religious society, while refitting their ordinary place of worship, used the old building, though it is little better than a ruin, for a few Sabbaths. We improved the occasion, and attended meeting there one day. The old pews and the pulpit were gone, but we could see the place where the pulpit used to stand, and the old walls were the very same which had for many a year, looked kindly down upon Isaac Watts! Our thoughts, we fear, were not with the preacher while we were in the old building, but "far away," among the scenes of years ago.

There is a beautiful cemetery in Stoke Newington, and it was given to the inhabitants by Lady Abney, who was a sincere friend to Dr. Watts. There is in it a pretty little church, where funeral services are performed by all denomi-

nations of Christians. Lady Abney was very liberal in her religious views, and the cemetery is, with its church, open to all alike, and though its grounds were never consecrated, yet many rigid churchmen have been buried in it. There is no quieter burial spot within a dozen miles of London in any direction, and there are cedars of Lebanon in it, wide lawns, and beautiful flowers. There is an old clergyman in the church, who is always ready to officiate for a small fee on funeral occasions. He is over eighty years old, his hair is like the snow, and he is a fit companion to such a solemn place.

One shining evening, with a female friend we visited the cemetery, and stopped in the little Gothic chapel to talk with the venerable clergyman. The tears actually sprung over his eyelids when we said that we came from America. "Ah!" said he, "I have two fine boys there!" Almost every family among the poor respectable classes in England, has some member, or relation in America. The old man asked a thousand questions about the wonderful far land of liberty in the west, which we were glad to answer.

We wandered over the lonely, yet lovely cemetery, stopping here and there to read the inscriptions on the grave-stones.

"Here," said our companion, as we stopped before a beautiful tablet under the branches of a tree, "here, a few years ago, was buried a pretty, prattling girl whom I knew, and loved, and who often used to come and play among the flowers on our lawn. One day, very suddenly, she died of a heart-disease. The suddenness of the stroke almost killed her father and mother. Her portrait was taken after death, and when she was arranged for the artist, I came in and looked at her. Never saw I so touching a sight! She was dressed as if alive, and was half reclining upon a sofa in the drawing-room. Her cheeks were like the rose-leaves, and if her eyes had not been closed I should have believed her alive. The southern windows were thrown open—it was a June morn-

ing—and the odor of flowers came in with the songs of the birds. Her mother entered the room—the sight was too much for her, and she fainted. The fair girl was buried in this sweet spot, but will never be forgotten by those who knew her."

In one part of the Cemetery we noticed a fine monument to Dr. Watts, but the most interesting spot is away to the north-eastern corner, where a small plot of ground is fenced off from the rest. On it there is a large and venerable oak, and that was the favorite place of retirement of Dr. Watts, when he was alive. A small tablet bears an inscription to that effect. It formerly was a part of the park belonging to Lady Abney, and as Dr. Watts was her guest for a long time, he selected the shade of this old tree as his favorite place of resort. Many a time has the good man rested upon the grass beneath its branches, and perhaps composed there some of those songs which are now sung in all Christian lands.

Lady Abney caused the spot to be railed off from the rest of the grounds after his death. The path to the spot is well worn by the feet of those who admire the goodness and piety of Dr. Watts.

England above all other lands is celebrated for the respect which she pays to her distinguished dead. The country churches and church-yards of England are the most beautiful in the world, and the influence of such places is chastening to the soul, in this harsh world of ours.

HAMPSTEAD AND HIGHGATE.

As we have before remarked, there are in London many places where lie the ashes of distinguished men and women of centuries gone. Some of these places are in out-of-the-way nooks and corners, where the great world never comes—for such places we always cherished a fondness. Not *always* to

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, where the bones of great men repose in grandeur, was it our pleasure to wander to gather reminiscences of the past, but to quieter places, to neglected spots.

In the village of Hampstead, a suburb of London on the west, Joanna Baillie, the distinguished authoress, used to live. She died, as the reader well knows, during the winter of last year; and it seemed to the literary world, that when she died, the link which connected them with the past generation of poets and authors was broken. She was a favorite with Sir Walter Scott, and the "Great Unknown" used always to visit her in her quiet home at Hampstead when he was in London. She was the companion of many of those bright and glorious geniuses which the world worships now—now that they are gone beyond the reach of the envy and hatred of their generation.

One day we wandered over the pretty village of Hampstead, and from the summit of Hampstead Heath, had a splendid view of Windsor Castle, distant nearly twenty miles. The village is on an eminence which overlooks London, and is an exceedingly healthy situation for a residence. After wandering over the Heath, and village, at last we entered the village graveyard, and almost the first grave we saw was that of Joanna Baillie. It half seemed to us that she selected the spot before her death, for it is as sweet and beautiful a place as even a poet would wish to be buried in. The grave is where all London lies beneath it. The blue hills of Surrey rise beyond the tall dome of St. Paul's; the great town lies open as on a map far below, while the noisy hum of traffic swells upward on the breezes which hasten over the great town. A more beautiful burial-spot we never saw, though the cemetery is often surpassed, taken as a whole; and it is fit that a poetess should be buried in such a place.

Not far from Hampstead is Highgate Cemetery, and we

walked over to it. It is by far—in our opinion—the most beautiful cemetery in the region of London, though it is not equal to Mount Auburn and Greenwood in America, or *Père le Chaise* in France. Yet it is situate on an eminence—on the south-eastern slope of a beautiful hill, looking down upon the busy metropolis, and is a quiet and retired place. We saw many beautiful and even magnificent tombs in the cemetery, and among others one that saddened us, for it was the grave of a countryman, who had died far, far away from his native land. We remembered our own feelings when on the same foreign shore, we lay, as many thought, upon our last couch.

A short distance from the cemetery we entered upon one of the sweetest English lanes that ever we saw. Perhaps a kind of beauty was added to it from the fact that it used once to be the favorite walk of John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley. For, many years since, Keats and Shelley used to walk in it, and Byron too, and Coleridge. Leigh Hunt, if we mistake not, first met Keats in this lane, and speaks of it in some of his writings.

One day in June—on a morning full of sunshine and songs—Shelley, who was full of strange fancies, as he was walking with a companion on the brow of this beautiful eminence of Highgate, stopped and gazed for a long time upon the lovely scene spread out before him, until he at last burst into tears, exclaiming, "I have seen this all before! In the past—in some previous existence—where? where?"

Who has not, on some peculiar occasion or moment in his life, felt the same? Felt that the then present moment, with all its adjuncts of circumstance and place, had been *lived* somewhere by himself before? To Shelley, the feeling, which was probably an illusion of the brain, was like a revelation of something beyond the common sight of men, an insight into the mysterious past, and he felt awed, surprised, affected to

tears with the thought that *previous* to his present existence, he had seen with the same soul, that glorious landscape!

Coleridge often came with some pleasant book to pass away the hours among beautiful things—to Highgate Hill, and the region of the Cemetery.

There is an old church, right in the heart of London, which we visited one day, where repose the ashes of John Milton, the sublime author of *Paradise Lost*. It is called Cripplegate Church. As we stood within its ancient walls, with the light coming in beautifully and solemnly through the painted windows, we thought of the time when the remains of the great poet were interred there—when he was alive and composing that poetry which has made his name immortal. The old clerk of the place showed us in the Book of Registry, the entry of Milton's name. It read as follows:

"John Milton—consumption—gentleman."

In these brief words the death of one of the world's greatest men was recorded. It was simply "John Milton;" he died of "consumption;" and he was a "gentleman." Not a single word about his greatness and glory—as if he had been a common man of the world. Some admirer has placed in the church a small marble statue of the poet, and that is all.

We occasionally met with people in London circles, who were once intimately connected with those whose names are held in great esteem and reverence in America. Through a singular blunder we first met the daughter of the celebrated divine, Dr. Adam Clarke, and subsequently made her acquaintance. We also had the extreme pleasure of a visit at the house of the only surviving daughter of the distinguished Robert Hall. She lives on the Surrey side of the Thames, has a beautiful home, and is a remarkable woman. In London society one continually meets with people who are as it

were the connecting links between this and the past age. There are those who were intimate with Byron, and Scott, and Shelley, when they were alive; those who knew Campbell, L. E. L., and other persons of genius now deceased; and to hear such men converse on the merits of the great ones gone to their final sleep, knowing them once as they did intimately, was to us a luxury and a privilege.

CHATTERTON.

While we are writing of men of past ages, the reader will excuse us if we indulge in a few thoughts upon that most unfortunate of the English poets—*Thomas Chatterton*. Four months of his life were spent in London, and those his most eventful ones, for they were his last. Who has not wept over the history of those four sad months—months of desertion, disappointment, madness, and death? We have walked the very streets he used to walk; gazed at the building in which was once his little garret-room, where he died—and if we refresh the reader's memory with some of the incidents of his melancholy history, we are sanguine of pardon.

He was born a century ago in the town of Bristol, England. His ancestors for many generations had been keepers of the St. Mary Redcliffe church, in that town—a church still noted for its extreme beauty. His father died before "the wondrous boy" was born, but his mother resided near the church, and his young brain was filled with her wild legends and marvellous stories concerning it. When very small he used to get the keeper's leave, and ramble over it for hours together, among its solemn aisles, and ancient, dingy cloisters.

When five years of age he was sent to school, but was pronounced by the master to be an incorrigible dunce. Not long after this, he accidentally met an old French book, filled with pictures which fostered his love for antique things, which had

been kindled in his lonely wanderings through Redcliffe Church. At eight he became a member of the Bristol Bluecote School, and was an astonishing devourer of books. He abstracted time from his sleeping hours to gratify this passion, and was severely whipped for it in several instances. When he was ten years old he became reserved and melancholy, frequently breaking out into fits of weeping. His ambition to be great, famous, and gifted, was intense. He spent his holidays invariably in an old and desolate cloister of the church, and his frequent visits attracted attention. It was noticed that he always carried with him pen, ink, and paper, ochre and charcoal-dust. The room was visited once during his absence, and nothing discovered save an old chest. If they had raised the lid of the chest, the secret would have been discovered. As it was, his friends made up their minds that he was fitting himself to join a roving band of gipsies, then in the vicinity of Bristol. But here he came regularly to complete his mysterious work. When he was twelve years old, he amazed an inhabitant of Bristol by discovering in the old chest of the cloister, the man's pedigree, with coats of arms painted on parchments. He traced his descent back to the great Earl of Northumberland, and the man received these indubitable proofs of his noble extraction with joy. He did not suppose a mere boy capable of such splendid forgeries.

A literary gentleman was just then writing a work upon Bristol, and Chatterton hearing that he lacked information of the early history of the town, again discovered in his old chest its full history, illustrated with small maps, and sketches of the streets and churches, *by one Canynge!* This forgery must have required great skill.

And what was more marvellous still, he put his little fingers down into the old chest, and drew forth poetry of exquisite beauty, purporting to have been written seven centuries before, and principally by one Thomas Rowley, a monk, who

wrought, according to this young lad's discovery, tragedies, epics, and interludes, in delicious profusion. These poems were at once pronounced by the great men of the day to be of rare beauty, and the old monk took his place among the English poets.

How strange that these men did not suspect the brilliant deception practised upon them—and yet how much more strange that so young a brain should possess the genius to write poetry that should reflect honor and fame upon a fictitious personage!

Disguising himself, he wrote to Horace Walpole of London, then at the head of the literary world, mentioned his discoveries, and sent a specimen of the poetry. Walpole, supposing him to be some distinguished antiquarian, wrote back as to an equal, and praised the poetry as containing the proofs of great genius.

Now, Chatterton thought it time to make a bold stroke. So he borrowed a few guineas and came to London—happy for him if he had ever stayed away! He came, however, and avowed the truth—the drawings, the parchments, the histories, and the poetry, were all the work of a boy of sixteen! The literary coxcomb, Lord Walpole, had been deceived by a mere boy. How easily he might have protected him and led him on, step by step, to one of the highest pinnacles of Fame! But no. When he saw that a mere boy had wrought these things, instead of wondering at his genius, he was enraged at his deception. He tore up the poor boy's letters, and advised him to go home and mind his business. But the boy-poet was too proud for that, and as he loved his mother and could not bear to pain her, he wrote her pleasant letters about the honors that were showered upon him, when in fact he was starving. He lived a while with a plasterer in Shoreditch, but the poor man could ill afford to harbor the melancholy poet. Next he removed to a kind-hearted milli-

ner's, in Brook-street, Holborn, where he stayed until his death. The building is now occupied by one Steffanoni, as a furniture warehouse, and we visited it one day. Here he lived many weeks on the borders of starvation, for he only hired the garret-room of the milliner, and got his meals where and how he could. Here in the depths of his despair he wrote the hymn which has caused tears of joy to flow from many eyes as being the type of his better spirit. Would that he could always have preserved the beautiful faith embodied in the last verse :

> "The gloomy mantle of the night,
> Which on my sinking spirit steals,
> Will vanish at the morning light,
> Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals

Alas! not one of all the great ones who had praised the poetry of the supposed monk offered help. What should he do? Live a few miserable months, haunted by dire images, and comforted daily with an unsatisfied hunger—or die? The rich crowded past him, selfish and sordid—they whose names are now in oblivion—and there was no bright hope to cheer his soul. The night gathered about his young heart, his brain grew wild, and in a paroxysm of despair he committed suicide. He wrote his own epitaph as follows :

"TO THE MEMORY OF

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian believe that he shall be judged by a superior power; to that Power is he alone now answerable."

He was buried among the paupers of Shoe Lane. As we stood over the supposed spot of his grave, now a market-place, we thought of the day, long ago, when his poor corpse

was borne thither to be cast into a pauper grave-yard, never to be recovered again—and then of the present fame of that young genius! Hardly any great author has existed since then who has not written of the "wondrous boy Chatterton!" Neglected as he was by his own age, the succeeding one has put his name among the stars!

While we write, a fragment of that very chest, from which his slight fingers drew such poetry and parchments, lies upon our desk. Perhaps those fingers have often rested upon it, while his heart was throbbing with ambitious hope! If he could only have known that a century from then, a mere fragment of his old Canynge chest would be worshipped as a precious relic of him, how his young heart would have leaped! But his story tells us a useful truth; that genius, sooner or later, must and will have its reward.

NELSON'S TOMB.

There are few visitors in London who go to see the tomb of the great Nelson—England's naval hero. His monument may be seen any day in the great Cathedral of St. Paul's—under the loftiest dome in England. But his tomb it is difficult to see, for it is beneath the stone floor, in the dark crypt of St. Paul's. We visited the spot one chilly winter's day, descending by a door in the nave, at the southern transept. Our guide was an old man, whose hair clustered in gray curls about his forehead, for he had seen many winters. He carried a lantern in his right hand, and led the way for us. We first visited the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect of St. Paul's, and many other famous buildings in London. It is situated nearly under the altar of the former Cathedral. The subterranean apartment was dark and gloomy, and the rays of the lantern only "made the darkness visible." Not far from the tomb of the great architect, are the remains of

Bishop Newton. Next to these are those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter, and Benjamin West of Pennsylvania. A feeling strange and powerful came over us as we stood there amid the gloom, with our feet upon the dust of Reynolds and West. The two countries—England and America—were represented in that solemn place of distinguished dead. With the sight of Reynolds' tomb came thoughts of his companions —of sturdy, cross Sam Johnson, and fawning Boswell, and splendid Edmund Burke, and poor but glorious "Goldy"—the world's Oliver Goldsmith!

The dingy, dreary old place was well calculated to excite one's imagination, and we could see them plainly as living. In a strange corner of the place we saw some decayed effigies in stone. One was of Dr. Donne in his shroud; another of Lord Chancellor Hatton, and still another of Sir William Cockayne.

But now our old guide led us to Nelson's tomb, saying,

"Here lies the greatest of them all!"

It is immediately under the great dome of St. Paul's, and is shut out from the rest of the crypt by iron palisades. Eight stone pillars surround the spot, giving to it the appearance of a small temple. The tomb is in the centre. The sarcophagus is of very ancient date, for Cardinal Wolsey ages ago designed it for his own use, but after his fall it was seized by King Henry, and kept at Windsor until the time of George III., who gave it for the body of Nelson. But Nelson was never placed *in* it. *Upon* this tomb lies the costly sarcophagus with Nelson's coronet upon it. This struck us with surprise—for what use can be an *empty* sarcophagus laid upon the tomb of any man? From historical associations and intrinsic gorgeousness it is of great value, but is a singular decoration to be placed *upon* a man's grave.

There was an air of awful gloom over and around the spot —we could have seen nothing but for the guide's lantern.

The old man seemed lost in thought, and was not garrulous as guides usually are.

"And this is Nelson's tomb!" said we aloud.

"Yes," replied the guide, "but you should have seen his funeral."

"Did you see it?" we asked.

"Yes—and a great sight it was.'

We begged him to tell us about it.

"The hearse," said he, "was decorated with models of the Victory—above was a canopy with six black plumes, and a coronet in the centre supported by four columns. The car was drawn by six splendid horses, each being led. The Prince of Wales followed it, and the Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, Sussex and Cambridge. There were also there many of the noble men who fought his battles with him. Hardy seamen wept like children. The great Cathedral was lit up by torches and lamps, as all the sunlight was purposely excluded. Seats were fitted up to accommodate thousands.

You should have seen them when all were congregated—for never will this old Cathedral show such another sight! One hundred and thirty lamps were suspended from the great dome above, and the effect was imposing. The music was solemn and grand, and by invisible machinery a bier was raised from the vault below to the aperture under the dome, and upon it the coffin was placed. Sailors folded up the flags of the Victory and laid them in the grave. The noble sea-veterans were determined to secure something as a remembrance of their great commander, and each tore off a piece of these flags. The great concourse of people lingered around the spot when the ceremonies were over, as if they could not bear to leave."

We asked the old man if the masses out of doors manifested any sorrow.

"Yes—all London was in gloom. Sailors everywhere felt

that they had lost their brightest ornament. The shops were all closed for the day in the business streets."

We again stood before the tombs of Reynolds and West. The old guide manifested no interest in them. And so it is generally—the heroes of war are loved and worshipped by the masses. Nelson in the eyes of the old man, was his country's saviour. But to us, Reynolds with his brush and canvass was greater than Nelson upon his Victory!

CHAPTER XV.

STRANGERS IN LONDON.

AMERICANS.

We can hardly understand the reason, but it is a fact, that many citizens of America, when travelling in Europe, seem to lose their democratic principles, or are at least ashamed of them. As a rule, no travelling people in the world are such sycophants—and we speak advisedly. An Englishman in America never feels called upon to speak in praise of those institutions among us, which he does not admire in reality. But many Americans in England grow enthusiastic in praise of the aristocratic institutions of that country. We all remember what Lord Brougham said to the American—and there was ground for it. Too many of them, while in Europe, affect a love for kingcraft and despotism, and too often the Ambassadors of this country abroad, are rather sympathizers with the nobles than with the people—with oppressors than with the oppressed.

We well remember the advice of a sage friend, given to us before leaving America:

"Everywhere you go—be not ashamed of America. You will gain respect by such a course." And we found it exactly so. Almost the first evening we spent in English society, a lady whose mind was bitterly prejudiced against America, said:

"Your republicanism will not last twenty years, it is not a *natural and safe system!*" We asked if among the proofs of the naturalness and safety of the English system, she would reckon the fact that there were three millions of paupers in England? From politics she changed to literature, saying:

"I admit that you have great reason to be proud of Irving and Cooper—but you have no poets."

"Begging your pardon, we have," we replied

"But none like Shakspeare and Milton!" she said.

"Shakspeare and Milton are no more yours than ours," we replied. "We are as closely connected with them as you—we are both descendants of the age and race which gave them birth, and that is all either of us can claim."

"But we have Tennyson."

"And we, Longfellow!"

"Well—I applaud you for defending America—but your countrymen scarcely ever do so here!" This remark stung us to the quick, for we knew it to be true. It is well-known throughout England, and is often spoken of—that Americans worship English aristocrats when they are in England, if thereby they can gain the slightest degree of attention. The English Aristocracy know how to win over the American Ministers to their opinions. They tickle him with flattering attentions; invite him to their magnificent country-seats, until he emulates them in their gorgeous gauds, and his salary is not large enough to meet his expenses.

Benjamin Franklin was no sycophant, and still was respected by nobles and kings. Even in Paris where there is a natural fondness for gewgaws and pageantry, the simple and stern old printer had the reverence of the highest. So if we keep men of real intellect abroad, they will not need to make a show—but if of small calibre, pomp and circumstance are necessary.

As a general rule the Americans are received well in Eng-

lish circles. As a matter of course the nobles are not specially cordial towards a republican, but even they like an American all the better for daring to defend his native land.

Perhaps no American scholar ever was better received in England than Mr. Emerson the poet-lecturer. His reception among the literary and learned classes was of the most flattering nature, and he never showed the slightest symptoms of man-worship. The simplicity of his manners, his total want of worship for mere rank or station, endeared him to all those who knew him intimately.

It is perfectly easy for an American who is among the aristocrats of Europe, to cling to his republicanism ; and for such a course he will obtain great respect from those who profess to despise American theories respecting government.

The late Henry Colman was a fine instance of this fact. It is well-known that he was petted and flattered by the first nobles of England. Some have gone so far as to accuse him of king-worship, but unjustly. No American, it is true, ever was received in a more cordial manner by the English aristocracy. Invitations poured in upon him from all quarters, but he never for a moment disavowed his republican and democratical opinions, and never would hear an unjust remark in reference to America without replying to it. He however was a candid man, and when *just* criticisms were made upon this country, he acknowledged their truth, and also claimed the same liberty to criticize what he saw wrong in England. When he returned to America he published his volumes, in which he was not afraid to expose the terrible poverty in England, and the wretched condition of the English peasantry. From the nature of his book, it consisting of many graphic pictures of aristocratic life, it had a very wide circulation among the nobility. And they respected him the more for his conscientious deportment, and when he returned again to England, the same halls and castles were open to him with

the old warmth of reception—indeed his second visit was more flattering than the first. It is told of him, that when the late French Revolution broke out, he was at the country-seat of one of the English nobles. The news of Louis Philippe's overthrow came while the party were at dinner. Every one deprecated it, and spoke in terms of disapprobation of the republicans. Said Mr. Colman :

"I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, but I love political liberty, and thank God that there is so fine a prospect of seeing Frenchmen in the possession of it !"

But it should not be the aim of American travellers to see aristocratic life in Europe—they had far better study *the people*, move among the refined and wise if they wish, but not become the despicable followers and flatterers of some hereditary despot for the sake of winning one of his smiles. These very men despise, from the bottom of their hearts, those Americans who are so recreant to their principles. There is a call for reform in this base business, for already in certain portions of Europe, we are looked upon as the defenders of old Conservatism, rather than political Liberalism. Such is not the fact. The *people* of this country are radically democratic, but are often misrepresented abroad, both by common travellers and lawful representatives at foreign courts. This should be the case no longer.

GRISI AND ALBONI.

We saw Mademoiselle Alboni before we saw her great rival the "Swedish Nightingale." Madame Grisi sang with her upon the occasion, and to our ears, sang very enchantingly, too. But she is no longer the *rage* of the fashionable world —her triumph-days are gone. Making no pretensions to musical skill, we of course venture upon no criticisms, yet relate *impressions*. We heard these mistresses of song at the

Italian Opera House ; a single box we occupied costing twenty-five dollars. We stepped into it a little before eight o'clock, and were pleasantly astonished at the sight. Imagine a vast interior, lighted by a mammoth chandelier, emitting light almost like a sun,—several hundred splendid boxes, filled with the nobility and aristocracy of England, blood, wealth, and genius—a vast pit, a stall gallery, and an amphitheatre. The dress-etiquette of the boxes is very rigid, and *perhaps* (as the Opera-goers claim) it is well that it is so. The opera for the evening was Scott's *Lady of the Lake* Italianized. The orchestra was immense in numbers, and the effect of its music was indescribably grand. An idea of the power and sublimity of musical sounds stole over us such as we never felt before. The scenic displays were gorgeous and beautiful. Madame Grisi was dressed in the simplest manner possible—in plain white, with a crimson sash tied prettily about the waist. Her figure like her acting was good, especially when fire, enthusiasm, and daring were in the lines she sung. Her eyes flashed forth the true Italian fire, and her hair was dark and beautiful. Her voice, to us, was supassingly thrilling and passionate, and while she sung we could but recollect the anecdote of her, which is said to be true—how that once being invited by some haughty nobleman in London, to an evening party, when the supper was announced, an official politely informed her that supper was provided *in a distinct room for the musicians!* The proud nobleman in the insolence of his *hauteur* forgot true politeness in his treatment of a guest. How Grisi stormed—how her black eyes flashed lightning, and her step grew proud! A half-dozen of the *élite* of the nobility and literary aristocracy followed her to her supper-room, and there with her associate singers, she sung such songs of marvellous beauty, that the outsiders begged admittance, but found the door locked against them.

We could see yet in Madame Grisi the magnificent,

passionate acting, and that sweet dignity which has ever been one of her characteristics.

Mademoiselle Alboni sang the part of Malcolm, the same evening, and her voice was the softest, clearest we then had ever heard. She was dressed with simplicity, and the charm of her acting was in a certain naïveté which appeared in every gesture. She is enormously fat, with a beautiful complexion, auburn hair, and a low broad forehead. When she came out upon the stage, she was greeted with great applause, and her first notes were like a bird's—so soft, gushing, and artless. Although far away from her in a distant box, each note came clearly to us, and distinctly. At length she seemed to gather courage, or passion, and grew more fitful and declamatory in her style and voice. Then the mighty orchestra broke in upon her, and yet above its tempest, her sweet voice warbled, fainter, yet almost as clearly as ever. Then the orchestra's thunder died away and she was alone, soaring step by step to her climax. Every moment added to the intense passion of her manner, and the wonderful compass of her voice. Up and up, farther and farther in the blue above soared her voice, until an idea seized us that a certain note, so high that we could scarcely *imagine* it, should be her resting-place, should complete the harmony. And by one bold effort she reached it and poised there like a lark, filling the capacious theatre with the thrilling note, and then sank back exhausted. All had been still, painfully still, until her climax was reached and finished, but then such a clapping of soft, white hands, such a waving of handkerchiefs we never saw before. The Earl of Carlisle arose in his box, and threw to her a splendid bouquet, which with admirable perception and gracefulness she threw into the hands of her rival, Grisi. Two of the sons of ex-king Louis Philippe were present and followed suit with bouquets.

We were in London during one of the "seasons" of Jenny

Lind's triumph there. One night she sang at the Italian Opera in *Lucie di Lammermoor*. The price of boxes rose from twenty-five dollars to eighty, and were eagerly bought at that price. There was the same enthusiasm in London as in American towns, recently, during the wondrous performances of the "nightingale." In America we have not seen her to advantage, for she is most triumphant in the Opera. Her *acting* is surpassingly beautiful. Her manner was so artless and frank that she captivated all hearts, and would have done so had her voice been less beautiful than it was. With a good-natured countenance, mild eyes, and a pleasant mouth, consummate acting, and a voice superior perhaps to any in the world, it is not strange that all London was mad to see her. To us her chief glory lies in the fact that with all her almost miraculous powers, notwithstanding all the splendid temptations which luxurious noblemen threw in her way, she remains as pure, as free, and generous, as when she graced the simple home of her father at Stockholm. Amid the applauses and flatteries of the Berliners, the Parisians, the Londoners, and the Americans, she preserves her original simplicity and pureness of heart. One of her intimate friends, while in England, was Mrs. S. C. Hall, the authoress, whose beautiful residence of "The Rosary," at Old Brompton, London, was not far from the house Mdlle. Lind occupied.

FREILIGRATH.

We visited one spring evening, by invitation, the celebrated German exile-poet, FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. His residence was then in a northern suburb of the town, a half-hour's brisk ride from the Exchange. We met with a warm reception from the poet, from the fact of our being an American. He was alone, in his drawing-room, reading. We were disappointed in his appearance—perhaps agreeably so. We had

supposed that an exile in the cause of liberty must be pale of face, spiritual, and his body attenuated. But we were mistaken; instead of a wasted martyr, we saw a large and robust man, with a full, broad face, and huge beard, and an abundance of fine, black hair. His forehead was exceedingly large and rotund. Ideality, as fixed by the phrenologists, was large, as well as Causality. His face was intellectual, and yet there was marked animality in it. Indeed, from this we think arises his great love for his kind. Mere intellect cares for science and the arts, and overlooks humanity. The great poet, or artist, is full of strong impulses or passions, and these, guided by intellect, enable him to write poetry. In many instances the animal feelings ruin the man, as in the case of Byron. But without them the poet is not readable—his literary offspring lack fire and power:

> "If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
> Like being stirred up with the very North Pole."

We were soon talking of America, a subject which interested the poet deeply, for he is himself a republican in sentiment. Of our great natural resources he spoke in terms of wonder, and also of the energy of the American nation. When he spoke of his native land he became sadder. The first Prussian revolution had transpired, and he was full of hope, if not for the establishment of republicanism, of a constitutional monarchy, and eventually of something still more democratical. He spoke with great interest of Professor Longfellow, whose acquaintance he formed in Germany years ago, and with whom he has since corresponded.

During the evening his wife entered the room, and we had the pleasure of making her acquaintance. She is a fair specimen of German female beauty (among the refined classes), has dark hair, and beautiful gray eyes, pale cheeks with a tinge of crimson, and a slender form.

They were making preparations to go back to Prussia, as his friends were again in power.

Freiligrath was born at Detmold, the capital of the little princedom of Lippe-Detmold, Prussia, on the 17th of June, 1820. In 1835 he first began to publish his poetry in the German newspapers. At that time he was a merchant's clerk—an office not congenial to the taste of a poet. Gradually and surely his reputation extended, until he was great. In 1839 he threw up his mercantile profession, and devoted himself to literature. In 1844 he published a work entitled, "CONFESSION OF FAITH," in which he advocated democracy. The ire of the king was ignited by it, and he was obliged to flee for his life. He knew not where to go. He was poor, but trusted in God, and kept a stout heart. William Howitt made an arrangement for him to become connected with a German house in London, for which he should receive a good salary, and he accordingly came to England, where he remained two years. He was warmly welcomed by that portion of the English literary world that has sympathies with humanity and the spirit of the age, but the aristocracy slighted the exile. Bulwer once called upon him, but the men and women of place and power passed him by. It mattered little, however, for such men as Thackeray, Howitt, and Dickens welcomed him. He needed not their smiles, for a brilliant triumph was awaiting him in Prussia.

A few weeks after we saw him, on the evening above mentioned, he returned to his native Prussia, and everywhere the people gathered at his feet with huzzas of welcome. He shortly after wrote a poem entitled "THE DEAD TO THE LIVING," which was published. It eloquently exposed the conduct of the King during the revolution. On the 29th of August, 1848, while at Dusseldorf, he was again arrested on the charge of high treason, and was summoned before the Minister of Public Instruction. Dusseldorf was in a state of intense

excitement. The evening of his arrest seven thousand students marched its streets, solemly chanting his poem. The effect was thrilling. Thousands offered to beat down his prison-walls and release him, but it was wisely resolved to await his trial, which was the first under the new constitution, granting a trial by jury. His wife and children were allowed to visit him four times each week in the presence of an officer. On the third of October he was brought to his trial. Six hundred of the Burgher Guard surrounded the building in which his trial was conducted. The building was crowded to excess by some of the noblest men and women in Prussia, witnesses of the scene. There was no boisterous excitement; every face was solémn and sad—they were to see that day whether there was liberty in Prussia or not. Freiligrath, calm as a statue, entered, and when he had taken his seat, as if by magic, a thousand beautiful bouquets were thrown at his feet, but there were no outbursts of applause. It was clearly proved that 9,000 copies of his poem had been sold—that *he* was the author.

"*What is your verdict?*" asked the Clerk of the Court, of the Foreman.

"Not Guilty!" was his answer, and then the walls of the court-room vibrated as with thunder. The poet was borne on the shoulders of the sturdy Germans away to his home. The balconies and windows in the streets were full of fine ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs, and the people in the streets spread his path with branches and flowers, to his house. He felt it, and all Germany felt it to be a triumph of the cause of Truth and Freedom. But the days of aristocratic rule hastened on; there came a reaction, and Ferdinand Freiligrath once more was in danger of his life if he remained in his native land. Once more the noble patriot fled to England, where he now is awaiting calmly the next great Revolution of Nations, which shall give to the people their liberties.

CHAPTER XVI.

POPULAR ORATORS.

There are few really great and popular orators in England, or London at the present time. There are parliamentary speakers of eminent ability, there are pulpit orators of renown, but there are few popular out-door orators. Daniel O'Connell, who used to rouse the great masses of people as a whirlwind does a forest of trees, is no more ; George Thompson, who once had exceeding power as a public orator, seems of late to confine himself to his parliamentary duties, and many of the orators of the days of the Reform Bill are now silent. Cobden and Bright are indeed very popular with the people, and we have alluded to them in another chapter, but they are not masters of splendid oratory. John Burnet is a popular speaker among the people ; an humorous Scotchman among the ranks of the Reformers. Charles Gilpin is also an enthusiastic speaker. One reason why England is so devoid of popular eloquence is because for the last few years she has been in a stagnant condition, socially and politically. No great agitation has swept over the land to call out eloquence. The Reform Bill Agitation furnished its own orators, and so did the Anti-Corn-Law movement, but since then no national commotion has aroused the spirit of the people.

Joseph Sturge is a popular man throughout England, though possessing none of the graces of oratory. He is not so great in intellect as in goodness ; his devotion to all humane objects, to all reforms, is that of a sincere and thorough

Christian. His popularity is unbounded throughout the kingdom, for he is known everywhere for his charities. He is wealthy, but gives much of his income to the poor, and his life is "a daily beauty." He once stood for Parliament, refusing to bribe electors in any manner or shape, and lacked only seventy votes of an election. He was opposed by John Walter of the *Times*, who spent in bribes more than $75,000, for which he was unseated. Mr. Sturge is about fifty years old, and has a face innocent and loveful as a child's. His forehead is beautifully large and rotund; his hair is soft and curly, and his eyes are blue and mild. He is not a fluent speaker, and is not distinguished for his eloquence, but there is always sagacity in his words. His audiences are always extremely enthusiastic, and the reason is, because he *does* so much for the people.

EDWARD MIALL.

We would like to give to the reader a sketch of the two best of England's popular orators, and will commence with Edward Miall. He is upon yonder platform, and is about to speak. There are thousands crowding about him, and as he comes forward they rise involuntarily, and greet him with a storm of cheers. In a moment, however, they are hushed, and still holding their breath, as it were, to catch his first faint words. He is a stripling in appearance, slim and pale, yet with eyes dark and flashing, and soft, black hair. He trembles with emotion or timidity even to the tips of his fingers. At first you can scarcely hear him speak, he is so tremulous and low-voiced, but by degrees he becomes absorbed in his subject—he forgets his audience—and each successive sentence grows in eloquence and power, until you find yourself breathless, gasping to grasp every idea, every word and action! Each sentence is, you notice, beautifully con-

structed, but as he advances you forget the mere construction of his sentences in the splendor of his eloquence and argument, and the strange magnetism of his presence. He commences a peroration—recapitulates swiftly his whole argument, and while he moves grandly on, the audience seem awe-struck, and scarcely stir. At last he sits down, pale and exhausted, and you awake as if from a dream.

Edward Miall, the Editor of the *Nonconformist* newspaper, is one of the truest reformers in England. His popularity is great, and yet not like that of some orators, for his oratory is of too chaste a kind to be fully appreciated by the masses. The selectest circle in the world would listen to him with delight. We often saw him in London, but know little of his early history. He is a splendid writer, and was offered by the proprietors of the *Times* a brilliant pay if he would furnish editorial matter for its columns—matter which should be agreeable to them. He replied, nobly, that no money could ever tempt him to advocate wrong, or to conceal his liberal opinions! He is a rare man in London, for he is ready to sacrifice money, and fame, if necessary, for the sake of his principles. Many of his writings, if considered merely as literary performances, are exceedingly beautiful, and his editorials generally are characterized by great energy and spirit. He is, we believe, about forty years of age, and has for a long time toiled in the ranks of reform.

HENRY VINCENT.

But we must hasten from Miall to Vincent—the most effective out-door orator in England. George Thompson is more profound; Edward Miall is more classical, but in mighty *power* as an orator, Henry Vincent is peerless in his native land. His oratory would probably be laughed at in Parliament, but give to him an audience of a few thousand of the

honest whole-souled people, and he will make them frantic with his eloquence. No other man in Britain can mould them as he can. We heard him for the first time when all Europe was affrighted at the Revolution in France. He rose before an audience of thousands—a small, red-faced man of thirty-five years of age. We saw instantly one great secret of his success, and it was his consummate *acting*. He seemed to act his thoughts with his face, and often foreigners not understanding a word of English, but simply from gazing at his speaking face have cheered him enthusiastically. His pantomime is indeed thrilling, and in vain we essay to describe it. The night on which we first heard him, he commenced his speech with great moderation, occasionally indulging in flashes of wit and humor. Whenever he said anything humorous his face assumed an expression which of itself would have convulsed an audience with laughter. But we could see that the audience seemed to be expecting some grand pitch of excitement, some fascinating crisis. By degrees he grew more fervid ; his face began to twitch with nervous agitation, and it grew ruddy. He traced the power of the aristocracies of the world, and of the destruction which is everywhere their accompaniment. He travelled over France, Spain, Germany, America, and Italy, then came back to England. The picture was full of gloom—darkness and misfortune seemed to beset the nations ; the very hall grew dim ; the faces of his audience were sorrowful, while his own was the picture of stern melancholy. Suddenly his face grew radiant with smiles ; he pictured young Liberty in France, in Italy, and America ! As he went on, he grew more and more intense in his fervid eloquence. He showed us Europe as she *would be* in the glorious time soon coming when her people shall embrace Liberty ! The audience poured out torrents of cheers ; but now he executed his final and grand stroke of eloquence. He painted in glowing colors the future of Eng-

land. Each heart beat fast, and burned hotly, as he spoke with intense enthusiasm of England in that golden age which is coming. He stopped for a moment, and, with an enthusiastic smile, uttered softly the name, "*England!*" The look, the manner—they were magical! Not a cheer burst forth, but tears were streaming from all eyes. Every moment added to the now painful intensity of the scene. Smiles and tears struggled for the mastery upon the orator's face. As he went on the great masses of people clustered as if insane around him. We saw one man go up to him and try to stop him, fearing that sudden death would be the consequence of such excitement.

He stopped;—looked round about him;—no cheers interrupted the strange silence. All eyes hung upon his lips;—he exercised a spell upon every heart. Soon he looked up to heaven in a supplicating manner, and whispered, "England!" Then louder, "*England!*" And louder still, "ENGLAND!"

He fell back. He was done. A noise like wind among the forest trees swayed over the audience—it was not voice, but sobs and tears. They stood entirely entranced. It seemed as if they never would stir. At length Vincent jumped again before them, and with his handkerchief waving about his head, shouted, "Liberty forever!" Then the very roof trembled with the shrieks of applause. Fine ladies swung their handkerchiefs to and fro, and staid old merchants growled forth their cheers!

A recent writer says of Mr. Vincent:

"It has often seemed to me as I have watched him, towering towards the close of a speech, that its peroration would certainly be a fit of apoplexy. The last time I heard him, the concluding words of his address were, 'Hallelujah!' 'Hallelujah!' which he screamed out with such mad energy that I feared he was approaching the end of his career."

Henry Vincent was in early life apprenticed to the printer's

trade, and became a proficient in the art of type-setting. Just as he was attaining his manhood, in the year 1827, the great Chartist Agitation commenced in England, and the young printer forsook his types for the platform. He advocated physical resistance to the Government—a fallacy which he has since abjured—and became a doomed man. The young orator with his wonderful powers upon the platform was too formidable an enemy to the Government to be passed over easily.

One evening he had been addressing an out-door audience of many thousands in London, and became so excited as to utter unguarded words. He in fact spoke treason. Leaving the platform he proceeded home, and on the threshold of his mother's door was arrested by an officer.

"You are my prisoner," said the constable.

"For what act?" asked Vincent.

"For speaking treason," was the reply, and he was marched off at once to jail. The next morning he was bailed out by his friends, and bound in the sum of $15,000 to appear at Monmouth Jail the day previous to that appointed for his trial. As soon as he was fairly released, he again boldly took the stump against the tyrannical Government. He soon, however, discovered that an ingenious trap was laid for him, or rather those friends who had bailed him from jail. The officers of the Government got out fresh warrants for his arrest for a second violation of law, which they intended to execute a few days previous to the time he was bound to appear at Monmouth, and thus oblige him to forfeit his bonds. But he was on the alert, and waited in London till within a few hours of the time. He then hid himself in the bottom of a cart loaded with straw, and which was driven by one of his friends in a smock frock, and thus rode safely to jail, though the team was once accosted by officers in search of him.

When he was carried to the Court-House for trial, the immense multitude which surrounded him took out the horses from his carriage, and themselves drew him to the scene of trial. At a certain stage of the proceedings the mob broke in the windows with stones, and after trying ineffectually to calm the populace, the Sheriff was obliged to ask young Vincent to address the people, and ask them to go away, which he did with perfect success. He was sentenced to imprisonment for a long term of years, but was pardoned at the end of two. His cell was a miserable dungeon, and he had no company—nothing but grim solitude for two long years.

There was an aperture in his cell of small dimensions, but closely wired over, through which occasionally came a gust of fresh air. He was looking up at this one day, when he saw peeping through it as sweet a face and bright a pair of eyes as he ever saw in his life! It was the gaoler's daughter —she pitied the eloquent young democrat, and at a great personal risk came to assist him. She tore away the wires before the aperture, and with a string let down to him a basket full of delicacies. He begged for paper, pens and ink, and she brought them, and they corresponded with each other, she giving him the news from the great world without, he telling her of his thoughts and fancies while in a dungeon. Here was romance in a prison! And as long as he stayed there this girl was his kind and noble friend.

At last, however, his case and condition became noised abroad, and a great storm was raised, and the Government began to feel it. A distinguished Peer came down to see him in his dungeon. He had never been allowed even a chair, and he determined to impress the fact vividly upon the Peer. So when he entered he said :

"Please be seated, my lord—do be seated!" At last the young orator was free. Never did man receive a heartier reception than he did from his native people. Millions crowd-

ed around him, and when it was found that in the solitude of his dungeon he had improved his wonderful powers of oratory, and was ready to consecrate them to the cause of freedom, these millions rent the air with their hurrahs.

Mr. Vincent is one of the pleasantest of companions. We remember well when we sat by a winter's fire in a pleasant room, listening to his interesting conversation. Few excel him in hearty humor, and enthusiastic conversation. He is married, and resides just out of London on Stamford Hill.

CHAPTER XIV.

PULPIT ORATORS.

DR. MCNEILE.

Among the pulpit orators of England the Rev. Dr. Hugh McNeile of Liverpool occupies a distinguished position. He is often in London—so often that his peculiarities are well known to all Londoners. He has for many years been the minister of St. Jude's Church, Liverpool, with a splenid salary, and is greatly beloved by his congregation.

His chief characteristics are a tremendous energy, strong decision of character, and great enthusiasm and warmth of heart, so that he is at times almost under the influence of fanaticism. Yet such is the stern honesty of his character, that few men in or out of Britain, possess a more attached circle of friends.

He is impulsive, and although such men do sometimes err, they are far more likely to be right than those who, lacking any heart, never achieve great things for the cause of Right, nor are ever propelled by their enthusiasm (having none,) in a wrong direction.

The whole of Dr. McNeile's life has been spent at war with the Catholics. He is a member of the Established Church, and as a minister of that church in Liverpool, where the Catholics are exceedingly numerous, he has received many provocations, and we dare say himself given some. At any rate he has fought for fifteen years without any respite,

and is as ready for battle to-day as he was fifteen years ago. He is fond of excitement, partly perhaps from habit, but would die a martyr to his faith, readily, if the sacrifice were required.

In the pulpit he looks more like a son of Vulcan than a minister of the Prince of Peace, and one is reminded while looking at him of the celebrated Methodist Minister, Peter Cartwright, of Illinois, who often left his pulpit to silence disturbances with his brawny fists. When Dr. McNeile rises to speak, you are awed by his powerful physical appearance ; he is tall and stout, with broad shoulders and muscular arms, while his great, sloping forehead, white as snow, contrasts finely with his dark hair. His eyes are expressive of genius, while his whole face has the look of a man whom all the powers of Europe could not drive from a position he had taken conscientiously. He speaks best extemporaneously, and then when roused and excited he pours forth a torrent of fiery eloquence, lashes his victim without mercy, and generally carries his audience with him. While speaking, his gesticulation is always stately and in keeping with his character, for although a man of great enthusiasm, yet he always wears a look of dignity.

He is a famous controversialist—in fact he has always been in controversy with somebody, and scarcely a noted paper in the land of Britain is there, which has not at one time or another either attacked him, or published letters from his pen. He is said to be a hard-working, laborious man, and his looks testify to the fact. He is a great favorite with the ladies, yet has little of the *beau* in his character. He is so intensely sincere, that even his enemies respect him, while his friends half worship him.

He is mainly powerful when combating Error. He has none of that outbursting, loving eloquence with which the celebrated Thomas Binney of Weigh House Chapel, wins men from sin over to purity and peace.

A good anecdote which occurred in his early life illustrates his decision, and religious honesty of character. A rich bachelor-uncle of his gave him to understand, that if he would marry a young lady who was a favorite of his, he would bequeath to him a property worth over $300,000. The young lady was very beautiful and attractive, but lacked what to him was worth more than everything else—*true piety*. He therefore refused to accede to his uncle's wish, married a poor but worthy and pious young lady, and—lost the property.

But while he is so honest, it cannot be concealed that his fervor and zeal for truth often lead him into excesses. During the exciting controversy in reference to the establishment of a Catholic hierarchy in England, he was in a state of fearful agitation, and in his pulpit called for the punishment of death upon those priests who administered the confessional; but when time had cooled his brain he frankly asked the pardon of his audience for allowing himself to enunciate such a horrible sentiment. The apology illustrates his character, for he frankly acknowledges, when convinced that he has done wrong.

FOX.

W. J. Fox is not now, we believe, a pulpit orator, but when we first entered London a few years since he was so, and we venture to give a slight sketch of him here. He is a member of Parliament, and one of the finest scholars in England. He has made shipwreck of his religious belief, and is known even now as the "infidel-preacher."

He used to preach in a church in Finsbury Place, and his sermons were, considered in a literary point of view, masterpieces. In person he is very short, yet fat and heavy. His face is white, and his hair very black, while his eyes shine like stars. There is a peculiar melancholy upon his face which has a singular appearance.

When in the pulpit he used no action while speaking, nor in the House of Commons, nor at a mass-meeting of his constituents. Yet such is the force of his chaste and stately eloquence, that few ever are glad when he has done speaking. There is a fascination in his words which captivates every refined ear. He was quite as likely, when in the pulpit, to choose his text from Watts' hymns as the Bible—from Shakspeare as from Watts. His religious belief good men deplore, while they admit, that personally he is a man of good morals, and his chaste eloquence all lovers of pure English must admire. He was years ago a warm friend of William Hazlitt, the republican essayist, and they sympathized with each other in their peculiar religious sentiments.

He is a thorough advocate for Reform, and is a tried friend of the people. No money could ever bribe him to devote his brilliant talents to the cause of the aristocracy, and this should make those men, who, professing stern religious principles, have nevertheless betrayed the people of England, blush for shame.

Mr. Fox does not often speak in Parliament, but when he does speak he is listened to with flattering attention. He is the originator of a National Education Scheme which Richard Cobden is now supporting, and the object of which is to give the ignorant masses a common-school education.

There are many distinguished clergymen in London whom we might sketch, and yet we are inclined to think that there are not now many brilliant pulpit orators in Britain. The splendid Robert Hall is no more ; and Chalmers is gone, and Clarke. The celebrated Melville is well known, for he has imitators this side of the Atlantic ; the Hon. and the Rev. Baptist W. Noel is also widely known, and is truly an impressive pulpit orator.

The Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, is quite often in London, and is well known throughout America by

his published works. He is an impressive speaker, but is by no means an orator. His style of speaking is not declamatory, but peaceful and convincing. He is devoid of fine gesticulatory action, is indeed too inactive in the pulpit, but notwithstanding that, he can hold an audience in strictest silence for hours. There is an indefinable charm in his sermons—they are so complete, so finely illustrated, and so interesting.

The Rev. Dr. Harris is at the head of a Collegiate Institution just out of London, and is widely known and distinguished for his metaphysical powers. As a pulpit orator he ranks well, but his sermons are chiefly valuable for their deep thought and research. A portion of Dr. Harris' early history is full of thrilling interest. While residing many years ago in a seaport town, he became exceedingly attached to a young and beautiful widow. Her husband was a mercantile gentleman, and had gone out to China on business, but the vessel in which he took passage was wrecked, and every soul on board lost. She went into mourning for him, and manifested every suitable respect for his memory. She mourned his death sincerely and intensely. But at length she met Dr. Harris, who was struck not only with her beauty, but with the loveliness of her character. She requited his affection—they became engaged—and were eventually married.

A few months after the marriage, they went down one morning before breakfast to the sea-side for a walk. As they approached the water, they saw that a ship from some foreign port lay in the offing, and a small boat was approaching them from it. As soon as it came near enough to render the persons in it recognizable, the young bride fainted away. *She had discovered her first husband in the boat!* The story soon was told: he was wrecked in the China Seas, was thrown upon an island, where he subsisted for some time, and at length made his way to China. A long time elapsed before he could come back to England—to find his wife the

bride of another! The wretched woman only recovered from her fainting fit to go raving mad, and though everything was done for her which science and affection could suggest, she expired in a few weeks in great mental agony. Her death was in reality a mercy, not only to her, but to the two gentlemen whose wife she was.

Dr. Harris is a devout Christian, and a man of large thoughts and liberal ideas. He is well fitted for combating infidelity in all its phases.

THOMAS BINNEY.

Having sketched the portrait of Dr. McNeile, the celebrated Episcopal pulpit orator, we will close the chapter with a like sketch of the most popular dissenting minister in London —the Rev. Thomas Binney.

Having heard much of his singularly effective powers of oratory, we went one morning to hear him at the "Weigh House Chapel," near London Bridge. The church was large and commodious, and we saw that Mr. Binney at least had the power of attracting large audiences. At about eleven o'clock he walked up the pulpit stairs and took his seat. He is one of the finest men we ever looked at, in his personal appearance. He is tall, and sufficiently corpulent to look dignified and substantial. His head is a splendid one, especially the forehead, which is gigantic. His eyes are beautiful black, and expressive. His face is full, and his thoughts appear as plainly upon it as if they were written there. His hair is dark, his arms large and strong, and his whole physical appearance prepossessing. There was a peculiar look and motion, an odd uneasiness, which betokened eccentricity in the orator. When he arose to read a portion of Scripture, there was an exceeding awkwardness in his manner. He read touchingly a beautiful Psalm; his voice was remarkably sweet—at times so femininely soft, that we were surprised.

As he read on, his face grew radiant with smiles, and before he was half through, we wondered why we never before had seen the exquisite beauty of the Psalm. So it is with genius ever—it not only *creates* but *discovers* beauty. This pulpit orator discovered wonderful beauties in what he read, and pointed them out to his hearers. Then he quietly closed the volume, and said in almost a whisper, "Let us pray." It was a short, opening prayer, but was full of touching fervor. His face, which is at all times exceedingly expressive, now looked as if heaven were dawning upon it. Now sunny and summery as a morning of June, and then suddenly changing to gloom and sorrowfulness. Now expressive of a childlike faith, and again bursting into the daring of a man's trust. Now quivering with pathos, with tears beaded on his eyelids, then suddenly bursting into a holy smile—it was strange. The audience was hushed as the grave ; not a cough, not a loud breath disturbed the silence, until the prayer was ended, when there was a storm of coughing and clearing of throats. At last—after the singing—the preacher arose, shrugged his shoulders, and with many awkward movements, commenced his sermon. There was something of drollery in his first few sentences, both in sentiment and expression, but it was clearly not affected. So on he went, preaching a good sermon, using fine language, but we were not entranced or stirred up by his eloquence. We were concluding that we were disappointed, and buttoning up our coat ready for returning home, thinking the service near its end, when without the slightest premonition, the reverend orator burst into one of the most brilliant, thrilling, burning perorations we ever heard. His face beamed with a holy light ; his words gushed forth fountain-like, brilliant, striking, and beautiful. At first his eloquence was almost agonizing ; it was so fervid, so tremendous in its effects. The power of his oratory was vast, and it swept over his audience like a tornado. We were taken by sur-

prise—it came upon us like a storm of lightning and thunder; but soon there was a clearing off, and the sun came out clear and calm, and gloriously beautiful. At first his face and manner had been dark and repulsive, but now tears dropped from his eyes, and gems of beauty and sweetness from his lips, and his audience, though used to him, leaned forward and wept like children.

Mr. Binney was born at New-Castle-upon-Tyne, and was first settled at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, but afterwards removed to the Weigh House Chapel, in London. A few years ago he lost his wife by death, and for a long time after, his health was miserable from melancholy. During this time he visited America, resuscitated his drooping health and spirits, married a second time, and is now the most popular pulpit orator in London. In conversation he is agreeable; though when we saw him he was bitter in some of his references to America, principally because of her "temperance bigotry," and her "pro-slavery opinions." The reason of the former remark is, that Mr. Binney, though an excellent man, is fond of his wine!

CHAPTER XVIII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We know that this is a trite subject—Westminster Abbey! How many pens have written in its praise, and how many are destined yet to write! But it is a subject that will never grow old, however much written upon—the grand burial-place of England's kings, and warriors, and poets! For royalty, and especially dead and buried royalty, we have little admiration, and we confess it; for warriors unless they fought for freedom and right, we have also little respect. But for the poets of our motherland; for Shakspeare, for Milton, for Chaucer and Spenser, for "rare Ben Jonson" and Cowley, and many others, we *do* indulge an admiration which we render to few other names. And then there are great statesmen, side by side in the Abbey—Fox and Sheridan, Pitt, and Chatham, and Canning! What heart ever was in the great and solemn aisles of the Abbey, in sight of the Earl of Chatham's tomb, and did not quiver with a solemn delight? What American ever stood there without thinking how once he stood up in the House of Lords—only a few rods distant—and poured forth his thrilling eloquence in defence of our native land, without remembering his "*You cannot conquer America!*" spoken prophetically in the ears of the mad dotards assembled?

As a piece of architecture the Abbey is magnificent and beautiful. It is built in the form of a cross, and its length

from east to west is over four hundred feet—from north to south two hundred. The towers, which rise gracefully on its west end, are each two hundred and twenty-five feet in height. To look at it from the adjoining park through the leaves of the trees, is an exquisite sight, and more than once have we, in summer days, stood in the shade of some beautiful tree, and gazing at the noble and aged structure, indulged in delicious thoughts of its age, and the kings who built it, and then demolished it, and again rebuilt it in its present form. We have thought too of the names engraved on marble there ; the great kings who commanded armies, and whose voices made millions tremble ; of the thousands who fought and bled for liberty, and others still who fought against freedom for the sake of honor and the smiles of a sovereign ; of the brave statesmen who lived

" In the brave days of old,"

and wrestled valiantly, some for country and home and liberty, and others, who, to build up themselves, brought misery upon the nation—like Pitt, the younger, whose brilliance we all admire, but whose statesmanship is now visible in the awful debt which hangs about the neck of England. And then there were, last but not least, the glorious constellation of poets, in " the Poets' Corner !" There was something grand too, while gazing at the Abbey, in the thought that when America was one wild wilderness, this structure was here as it is now ; the very, bleak day on which the Pilgrim Fathers

" Moored their bark
On the wild New England shore,"

there were people who stood inside the walls of Westminster Abbey, and pondered over this wonderful age ! For *then* a thousand years had rolled away since Lucius, the first king of Britain, erected a chapel on the spot, which was the

beginning of the present splendid structure. Then, as now, pilgrims from afar knelt at its altars, and said in their hearts —"How many ages have come and gone, since upon this spot, for the first time, Christian prayers were said. How many generations have lived and died, and yet we behold it with our eyes—it lives yet!"

And since then have generations appeared upon the face of the earth, and passed away to make room for succeeding ones, which have likewise gone down silently into the grave. It seems as if that structure were unlike anything else in the world. Time it laughs at, and like mother earth it grows beautiful with age!

We started one afternoon with an English friend to visit the House of Commons, armed with member's orders, but owing to an exciting discussion, found the gallery full, and we could not be admitted. Seeing that it was impossible to hear the debate, our friend said—

"Let us go and see the Abbey—this beautiful western sun will throw enchantment over the marbles of the great, there!"

We entered by a northern transept, and were almost transfixed by the wondrous vision which burst upon our sight. The great and solemn aisles, the lofty arches and ceilings were gilded with the colors of the rainbow, for the sun poured a flood of light into the great windows on the western side of the Abbey, and they were painted in every color, and in every form that artistic skill could invent.

"Let us go to the Poets' Corner!" That is the spot where people always go first. Kings and warriors—they are forgotten where a Shakspeare lies. And the first monument which we gazed at was SHAKSPEARE'S! How often had we longed for this moment of exquisite enjoyment, for though the ashes of the poet were never disturbed from their quiet slumber on the side of the gentle Avon, yet in the very spot where we stood, once stood the great dramatist—the prince of poets. And

Pope stood there when they asked him if he would write an epitaph for the monument, and he answered—

"No—I cannot write it. *I* cannot praise Shakspeare! Take his own lines."

And there before us we read the epitaph which his own fingers wrote—those lines which often have thrilled the world.

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

True, oh! wondrous poet—but until "the great globe itself shall dissolve," thy name shall live and be glorified. Well did Ben Jonson write of Shakspeare:

> "Thou art a monument, without a tomb;
> And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
> And we have wits to read, and praise to give."

Every year a "Shakspeare Festival" is given by the professed friends of the poet at Stratford-on-Avon; every day some pilgrim from afar, comes to write his name on the walls of the old house in which he lived with his gentle Anne Hathaway. But there are no precious relics of him for the antiquarian to hoard up for future generations, yet there is a way in which the world can show its respect and admiration of the great dramatist, better than by weeping over his monument, or eating dinners to his memory. There is a descendant of the family living in poverty at Stratford. It is a boy, and he is so like the poet in his physical features, that William Howitt picked him out from all his school-fellows as the descendant of the dramatist. His name is "*Bill Shakspeare*," and, said Mr. Howitt to us one day, "It sounded strange to me to hear the boys calling out, "*Hallo! Bill Shakspeare!*" to a

ragged urchin, whose face and brow were wonderfully like those of the great poet's !"

If the English nobles and literary lions, instead of making such a parade at Stratford every year, would give "Bill Shakspeare" a fine education, and a fair chance to develope what genius he may have inherited, it would, so it seems to us, better show their love for the immortal Shakspeare. It was a long time before the old house, which was once the poet's home, was bought and paid for, but through the severe exertions of several noted literary gentlemen the valuable relic has been secured to the lovers of poetry.

Not far from Shakspeare's monument there is another, that of Shakspeare's best friend. The epitaph is Shakspeare's—

"O RARE BEN JONSON !"

He was Shakspeare's intimate companion, joked with him many a time over a cup of wine, and was, while Shakspeare lived, jealous of his wonderful fame. But when he had dropped tears over his new-made grave at Stratford, on the river Avon, in his mournfulness he sung—

"Sweet swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear !
But stay ! I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there :
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets !"

Now, one half of Ben Jonson's fame consists in his association with Shakspeare, and his praise of him when others were asleep to his merits. The two monuments are not far apart, and it is well that such "hale friends" should not be parted in death !

As the sun went down among the trees west of the Abbey, and the steeples and towers, the light became solemn and chaster upon the graves of the poets, and our hearts grew

sadder too. Passing on a little, we came in sight of Milton's monument—the grave of the splendid and brilliant Milton; the poet, the chaste prose-writer, and the fearless republican and democrat! Here now, like a king in state, he lies, the blind poet, while the king whose jackals persecuted him, sleeps alone, with no tears ever moistening the marble above his bones. Here lies he now, the author of "Paradise Lost," in glory on earth, and glorious, we may believe, in heaven. He could afford to suffer while here for such an inheritance. The "five pounds sterling," paid in three instalments, which he got for his poem, was not all—the fame and love of the world to its final annihilation was his also! He died poor, like too many of earth's brightest sons of Genius, and left three daughters for the English nation to cherish—alas! for the fate of poets' daughters in *this* world!

Not far off from Milton's tablet sleeps the first, the earliest poet of England—Geoffrey Chaucer. He died over four hundred years ago. His monument was once a beautiful Gothic one, but Time has made sad inroads into its beauty, and the inscription upon it is fast being effaced. Close at hand is the grave of Butler, the author of Hudibras, whom the English nation left to starve, and when he was starved, made him a grave by the side of kings! A Lord Mayor of London erected his tombstone, and gives his reasons for so doing upon the marble in the following expressive words:

"*That he who was destitute of all things when alive, might not want a monument when dead.*"

Near to Milton's tomb is the tablet erected in memory of Gray, and upon it is this inscription:

"No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

We looked everywhere to see Byron's grave—but looked in vain. Then we remembered how Macaulay says in his fine essay on the proud, sad poet, that the tears came to the eyes of the nation when they saw the corpse of the great poet *go past* Westminster Abbey. He should have his niche in the Poets' Corner! It reminded us of Chatterton's fate. Some admirer of his genius had erected in beautiful Redcliffe Church in Bristol—the church in which he used to wander when young, and where he forged the Rowley poems—a slight monument to his memory, but a few years ago the people of Bristol, who attended the church, upon "second, sober thought," which told them he was a suicide, *deliberately tore down the monument*, to their disgrace in the eyes of the civilized world.

Below Butler's monument, "Faery Queene" Spenser sleeps, and the inscription on his tombstone is a beautiful one—it is as follows:

"Here lies (expecting the second coming of our Saviour Jesus Christ) the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he has left behind him. He was born in London 1553, and died in 1598."

He has been dead two and a half centuries, and yet his genius shines brighter than it did on the day of his death!

There was one epitaph in the Poets' Corner which shocked us, as it does everybody,—it is on the tomb of John Gay, and was written by himself. It is as follows:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it:
I thought so once, and now I know it."

Not far from this shocking epitaph is the grave of the author of "The Seasons"—James Thomson. And at one side

is a name on a pretty marble tablet, over which we bent in sweet solitude—that of Goldsmith.

Joseph Addison has a fine statue, and engraved upon it are the words—

"VENERATE THE MEMORY OF JOSEPH ADDISON."

Isaac Ballou—the chaplain of Charles II.—the poet, lies close at hand, and there are many who stop before his monument. And here is the grave of Granville Sharp, whom all good men love and will love as long as the world lasts.

Perhaps one of the finest monuments in the whole collection is that of Handel's. It was the last that Roubiliac ever executed. An angel is playing on a harp in the clouds above, and the statue is gazing up at the melody as if entranced. Before it lies open the Messiah, at the page which commences the solemn and sublime air, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*" The only additional inscription is this :

"GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, ESQ.. born Feb. 23, 1684 ; died April 14, 1769.'

Some distance from this we saw—

"TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID GARRICK,"

the great tragedian, a fine tablet.

Sir Isaac Newton has a splendid monument, and upon it is this inscription :

"Mortals have reason to exult in the existence of so noble an ornament to the human race."

How very true! When such a man exists, *the world* ought to be proud of him. The country which gave him birth need not alone selfishly boast of his greatness, for all nations share in it.

And now we come to the little cluster of statesmen of the past century. Within a few feet of each other lie six of the greatest men the world has ever seen—the Earl of Chatham, William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Grattan, Canning, and Sheridan! We could stand with one foot on the grave of Pitt and the other on that of Fox, and yet in their lives what wondrous enemies! How year after year did each devote his mighty talents for the overthrow of the other—and here now they lie *side by side!* As we stood over the grave of Pitt, we thought of him in his manly prime, with his dark eyes flashing fire, and his black hair contrasting splendidly with the marble of his brow. How he fought and struggled and squandered the people's money for the sake of greatness! Ah! he was in the cabinet too much like Napoleon in the field—too ready to sacrifice the people to his ambition. And Charles James Fox whom he feared, lies close at his side! And Sheridan too is there—that mighty genius who could hold a nation in tears and laughter at his splendid strokes of oratory; whose wit was quick as the lightning, and yet never rankled and stung because of his nobleness of character; the man who, though godlike in frame and spirit, yet debased himself to a level with the brutes, and fell into a drunkard's grave.

And Canning: the statesman who died of a broken heart. His most intimate friends assert that his death was occasioned by the terrible attacks made on him by those whom he once loved. Whatever his faults of statesmanship were, he was a splendid man and a genius. What a thrilling time was that, when Brougham in Parliament made his renowned attack on Canning, which called the great statesman to his feet with the hot cry—

"It is false!"

Not long after these terrible attacks he died, and now he sleeps within the solemn walls of the Abbey—and "sleeps well."

Over the great Earl of Chatham's grave we bent with pride and a feeling of gratefulness, for he was once America's advocate against a band of oppressors. We thought, while we stood there, of the time when he came, as it were in his winding-sheet into the House of Lords, to expostulate with them on the mad course pursued by them towards their colonies in the New World, and during his noble speech fell back into the arms of his attendant a dying man! America, at the time of her Revolution, had many attached friends in England, who at heart, if not openly, applauded her spirit of independence. There were men who dared to defend America in public, and the masses of *the people* sympathized with us during our struggle. We should remember this when we are inclined to indulge in sentiments of hate towards England because of her war against America.

Among the monuments to warriors in the Abbey, there was one over which we bent in sadness, and it was that of John Andre. George III. erected the monument, and it is a fine one. The inscription tells of his unfortunate death in America, and a scroll which he holds in his left hand contains Andre's letter to Washington, begging the privilege of being shot instead of hung. Still we did not forget Nathan Hale, when over the grave of Andre.

We have said nothing of the royal tombs in Westminster Abbey, feeling but little interest in them, and concluding that the reader will readily pardon us for the omission.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEN AND THINGS.

SPENCER T. HALL.

Mr. Hall owes his fame this side of the Atlantic, principally to his success in the science of mesmerism—it is not generally known that he has achieved a moderate reputation in England, for verse-writing. We saw him first at the bookstore of a mutual friend, and were struck with his physiognomy, at once. He is rather tall than otherwise, with a fresh countenance. His forehead is capacious almost to deformity, in the region of the perceptive organs. His hair is of a light auburn, and his eyes of a hazel that sometimes, when illumined, you cannot distinguish from black. His nose has a twist to one side, which, though slight, mars the appearance of his face.

He was born Dec. 16th, 1812, in a little thatched cottage on the banks of a rivulet near the village of Sutton, in Ashfield. This country village lies only a mile from the celebrated Robin Hood hills, in Sherwood Forest. This forest originally comprised 90,000 acres of land, covered with old oak woods, tinkling streams, and high hills, and low valleys. At the time of his birth, about one third of it had been enclosed, and brought under the subjection of the plough—the remaining two thirds being open to the hunter and shepherd. Born with a great love for nature, here was the finest opportunity

to gratify and cultivate that love, and the boy spent many days here when released from the toil of the manufactory at Ashfield. His ancestors, on his father's side, were foresters—his mother was a shepherdess and dairy-maid when young, among the mountains of Derbyshire. His parents were Friends, and their teachings are apparent in Mr. Hall's integrity and love of the gentler attributes of humanity. His father was a poor shoemaker, and could ill afford to send him to school. Yet he was determined that Spencer should know how to read, and so he posted up conspicuously in his workshop the letters of the alphabet, and while at work taught his boy their different powers. When he was seven years old, he went at work in the manufactory at Ashfield, his employment being to wind cotton for the stocking-makers. At eleven he made stockings himself, and did the full work of a man. In one of his volumes he has described the first developments of poetry in his mind. He says :—

"The first deep poetical impression I recollect receiving, was when so young that my father was carrying me in his arms. It was from seeing the fields all covered with white, and in a breezeless morning, the snow falling slowly and solemnly, flake by flake, from a calm dim sky upon them. This was the early awakening of my mind to the sublimity of simple and common nature, which, because it is simple and common, we so little perceive and enjoy. I once received another impression akin to this, but from different causes. It was one bright February morning, when I was seven or eight years old, in a lane at Fulwood, about a mile from Sutton. The whole landscape was sparkling with gems of frozen dew—not hoar-frost, but that bright powdery scattering which is next akin to it. A little cluster of rustic cottages was sending up light curling smoke-wreaths just by, and a green holly-bush, the only green object to be seen, was sweetly glowing at a bend of the lane beyond them, making me feel as if by step-

ping as far, I should be all that nearer to the coming spring. Well, it is a very wide landscape that spreads away from that spot, cut into diamonds by hedge-rows, and dotted with cottages, farms, churches, villages, corn-stacks, windmills, villas, and all the other indications of quiet rural life, up to where the North Peak of Derbyshire brings its blue hills in a semi-circle, and hems in the prospect. All this, in the sunshine, was very delicious; and quietly pondering over it, the love of rural beauty bewitched my heart, almost like the sweet and silent joy of the love of a young maiden. The bowery and streamy haunts, too, of Brookhill, which I often lingered at and looked into, but could not then enter, would feed my childish soul with wonder and gladness—and such, with me, was the beginning of poetry."

His neighbors were kind, and lent him books, and gradually he grew from a weak boy into a strong-minded, yet very modest young man. When he was fifteen, a kind neighbor lent him the life and works of Dr. Franklin. He studied them closely, read and re-read them, and became restless. It was the restlessness of genius. He could not remain contented, a simple, lowly, stocking-weaver; so one morning, just after his sixteenth birth-day, he packed up his few books, an extra shirt, and a single pair of stockings, and ran away. All the money that he possessed in the world was 13 pence, or 26 cents. The village evening lights were burning, as he escaped—on he trudged till ten o'clock, and then for a little supper and a bed, he paid his 13 pence. The next day was a cold one, and he subsisted on a frozen turnip, and slept at night upon the cold floor of a workshop. The following morning he arrived at Nottingham, went to the office of one of the principal papers, offered himself as an apprentice to the printer's trade, and was accepted. During the first year he worked hard, and lived upon the coarsest food, and in his leisure hours he studied incessantly. At the commencement

of the second, his employer took him into his own house, and made him his confidential assistant. About this time, he accidentally met a volume of Bloomfield's Poems, and to him they opened a world of beauty and pleasure. His first poem was a description of Clifton Grove, the favorite haunt of Henry Kirke White. In his eighteenth year he had acquired quite a reputation in Nottingham, and was styled "*the young Quaker of the Mercury office!*" He was favored with the society of William Howitt, who was at this time an Alderman in Nottingham, and Robert Witter, the poet, and other distinguished characters. When twenty years of age, he became a contributor to the *Mirror* and *Metropolitan Magazine*, and was fast acquiring a reputation. When his apprenticeship had expired, he took charge of a large printing establishment in York, and published a small volume of poetry entitled "THE FORESTER'S OFFERING." Previous to this he had often been called "*The Sherwood Forester.*" His poetry is quiet and soothing, and he never attempts the impetuous or grand. It is simplicity itself, yet none the less pleasing. Here are a few of his verses, descriptive of his boyhood and parents :

"Oft, too, would they describe my country's ports,
Crowded with gallant ships from every clime—
Her smiling palaces, and frowning forts—
Whate'er of her was beauteous or sublime,
The fruit of modern taste, or ancient time
From domes remote, that through dark woodlands rise,
To cities crowned with spires that proudly climb
And flash the sunlight back through summer skies—
Until my young soul swelled with gladness and surprise.

And much I wished, as in my mind would grow
A sense of Britain's grandeur and her might,
That in her sons a warm desire might glow
To use their matchless strength and skill aright,
And in the ways of love and truth delight:

For oh, an early consciousness was mine
That power misguided operates but to blight
All that is glorious, beautiful, benign,
And glooms with woe a world which else in bliss might shine!
* * * * *
And not for love alone of song or story,
Or youth's delicious dream, or childhood's glee,
But of the simpler, yet sublimer glory
Of Truth's pure teachings, here first known to me,
Grows glad my soul, dear native cot, in thee;
And thought and feeling in deep reverence bend,
Whilst now I bare my head and bow my knee
To HIM from whom all truth and light extend—
Whose throne is in the heart, whose kingdom has no end!"

And how beautiful is this description of his story-telling "*ould mither*"—

"The birds on Bonsall Leas' sang in thy song;
The flowers of Wirksworth Moor bloomed in thy tale;
In thy descriptions, crags o'er Derwent hang
In awe to hear it roar through Matlock Dale;—
Plain, at thy word, I saw the clouds all pale
Roll silent o'er gray Barrowledge's side;
And, O! how well in mystery could'st thou veil
Those deeds of other times that dimly hide
Where ancient woods frown down from Dunsley's lofty side!"

When his first volume was published, Leigh Hunt wrote a flattering letter to him, and Montgomery told him that he read the whole at one sitting, so pleased was he with its contents. He now was appointed to the vacant Governorship of Hallis Hospital, a philanthropic and educational institution of York. While here he published a volume of prose, which met with a kind reception from the public.

And now it was that he turned his attention to the science of mesmerism. He soon wrought astonishing experiments, and all Britain was alive with excitement. He was suddenly famous. Harriet Martineau, the writer, who had been con-

fined three years to her room by sickness, was entirely cured by Mr. Hall, through the soothing powers of mesmerism. He went through all the great cities, and thousands came to see and hear him as a wonder. He shrunk from such prominency, but there was no retreat for him. At his private conversaziones, such men as Liebig and Combe sat at his feet as pupils. Of course many opposed him, and some even went so far as to throw odium upon his character, in connection with his cure of Miss Martineau. This grieved his pure but sensitive heart. In 1846, his health failed him, and he was obliged to relinquish his mesmeric lectures. He accepted the high post of Secretary to the British Anti-Capital-Punishment Society, for a year, at the end of which, his health being restored, he returned to his favorite science. His present position is an agreeable one. He never claimed to be a great poet, nor is he one. But he has written good poetry and prose, and his stern energy is an example to the young.

MR. MUNTZ.

Among the celebrated men of London, during the session of Parliament, we may safely reckon Mr. G. F. Muntz, who sits for Birmingham.

He is not a man of great intellect by any means, but he is a man of extraordinary decision of character, of great energy and undoubted honesty He always acts in a straightforward manner—there is little of the mere politician in his character; he is too much of a man for that.

As a speaker he is not eloquent, but he has an earnestness that makes every one feel that he *knows* what he is saying is true, and such oratory is often more convincing than what is usually called eloquence. He never makes long speeches, but says what he has to say in a short space of time. It is said, that in Birmingham before a mass-meeting of his constituents,

he is less brief and more eloquent; we can believe it, for Parliament has a strange power in cooling the eloquence of the mere orator. Many a powerful out-door speaker has gone to sit there, and scarcely ever opened his mouth, and even then to speak soberly and mathematically. It would be well if our Congress were to imitate Parliament in this respect. As if to guard against a desire to make showy speeches, no women are allowed to enter the House or Gallery while it is sitting.

Mr. Muntz is quiet in the tone of his voice and in gesture, and sits alone as if he had no friends, and (as is the fact) was of no party. In personal appearance he is the most singular man whom we ever saw. We saw him first in the street. We saw a man apparently about fifty years of age, walking slowly and with heavy steps along the pavement. He was about the middle height, and possessed a beard of astonishing proportions. It was jet black and completely covered the lower portion of his face. He is renowned for this beard. It is thick and long, and bushy, and as he never has it combed or trimmed, it gives him the wildness of a demi-savage.

He has a fine forehead and brilliant eyes, but his terrible beard completely spoils his personal appearance. It has been the laugh of England for years, but he is fonder of it than ever. This is perhaps not in the least strange. There are a good many people in this world who will not be laughed out of a thing.

He is very strangely built, and is physically a powerful man. His face is rather sallow in complexion, and its general expression is one of reserve and sometimes of sadness. In his dress he is peculiar. His pantaloons are generally constructed of coarse material, and are broad and flowing, and in England, where everybody wears pantaloons tight to the skin, they have a singular appearance. He usually walks with a cane, and attracts great attention.

It is said that upon his first appearance in the House of Commons, many years ago, he excited more general interest than any other new member for a long time previous. He is much esteemed in Birmingham by all classes, and deserves to be, for he is an honest man, which Pope says, is the "noblest work of God." He is neither of the Joseph Sturge Universal Suffrage party, nor exactly a Chartist, but holds a number of democratical opinions, which in England subject him to a good deal of odium.

There is not such another country in the world where society and fashion sneer at radicalism as they do in England. In France you may suffer pains and penalties for your ultraisms, as they are called, but the voice of fashion and society is not so bitterly against you. You can reckon a host of distinguished members of society who hold your opinions, and though Government persecutes you, Society will not. But in England it is otherwise ; Government will not touch you. but in Society you are handled as if something terribly vulgar and unnatural. Hardly a poet of renown in England avows himself anywhere in favor of liberty in the simple matter of universal suffrage. Not an author or artist of renown *dares* acknowledge himself a Chartist. Radicalism has a taint for all perfumed gentlemen. It is vulgar to help the poor unless you do it in certain prescribed and fashionable modes. To avow yourself the friend of the dirty and ragged millions of England, is to lose your place among gentlemen of fashion; in fact it hurts you worse than to be guilty of almost any kind of genteel crime.

The women even look coldly upon you. It is a sad sight to see *a woman* without a heart throbbing with sympathy for the suffering of the earth. She is not a woman who is entirely bereft of such sympathies, but is a mere fashionable plaything, a refined courtesan, and has no right to call herself by that holiest of all earthly names—*woman!* Gentleness,

pity, nobility of heart, are all wanting ; and where these are wanting in one of the sex, who would give anything for what remains ?

SIR PETER LAURIE.

Sir Peter Laurie has been for many years almost a *fixture* in the city Government of London. To not know him and live within forty miles of London were about as great a sin of ignorance as not to know something of the antics of Lord Brougham in the House of Lords.

He has been an alderman for more than twenty years, is, we believe, a bachelor, has been Lord Mayor, and is one of the best-humored men in London. He is exceedingly popular as a man and officer, notwithstanding he is a Tory in politics. One great reason why he is so popular, is because he is so inveterately fond of a joke. While Lord Mayor he constantly indulged in his passion for fun, even when on the bench, in his official capacity, and he has such a merry, rubicund face, that no one can possibly resist his jokes. Like very many distinguished men in London he is by birth a Scotchman, but what is a little stranger than that, he was once a saddler. He worked as a journeyman saddler once, somewhere near Charing Cross, with a young man who afterwards became Sir Richard Birnie. By unwearied industry as a contractor for military stores for the Government and India, Mr. Laurie amassed a large fortune, became known to his fellow-citizens, was elected alderman, and subsequently Lord Mayor, and was knighted at the hands of Royalty. He was during the days of the Reform Bill a liberal, but afterwards became a Tory. This change is a stain upon his public character, for it had a bad look—as if he deserted the people who had raised him to honor and fame, as soon as the aristocracy got for him the honor of knighthood.

But notwithstanding this defect in his life, he is a popular

character; more perhaps from his great good-nature and witticisms than any statesmanlike dignity of character. His wit is not at all like Benjamin D'Israeli's—the black-eyed member for Buckinghamshire has no joviality in his wit. It cuts like the frost of a winter morning, in Canada, and when he utters his witticisms his eyes *do* smile, but in the smile there is a look of savage triumph!

Not so is it with Sir Peter, for his wit never hurts. It is good-humored and only meant for pleasure. He has not in fact any of the exquisite intellect of D'Israeli, and could not, were he to try, cut like him. He is too much of an alderman, and loves mock-turtle too well.

He is renowned for his examination of prisoners, always contriving to ferret out their inmost secrets. In this respect he is the equal of any criminal lawyer in London. He is never quiet, in court or out of it, but is constantly moving. He will jump from his seat, fold his hands upon his breast, then sit down, get up again and walk, rest his head upon his hand, ask questions hurriedly and yet acutely, and the stranger will conclude that he never sleeps, at least not for an hour at a time. His face ever has a smile on it, so that you are constantly on the lookout for a joke, and old as he is, his jocularity becomes him admirably. In religion he is a member of the Church of England, but is no bigot.

In person he is aldermanic—about the middle height, pretty well conditioned, (was there ever alderman who was not?) has a fine, large, open brow, an humorous countenance, and on the whole looks finely in his mellow old age.

He is past sixty years of age, but that is not astonishing in a place where the Duke of Wellington, aged 82, rides about on horseback, hale and hearty; and Lords Brougham, Lyndhurst, Denman, Campbell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Joseph Hume, are active as at any period of their lives, and yet range from 70 to 80 in years. By a sort of universal

consent Sir Peter Laurie is a favorite; his faults are overlooked because of his goodness of heart. We have portrayed him to the American reader as a type of a certain class of Englishmen. He is a noted man in London, though little known in America, and indeed could not be—still though he is a lion of no great pretensions, we hope to be excused for attempting his portrait in our humble work.

TEMPERANCE.

The Temperance Reform moves slowly in England, from the fact that the English are eminently a social people, and their drinking customs are almost inseparably connected in the general mind with their sociality. Many, very many estimable people esteem the wine-cup as a part of their hospitality, and we know of several families, and distinguished ones, too, whose members "touch not, taste not," yet whose tables are always loaded with the poisonous beverage, for the sake of guests who would almost feel it an insult to be invited to dinner without wine. The most celebrated dissenting minister in London once said to us: "Yours would be a fine country, were it not for Slavery and the tyranny *of Temperance!*" We will not mention his name, but he is the most talented preacher in London, as we can testify by personal experience, and his name is familiar to the religious world. He once made a tour to this country, *incog.*, and found extreme trouble in taking his glass of wine in respectable religious company. Perhaps he was right, but the same kind of tyranny frowns down licentiousness, theft and murder. The public advocates of the temperance cause in England, so far as we were capable of forming an opinion, were of the second and third orders of talent, and somewhat shabby in general appearance.—Where so much attention is paid to position and respectability as in Britain, great pains should be

taken to secure advocates of position and power. Occasional advocates, like Joseph Sturge, Robert Charlton, and Henry Vincent, do the real work among the *respectables*, while Hudson, Whitaker, Edwards, &c., influence the lower classes.

Thomas Beggs was for some time the leader in this department of English reform, and an abler, more thorough advocate of any cause, could not be found in any country. He is the English counterpart of Dr. Jewett, full of facts and argumentative eloquence. But he has quit the temperance field altogether, whether from want of support, or from the want of a sufficient number of respectable gentlemen to surround him, we do not know, but we do know, that to be a temperance lecturer, in England, is to meet privations and contumely, which here are unknown. Temperance here is popular—there unpopular, and so much so, that hundreds of reformers in the Anti-Slavery, Anti-State and Church, and Universal Suffrage ranks, continue in the drinking habits. Some of the best personal acquaintances of ours in England, are those who taste the sparkling champagne. Mr. Beggs, though powerful, is sometimes sarcastic to eccentricity. He once went down into the country to lecture, and had for an audience a small collection of miserable, taxed-to-death workmen, who cheered him loudest when he was the tamest, just according to the state of their lungs, and finally by their untimely roars and ignorant cries, he became quite irritated and provoked, and determined to say something so pointed that it should pierce their thick skulls; so for a peroration he said with solemnity: "*Gentlemen, I trust God has forgiven me for coming down here to-night; if so, I promise Him never again to do so foolish a thing!*" He is now connected with the Financial Reform Association.

There is not a land under the sun which needs a thorough reformation from intemperance so badly as Great Britain. France, Russia, Austria, Prussia or Italy are not so besotted

with intoxicating liquors as England, although in energy and intelligence England is their superior. The working classes have become imbruted with beer, which is one of the vilest compounds ever invented. It is far worse than genuine brandy, for it makes a fool of the man who drinks it.

There were drank last year in Great Britain, 22,962,912 gallons of home-made spirits!

In England - - - 9,053,676 imperial galls.
In Scotland - - - 5,935,063 " "
In Ireland - - - 6,973,333 " "

The duty upon that quantity amounted to over 25,000,000 of dollars, and such is the revenue to government, that it would receive a heavy shock were all Britons to-morrow to become tee-totalers. This does not include rum, brandy, or beer. The whole retail cost of this enormous number of gallons was over $85,000,000! And this was borne principally by people too poor to enjoy the common comforts of life—a people, five sixths of whom cannot cast a vote because of their poverty—a people who a few years since died by thousands of famine, and yet that very year consumed grain enough for distilling purposes to have given bread to all the starving wretches that died, and to have saved the nation from positive suffering and want.

There were consumed last year 644,758 gallons of rum, swelling the total cost of home-made spirits and rum to the enormous amount of one hundred millions of dollars!

Beside this there are two other important items—brandy and beer—the last being a common and favorite beverage of the working people.

Of brandy there were drank last year 2,187,501 gallons in the United Kingdon, at a cost of more than $15,000,000.

Duty was paid to the Government during the last year on nearly 40,000,000 bushels of malt, and between 400 and 500,000,000 gallons of beer were manufactured. At least

$120,000,000 were then spent by the inhabitants of Great Britain last year for beer!

The figures stand thus—

Beer	$120,000,000
Brandy	14,000,000
Rum	15,000,000
Home-made Spirits	85,000,000
Total	$235,000,000

Two hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars nett! And consumed by a nation of poverty-stricken men and women. It is in the power of the working men of Great Britain to compel the Government to grant them universal suffrage. If they would stop drinking and save their money for the purchase of freeholds, in a short time they could outvote the aristocracy, or they could by such a course bring the Government upon its knees. Nothing will make a European Government tremble quicker than a diminution in its revenues; and the revenue arising from beer, brandy, and spirits is very great.

THE PEOPLE.

It is a very difficult matter to write just criticisms upon the English people—much more difficult than many people imagine. A visitor who sees none but the nobility (the Websters and Bancrofts), may live in England a half-century, and yet know very little of the real condition and prospects of the people. Or he may grope about the splendid houses of the merchant princes, among the traders, or circulate through the principal literary circles, and yet know nothing, or next to nothing, of the people as a whole. The feeling of caste is so very strong throughout England, that when a man enters the country, and is introduced by a person who is the member of a certain class, he will never, unless by accident, go

above or below that particular class. This may seem strange, but it is true, with a very few exceptions; and those exceptions, if carefully studied, will prove to be the results of accident. It is like going to Oregon—to enter England—you have, at the starting-point, your choice of routes; but once started on the upper route and you cannot see the lower, or if you choose the lower, then you cannot see the upper, unless you commence anew. There are no intersecting roads. If you chance to have a good introduction to Lord Palmerston, Russell, or Ashley, or any of their associates, you will fare sumptuously every day, and get an exalted opinion of English liberality and elegance—but, alas! you have not seen the backgrounds of the picture.

It is only by comparing the notes of persons who have moved in the different classes—thus embracing all—that a just criticism may be formed of the English people. The people are divided into numerous classes—*properly castes*—the members that exist on the confines of any one, *sometimes* stepping over to the frontiers of the other.

First, there is the class of nobles, which has, at least, a half-dozen subdivisions or degrees in rank.

Second, we ought to class the *literati*, for though they are often found among all classes, and move, by virtue of their genius and talents, among all, yet they are a class—though not exclusive—a far nobler class, too, than that styled noble.

Third in rank, is the class of merchants and manufacturers. Below this, the divisions are so multifarious, that it is useless to attempt a classification. The most degraded class is, we think, that of the agricultural laborers, although we have had no opportunity to see the miners. This horrible feeling of caste is as plainly visible among the (so styled) lower orders, as among the higher, for it is extremely natural everywhere for the lower to imitate the weaknesses of the higher—the poor those of the rich. A place-mechanic feels

as much above his brother journeyman, as the lord above the merchant, or the merchant above the draper who retails the goods which *he* imported; and in like manner is this odious feeling traceable everywhere in England.

The nobility are proud, rich, and possessed of educated refinement. They patronize the fine arts, and encourage literature—they are somewhat voluptuous, yet better moralists and Christians than the aristocrats of the Continent. They love plainness and solidity, and in their houses and carriages this can be seen, for this is an important ingredient in an Englishman's character. They think all foreigners several steps below them in the social scale, except Americans, and we are their sons or they would excommunicate us. It is considered beneath the dignity of an old family to contract an alliance with a French, Spanish, or even German. It is deteriorating the stock—it is contaminating the blood. This pride in the age of families we cannot appreciate, and it seems almost laughable to us sometimes. The future prospects of the nobility are not flattering, for though Reform moves at a slow pace in England, yet it never retraces a step once taken. There are no reactionary movements there; slowly but certainly as the sun moves to the zenith, so moves Reform in England towards its noon. The lords and earls may hinder, but cannot prevent the grand final consummation. Long, very long, have they swayed the destinies of Britain—too long for the good of her suffering, starving people. The condition of the *burgeoise*, or great middle class, is enviable, for they have wealth, morality, and refinement. In no country can a class be found superior in intelligence, Christianity, and wealth, to this class. Their houses are filled with all that can add comfort, and there is an absence of that vulgarity that is too often seen in America. This class is that which makes England what she is upon the ocean, and in her immense possessions. They furnish (*not create*) her capital, and

skilfully use it; they build her churches and public buildings, her railroads and canals. They are as proud, perhaps, as the nobility, but they are so closely connected with the lower classes that they are brought within the reach of their prayers, and often sympathize with them. We are inclined to believe that a majority of the middle class are in favor of radical reforms, that will tend to raise the lower classes from their degraded position to that of acting, powerful men. Upon this point hangs their future welfare, for if they side with the masses in a call for reform, then reform will certainly come, and England's leaders will be chosen by acclamation from among the *burgeoise*. But if they neglect those demands, and side with the oppressive aristocracy, they may for a time keep off the day when the producers of England's wealth shall stand erect in their manhood, but when that day does come, it will be a sad day to them! For the enraged millions will remember their course, and will cause their ruin. It is the height of conservatism for these men at once to show their colors on the side of the oppressed masses. For it is by, and out of them that they live, and when they rise—as they must peacefully or in mob array—then will the merchants, the ministers, the lawyers, and manufacturers, rue the day of their adhesion to the *Guizot* policy, for an oppressed people in time madden and destroy what they will.

The class of laboring mechanics and agriculturists are in a condition too sad to contemplate. Wages are generally extremely low—an agricultural laborer getting in the summer months at the rate of from 30 to 60 cents a day, and boarding himself at that. In the winter he is glad to get half his summer pay. Lord Ashley, the glib-tongued philanthropist, often hires men at the rate of 25 cents a day, and those men having large families suffering for want of bread. This was true at a time when he made such a *furor* in the House about the factories of Manchester. We had some opportunity to

see for ourself the state of agriculturists, but principally gained our knowledge from frank and enlightened Englishmen of the higher classes. The state of the laboring or agricultural population is debased and sensual. They see few luxuries, and as for education, they are on an equality with the brutes.

The mechanics or operatives suffer as much perhaps from want of food as the tillers of the soil, but they are more intelligent, and can oftener read and write. A skilful mechanic can earn a good living sometimes, but he is not certain of it. But however well he may do, he may never expect to shake hands with him who is refined and educated. There is a great gulf between the producer and the consumer—between the man who sells tallow-candles and the man who tries the tallow! This is strange and exquisitely foolish, yet it is a stern fact. Labor is not respected in England, and too often the laborer shares the same fate that a man of color does in America.

The price of labor is low, and then comes the army of taxes that eat off the half of every starving man's loaf!

But the prospects of the class are brightening every day. Privileged abuses are being swept away, and their day is hastening on rapidly. They must, however, learn self-denial yet, before they gain liberty—they must be willing to die for it ere they will prize it as it should be prized. The working classes, by abstaining from their beer for six months, could bring the British Government upon its knees, and themselves into the full stature of men. But they are too social—or love their merry carousals too well. They are not prepared to suffer for liberty, and they do not deserve it. An Englishman hates a revolution—that is, one involving anarchy—as he hates the French. Yet England is the greatest country in the world for peaceful agitators. An American, upon attending some of their public meetings, would think of the old

days of '76. The Government is denounced in the most violent manner, and reform is advocated with the freedom of a Patrick Henry. But you soon discover that their courage is very like that of a barking cur who is beyond the reach of your whip. They know just how much it is safe to say, and you never catch them over that Mason and Dixon's line.

Yet reform will come in England, and that, too, without fighting. If the reformers would attempt a fight, the Government would be delighted, but the people are too wise for that. They know that they could make no headway against a disciplined army. They will wait till by moral force they gain a majority in the House of Commons, and then they can disband the army, and demand what they please.

ENGLISH HABITS.

The art of housekeeping is carried to perfection in England. The quietness and smoothness with which the routine of domestic duties glide along, astonishes the American who is accustomed to noise and hurry, voracity and fretfulness, as the accompaniment to "household joys." The universal *haste to get rich* in this country, is an effectual bar to the full or generous development of family pleasures and amusements. Men struggle, as if for life, when with economy and contentment they might enjoy life far better than princes do. Even our richest men of business, though not urged on by the fear of immediate poverty, are striving like madmen *to keep up a position*. Fathers toil in the counting-room from morning till night, adding furrows to their brows, that their wives and daughters may ride in their splendid carriages with costly shawls upon their shoulders, when more walking by day and less flaunting by night, would be their health, wealth, and salvation. There is more steadiness in the English aim to get rich—or rather there is less aiming to become rich, and

more to secure a comfortable income. A good business is sufficient, if its income is all that is needed to support a man in comfortable style, and its owner never anticipates a retirement from business, till old age overtakes him. So he settles down with the determination to enjoy as much, spend as much, *this year*, as any year in the future, and thus the real happiness of his house and home is secure. The comparative absence of pretensions to wealth in England attracted our attention particularly. We remember once of meeting at an evening party a very modest yet amiable man, who had the quiet manners of a true gentleman, yet whose moderate pretensions were such as to lead one used to American society to suppose him very poor. After the party was over, a friend who accompanied us asked—

"Did you observe that modest, farmer-like man, Mr. S——?"

We replied in the affirmative.

"Well, he is the richest land-holder in the County—he can ride a dozen miles in one direction on his own grounds!"

This is not a single instance:—many and many a time we have had occasion to ask the wealth of men whose bearing was quiet and unostentatious, and have been surprised to learn their great wealth. Upon the whole, we are inclined to think that the "almighty dollar" has a more abject worship in America than in England, or at least, in American *cities*, than in those of Britain. The absence, or partial absence of this feverish desire to become rich, acts like a charm upon the social influences that surround, or should surround, a home. A gentleness settles around it like the flowers in its garden, full of heavenly perfume.

If a man can afford to keep a carriage, he does so without any particular ostentation; if he cannot, he does not; and what is more, he shows no senseless sensitiveness in trying to conceal the fact that he cannot afford to keep one. We have

heard more than one fine man declare in open company that he could not *afford* to keep a carriage, without the least shame ; and we could not help contrasting his outspokenness with many others in like circumstances here, who would make all manner of deceptive manœuvres to avoid any question bearing on so delicate a subject.

As the English man of business is more free from the terrible desire to get suddenly rich than men of business here, so having more time to spend in the bosom of his home, to cultivate and refine it, in exact proportion his surpasses ours in all that is gentle, refined, lovely and pleasant.

We spent many happy days, while in London, at the suburban residence of a dear friend who is a member of that opulent class of business men, known as merchant-manufacturers—a man who manufactures largely, and exports what he manufactures. As his home is a sample of others in his sphere of life, and may serve as a sample of home life in London, we will describe it without exposing those home-scenes which are all the sweeter that they are choice, and must remain mysteries to all those who do not seek after them in a true spirit of home-devotion. His cottage was built of stone—in the antique French style of architecture—all about it lay a garden, capacious, and full of exquisite flowers, old branching trees, water-courses, green grassy lawns, and fruits of all species.

The breakfast hour was nine, winter and summer, and more than once in June we have awoke from sleep and looked out upon the pleasant sunshine on the lawn, saying to ourself, "We have four or five hours yet to sleep." The birds were singing so loudly many times, that we almost laughed at the idea of *sleeping!* At nine we used to enter the breakfast-room, and sit down to tea, chocolate, and dry-toast. Plates, knives and forks were scarcely ever used—eggs we ate, but were never tempted with meats or vegetables. After

breakfast, the owner of the mansion rode invariably into town, to his counting-room, where he was absorbed till tea, or supper, as the state of his business demanded. In the morning hours we could write, walk, ride, make excursions with the ladies—in short, amuse ourself exactly as we thought best. At 12 M. generally, a slight luncheon was served. At three, four, or five, according to circumstances, the dinner was eaten. This was *the* meal of the day, and a good deal of etiquette was thrown about it. It occupied from one to two hours, and sometimes a longer period. Soup commenced the meal, and a luxurious dessert always ended it. Without the least confusion or noise the servants removed or brought on various tried or untried dishes, and any want or wish of the guests was attended to, if signified by a mere nod. It seemed to us strange to see the working of such perfect order. At the table every one ate slowly, masticating thoroughly the food, talking leisurely, and waiting with patience the *dis*appearance of one course, and the *ap*pearance of another. The haste, so awful to behold here, where we thrust the keen knife-blade down our throats, was never seen by us, except when a company of railway passengers were eating a dinner that *must* be swallowed in ten minutes.

At seven, we generally drank tea, which was accompanied with toast, and the lighter species of cake. This was to us a delightful repast—especially in winter, by the cheerful fire. It is generally devoted to pleasant talk and social glee. One could sit at table or not, as his fancy suggested. Gathered all about the pleasant fire, some on the sofa, and others in the "old arm-chairs," or at the table, it was a cheerful sight to look upon or participate in.

Supper generally came on at nine or ten, or sometimes much later. This was in every essential, like the dinner,—hot meats, cold meats, &c. &c., being served up in the most palatable manner Then the evening hours were devoted to

home pleasures. Of course, when out-door pleasures were sought, the supper hour was postponed until the return, at midnight, or later. Then to our pleasant room, where attentive servants always placed plenty of water, towels, and every convenience. A bell-rope always hung over our pillow, and a slight jerk in case of illness, would summon help at once.

OPPRESSION.

There are many noble philanthropists in England, but if one were to judge from the tenor of Exeter Hall speeches, he would be led to suppose that oppression was a crime unknown in England. That such is not the fact the reader will readily believe. We will not now allude to the gross oppression of that system, which, while it taxes all Englishmen, only allows one in six to cast a vote, thus imposing taxation without representation—which always is tyranny. But we will look for a moment abroad, and view the workings of British rule there. The small but powerful kingdom of Great Britain, has vast possessions in the shape of colonies and dependencies. But a small portion of them are in the situation of Canada, which being contiguous to a land of political freedom, has demanded and received many political privileges not accorded to other colonies. There are countries of vast extent over which the officers in Downing Street, London, exercise a most despotic sway. The Russian bear is not more self-willed and iron-hearted than these rulers over millions whom they never saw, and never expect to see.

British India contains 514,190 square miles, besides which, there are 1,128,000 under the *protection* of the British Crown. That is, the native chiefs, and their people over this vast area of territory, are bound hand and foot, and are completely the subjects of the British Government. A commercial company, called the East India Company, holds in trust for the crown,

this great Indian Empire, and has done so for many years. The iniquities which have been perpetrated upon the natives have often been exposed, but the English people have never manifested anything like national shame or repentance. The charter we believe expires the present year—and was granted by Queen Elizabeth. It remains to be seen whether the British Parliament will renew a charter which is really a lease granted to Despotism.

The Indian Government in England consists of twenty-four directors, appointed by the East India Company, which is under the control of an Indian Board in London appointed by the Crown. In India there is a Governor General, *advised* by a small Council which is also nominated by authorities in London. *This is the whole Government of India!* There is no Legislature—the people are entirely unrepresented.

British India is divided into the presidencies of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, the population of which combined amounts to 100,000,000! These millions have no voice in the management of their own affairs. Not a vote can they cast, but they are dumb, driven slaves, to all intents and purposes. The annual tax which is levied upon this people, is over $100,000,000. And what is still more astonishing—every farthing of this immense sum goes into British pockets, and nine tenths of it leaves India for England. The oppressed natives pay the salaries of the great English lords who come to rule them; they pay all the salaries of the lazy clerks on Indian matters *in London;* aye and pay for the support of that British Army which butchers them as if they were beasts, and not men destined to immortality. The great India dinners which are given at the aristocratic London Tavern at a great expense, are paid for by these poor wretches in India. They also pay the interest on the heavy debt which the Company has incurred in subjugating them to a state of vassalage and slavery, and what is still more damning,

they actually pay ten per cent interest on the merely *nominal* capital of the Honorable East India Company !

One hundred millions are thus annually wrung from the natives of India by military force, ready to butcher them if they utter the first note of remonstrance. The land is taxed and its products, all imports and exports—and in return for this the natives receive, not a solitary privilege, not the shadow of political liberty !

The enormous sum of money drained from India yearly, keeps England flooded with capital. Although the country of all countries for bitter poverty, yet at the same time it is full of gold. Capital is abundant—money almost a drug. The few receive it, keep it, or loan it. Millions keep flowing in from India, and nothing goes back. There is no return, for the money does not come for goods or provisions, but is forced from the people without any equivalent therefor being given. This influx of capital keeps the aristocratic classes rolling in splendor, and also renders them, in a certain sense, independent of the poverty-stricken condition of the English people. A panic at home does not touch them, for they lean upon India, and they can laugh when national calamity cometh. The taxes in India are paid principally in native products, and English merchants are upon the spot always ready to purchase them for half their value, and sell again in the markets of the world. Thus the natives are cheated, even in the payment of their unjust taxes. Yet very little is said in England about this great system of fraud and oppression save by a few men like George Thomson and John Bright. Exeter Hall resounds with eloquence directed against negro slavery—but India is passed over in silence.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE OPENING.

We shall only attempt a very brief sketch of that wonder of the present century—the World's Exhibition of 1851. For were we to do it justice, we should occupy a volume; whereas our aim has been a different one—to give the reader a lively impression of many of the distinguished men, and things, and places, in London.

We saw the first sods removed in Hyde Park, on the spot where was raised the wonderful, the magnificent structure of Mr. Paxton—saw it gradually rise to glorious completeness—saw the thousands of mechanics who built it—heard the music of their hammers—and, when the Crystal Palace was finished, entered and saw the world arranging its wares in it for exhibition. This sight was a wonderful one, as we entered the Palace two or three days before it was open to the world, and the exhibitors of Asia, Europe and America were busy in spreading out their wonders to the best possible advantage.

The building was opened on the first day of May. The morning was a chilly one, yet very early all the avenues leading to Hyde Park were crowded almost to suffocation, with masses of enthusiastic people. Business was generally suspended throughout London, and all those parts not contiguous to Hyde Park wore an air of loneliness and desertion. The

shops all shut, few people to be seen, the streets silent—strange sight for London ! But the Park itself was one huge sea of human faces—everywhere near it, in all directions, there were great crowds of people, all eager and anxious to get a sight of the Crystal Palace and the Queen, who was soon to enter it.

The holders of season tickets alone were admitted that day, and at an early hour they flocked to the doors of the building in such force, that a Company of Sappers and Miners were called in to enforce order. By half-past eleven o'clock, twenty-five thousand persons had arrived and were seated under the crystal roof of the Palace of Exhibition ; then the doors were closed. The view of these thousands in that wondrous interior was splendid beyond description. The *élite* of the world was there—the flower of England ! Men of rank, and intellect, and wealth ;—renowned on the field and in the workshop. There was the Duke of Wellington—it was his eighty-second birth-day—looking hale and vigorous yet. There was the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury ; Paxton, the designer of the beautiful structure, in the prime of manhood ; there were beautiful women too, from England, and France, and Russia, and America !

The view outside of the building was one of grandeur too. Hundreds of thousands of people gathered up closely around the walls of glass ; and the Park and the streets reaching out in every direction, were densely packed with the multitude.

A little before twelve o'clock there was a smart shower of rain, which however had no effect upon the enthusiasm of the outside millions. In a few minutes the glorious sun burst forth, the clouds vanished, and the Crystal Palace glittered like a " mountain of light." Then from across the river Serpentine was heard the flourish of trumpets—the Queen was coming ! Then burst forth the cheers, and shouts, and thunderous hurrahs of that mighty assemblage.

The carriage drew up before the northern transept, and Her Majesty and Prince Albert entered. The thousands congregated there arose to greet her becomingly, and she took her seat upon the throne, under a beautiful silken canopy.

The Royal Commissioners read their Report ;—the Queen made a gracious reply ;—then the Archbishop of Canterbury offered up a fervent and beautiful prayer. The choir joined in singing a grand Hallelujah Chorus ; and some idea of the effect of the performance may be gained from the fact that it was composed of the entire vocal strength of the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and St. George's Chapel of Windsor ! A massive organ accompanied them, and the vast building vibrated with the majestic harmonies which filled it.

Thus closed the impressive opening exercises, and the crowd of people followed the Queen as she made a tour of the Exhibition.

THE EXHIBITION.

The finest interior view of the Crystal Palace was from the centre, as we entered from the Southern Central transept. The vast proportions of the building the reader knows—how that it covered eighteen acres of Hyde Park—but he cannot imagine the astonishing grandeur of that view from the centre —looking north and south, and still farther east and west. A lusty oak-tree rejoicing in its foliage stood at our left ; the crystal fountain was playing in the centre, throwing its jets of pure water aloft for the sunshine to make beautiful ; a blaze of light and beauty assailed our eyes from every quarter ; and we could see at the extreme eastern department the American eagle, and the stars and stripes floating with majestic gracefulness !

A grand aisle or transept ran from east to west through the entire building, in the centre, and also north and south at

right angles. In this grand aisle the *chef-d'œuvres* were placed, both of industry and art. The British department consisted of the entire western half of the building, with the exception of a place for the machinery of all nations. In the grand aisle of this department there were some fine specimens of art—models of bridges—telescopes—lighthouses, and docks. On the left hand, going west, first there was a fine collection of cottons, wools, seeds, native arms, and artillery from the British East Indies. Next the exhibition of Australia and the Canadas—next to that an exhibition of English hardware, agricultural implements, and woven fabrics. On the right hand, going west, we saw many specimens of British Fine Arts, of minerals, and a splendid collection of carriages.

In the department for machinery there were cotton-mills in full operation; printing presses striking off impressions of newspapers; and all kinds of curious machines requiring steam motive power.

We were once more by the central Fountain, and walked down the grand transept, east, towards the American department. The Koh-i-noor diamond first arrested our attention—then a piece of sculpture from Germany, entitled "The Mazeppa Group;"—then a stained window from Milan—and still farther on "The Amazon and Tiger," a piece of sculpture.

On the right hand side, going east, was the exhibition of Tunis and China, and the Brazils, consisting principally of costumes, tapestry, screens and carpets.

Switzerland followed with embroidery, silks, musical instruments, watches, linens, and straw plaitings.

Then came France with her mirrors, sofas, libraries, bronzes, tapestry, gold and silversmith's work, laces, blondes, artificial flowers and statuary.

Belgium was next in order with woolen manufactures, flannels, damasks, zincs, iron and flax.

Austria was there with toys, boots and shoes, and a fine collection of statuary; Germany with type-machine, electric telegraph, embroideries, carpet-work, and shawls; the Zollverein with minerals;—Russia principally with raw produce.

On the left, going east, we first came to the Turkish and Arabian collection of brocades, silks, muslins and furs. Spain and Portugal followed with leather, linens and produce. On the extreme left, France exhibited locomotives and various machines. In the Italian department there were mosaic tables, bronze castings, raw silks and statuary.

Holland furnished wools: Russia, on this side of the grand aisle, porcelain vases, ornamental cabinet-work, Florentine mosaics, and Caucasian arms.

The extreme eastern portion of the Palace was given up to the United States, and over it the eagle kept watch with careful eye. The first—aye, and the last—object we gazed at, was "The Greek Slave," the master-piece of Hiram Powers. It stood alone in the Crystal Palace—unapproached by any other piece of statuary there. The reaping-machine at first did not attract much attention, but after its merits were known, a crowd always surrounded it. There was always, too, a crowd of admirers around the piece of sculpture, by Powers. The collection of agricultural implements was good; there were excellent specimens of our raw produce; fine daguerreotypes; an ingenious bridge by Remington; and other things of real value; and yet we speak the opinion of every American who visited the Crystal Palace, when we say that the United States were not well and thoroughly represented there. No fair idea could be gained of our resources, of our manufactures and inventions, by the collection exhibited in the Palace. There were many circumstances, which contributed to render our collection meagre. The distance was great; the movement was not a popular one in all the States, and the Government did not move with sufficient alacrity

about the matter. But it has now passed away, and it is useless to regret that over which we have no control.

We have given the merest bird's-eye view of the contents of the Crystal Palace—only mentioning the prominent things which were exhibited in each department. We now hasten to the termination of the great exhibition.

THE CLOSE.

On a somewhat cheerless day of October, with few ceremonies and little circumstance, the Great Exhibition was closed. The trees in Hyde Park had begun to shed their leaves, and there were approaching signs in every direction, of the coming gloom of winter. The interior of the great Palace looked sad; the very branches of the old trees there, which, during the summer, had been blessed with such royal society, looked forlorn. The Royal Commissioners were there, surrounded by about ten thousand people. Prince Albert read a report; the Earl of Granville ditto; the white-haired Archbishop of Canterbury murmured a prayer in a faint voice; the great organs thundered forth one final Hallelujah; and the wondrous Exhibition, which had attracted the world together, which for many months had been the theme of converse in all cities and countries, from Tahiti to Hindostan, was brought to an end.

There was no pageantry, no pomp—and no one of all the thousands there seemed to desire it. Upon every countenance there was a shade of solemn sadness, as if the moral of that day's scene had found its way to the heart; that all in this world of ours, however gorgeous, however costly and beautiful, must come to an end. Yes, the scene was a striking one, but not more so than the moral which every one could not fail to draw from it. The world had tried its utmost, and built a palace of wondrous beauty, and filled it with its grand-

est, its proudest achievements. The summer passed away in gloryings, and rejoicings, in splendid revelry—and yet here was the end. And while standing there, to how many hearts came the recollection of those sublime lines of Shakspeare, which we have quoted in another place, but which will bear repeating here:

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

And now that the Exhibition is closed, we may remark that during the summer of 1851, from the American department, Europe (and especially England), cannot have failed to learn that—it is not wise to laugh too soon. America, in May, was the laughing-stock of Europe; the journals of Paris and London went into convulsions of merriment at our expense; *Punch* jeered, and the *Times* thundered forth its sarcasm; and the people laughed. The same America in September was the envy of Europe. *Then* even the *Times* gave us the first position, in the Crystal Palace, and out of it; Mr. *Punch's* wit was suddenly in our favor; and this time, America laughed. We had triumphed on the water and on the land. Our yacht shot past all her competitors, and our reaping-machine became the wonder of England.

Yet America could not exhibit there those characteristics which really make her superior to the rest of the world. Our universal suffrage, education, absence of poverty, universal industry and morality—we could not exhibit these in the Crystal Palace. But they are "fixed facts" in America, and —nowhere else. Our village churches, supported by no cruel ecclesiastical laws, our millions of school-houses, our cottage-homes, were not at the Exhibition. And we are justly

prouder of them than of aught at the Crystal Palace. These are the things which really distinguish us from the rest of the world, and we should not be afraid to avow to the world that we would ten thousand times rather (if we *must* make a choice) stand first in education, happiness, and morality, than in manufactures or the fine arts.

CHAPTER XXI.

FAREWELL.

The rain fell in torrents as we stood one morning in the Euston Square Railway Station, with a band of our English friends around us—to speak the word, farewell! There were a few last words to say—and then the hissing of the engine warned us to take our seat in the train; we bade our friends a long adieu; and were soon panting onwards towards Liverpool.

Early the next morning our baggage was removed to the vessel which was to bear us homeward, across the great deep once more, and in a few hours we set out upon our long journey.

No true-hearted American ever yet set sail from a foreign shore *for* the home-land without a feeling of enthusiastic joy. And yet there was somewhat of sorrow as well as gladness in our heart. When we gazed at the stars and stripes at the mast-head, pointing homeward, a thrill of joy shot through our heart; but when we turned to the English shores, dying in the distance, and which we had left forever, we grew sad. England's soft landscape, her grass-covered hills, and oaken forests; her blue skies, and merry singing-birds, were gone from us. And then we thought of her romantic ruins—of the haunts of her poets—and the graves of her statesmen. We remembered how years ago, in America, we had been amazed by the giant intellect of Shakspeare—how Milton had awed us, and Scott delighted;—how Chatterton's sad story had

enlisted our sympathies—how De Foe in still younger days, had been the object of childish wonder and worship, as the author of "Robinson Crusoe." Yet since then we had walked in the very streets where Shakspeare walked; seen Milton's birth-place and grave; rested where John Bunyan sleeps; visited the haunts of poor young Chatterton, and seen the room in which Daniel De Foe wrote "Robinson Crusoe!" And now we are leaving all—perhaps forever.

Then there were beautiful English homes that had cherished us as a mother cherishes a child. When fever-stricken, gentle hands had ministered to our wants with the watchfulness of true affection. And now as we gazed from the vessel's deck, out upon the low, distant English shore, is it strange that we were sad?

The sun was almost down, but before sinking behind the great Atlantic waves, his golden light fell sadly though beautifully upon the shore, and we bade England—as we now bid the reader—Farewell!

THE END.

THE LIVES

OF THE

GOVERNORS OF THE STATE OF N. YORK.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From MILLARD FILLMORE, *President of the U. S.*

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 30, 1851.

JNO. S. JENKINS, Esq.:—

My Dear Sir,—Your note of the 24th inst., informing me that you had done me the honor to forward to me a copy of your "LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS OF NEW YORK," came to hand on the 26th, but the book did not arrive until yesterday.

I have availed myself of a few leisure moments to dip into the work, and have been both interested and instructed, and consider it a valuable contribution to the history of my own State. It appears to me that you have executed the difficult task of drawing the moral lineaments of the characters of the several distinguished men that have filled that high office with great success, and I beg to return you my sincere thanks for the honor you have done me in presenting to me the copy.

I am your obedient servant,

Millard Fillmore

From MARTIN VAN BUREN, *Ex-President U. S. and Ex-Governor.*

LINDENWALD, Sept. 17, 1851.

John S. Jenkins, Esq.:—

My Dear Sir,—I have delayed my acknowledgments for the copy of your work, "THE LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS OF NEW YORK," until I had time to look it over. I have just finished the reading of it, and take great pleasure in expressing to you the very high opinion I have formed of its ability and impartiality. Errors to some extent in a book of such a character, are unavoidable, and can only be corrected in future editions, but I deceive myself if you do not have less difficulty to encounter in this regard than have been usual in such cases.

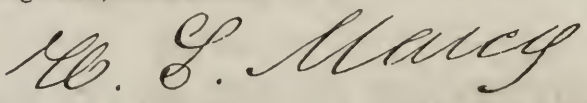
* * * * * *

Very truly, your friend,

M. Van Buren

From WILLIAM L. MARCY, *Ex-Governor of New York.*

* * * * "It is very well written, and evinces much pains-taking in collecting the materials. The selection of topics, and the style and manner of presenting them, is excellent." * * *



From WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Ex-Governor of New York.*

AUBURN, Sept. 30th, 1851.

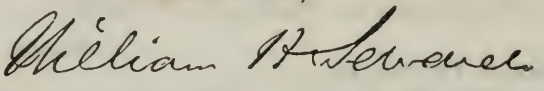
Dear Sir:—

Your note of the 19th of August, accompanied by a copy of the work entitled "THE LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS OF NEW YORK," found me laboring under the pressure of professional duties which have only just now ended. I have read many of the chapters with deep interest and great satisfaction. I think no one can deny that the work is written with great ability, and that it bears the impression of study and laborious research in the sources of the history of this great State. I know of only one fault in it, and that perhaps is an amiable one, it is its generosity towards the subjects, or rather towards some of the subjects of the memoirs, of whom I am one.

It has occurred to me, my dear Sir, that the prevailing fault of us of New York, is a want of what prevails too much in other States, State pride. We are not insensible to the flattery conveyed by the complimentary name of the "Empire State," but I think we seldom stop to do justice to the great men of ancient days, whose wisdom and patriotism have resulted in giving this commonwealth the proudest position ever attained by any community of three millions of people.

Your work has a manifest tendency to make us better acquainted with the sources of the greatness and prosperity of the State, and with many of the men who have opened those sources, and preserved deep and enduring channels for them.

Sincerely hoping that you may receive a rich reward of profit, and of reputation for this great literary enterprise, I remain very respectfully, Your humble servant,



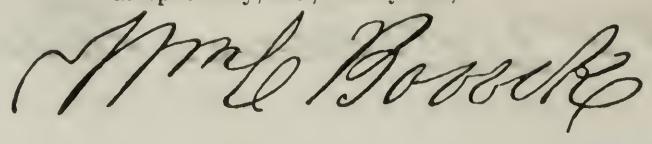
JOHN S. JENKINS, Esq.

From WILLIAM C. BOUCK, *Ex-Governor of New York.*

J. S. Jenkins:— FULTONHAM, Oct. 27, '51.

Dear Sir,—I have some time since received your "LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS OF NEW YORK," for which I thank you. Having been an active politician since the first election of Governor Tompkins, and for many years in public life, I read your book with a great deal of interest. I have found but a few unimportant errors, which have doubtless inadvertently crept into the matter. * * * * *

Respectfully, &c., I am yours,



UPB

THE LIFE OF LOUIS KOSSUTH,

GOVERNOR OF HUNGARY; INCLUDING NOTICES OF THE MEN AND SCENES OF THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION: TO WHICH IS ADDED AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING HIS PRINCIPAL SPEECHES, &C. WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HORACE GREELEY. BY P. C. HEADLEY. Auburn: DERBY & MILLER.

"What an age! A great man steps upon our shores—the fact is telegraphed in an instant to every city in the Union. He speaks—immediately a thousand newspapers carry his words to every house in the land. While he is yet speaking, some rapid writer sketches the history of his life, and the press—prone to miracles—scatters in beautiful volumes, both Life and Speeches through all the country. Mr. Headley has written an excellent memoir of Kossuth. It details, in easy, perspicuous narrative, the principal events of his life, bringing down the history almost to the present hour."—*N. C. Advocate.*

"This volume, containing a full biography of the noble Hungarian from his birth to the present time, with copious notices of the revolutionary movement, is a seasonable and interesting publication. It will be read by great numbers, whose interest in Kossuth's career has been awakened by his presence in this country; and it cannot be read without profit. The principal events in his life are related with sufficient minuteness; numerous anecdotes are introduced, illustrative of his character; and brief comments made on the progress of his history. The course of the Hungarian Revolution is described with clearness and accuracy, correcting many prevalent errors on the subject, and presenting a comprehensive view of the principles involved in that patriotic struggle."—*New York Tribune.*

"In no part of this composition does the author betray an appearance of carelessness or imperfection, yet it is a wonder among the world of critics, 'how Headley can write so much, and write nothing that is incomplete.' His power to give his writings a clearness and vivacity of style, has already obtained for him a reputation that will ever secure for him a passport with the illustrious in the world of letters. And in this instance he has a theme that is happily adapted to his style of composition. The life and character of the 'political Luther of Europe,' furnishes ample material for his brilliant and discriminating genius, and he seems to have spared no pains to make his book worthy of both the theme and the author."—*G. M. Aegis.*

"It is written in an eager, animated style, adapted for the special purpose of the book. It is reliable, and exceedingly interesting. A brief introduction by Mr. Greeley pitches the key-note of the volume, and will find a response, we doubt not, in the popular heart."—*New York Organ.*

"We consider the book worth its weight in gold."—*P. Ryson Gaz.*

SUMMERFIELD;

Or, Life on a Farm. By Day Kellogg Lee. Auburn: Derby & Miller.

"This volume belongs to an order of composition which requires a true eye for Nature, a genial sympathy with active life, and a happy command of language for its successful execution. The present author exhibits no ordinary degree of these qualities. His book is filled with lively pictures of country life, presented with warmth and earnestness of feeling, and singularly free from affectation and pretence. It finely blends the instructive with the amusing; aiming at a high moral purpose, but without the formality of didactic writing. We give a cordial welcome to the author, and believe that he will become a favorite in this department of composition. The volume is issued in excellent style, and presents a very creditable specimen of careful typography."—*Harper's Magazine.*

"Ah, reader, you know not what a rich treat is in store for you. * * * * Derby and Miller have just published D. K. Lee's 'Summerfield.' * * * * The scene is laid amidst the beautiful lakes of central New York. It is one of the most charming stories we have ever read. The greatest fault is, it is so bewitching that having once commenced it, you will hardly find time to eat or sleep until it is finished. 'Plague take it!' exclaimed a friend who was perusing it; 'when you once commence reading, you know not where to stop!' Our readers well know Mr. Lee's beautiful style; it runs as smoothly, and rings upon the ear as pleasantly as the waters of the crystal brook."—*Christian Ambassador.*

"It is refreshing, in these days of 'yellow covered' literature, to look over the pages of such a book as that which now lies before us. Though most of its characters are probably fictitious, and most of its scenes imaginary, there is a 'moral in the tale,' which the most careless reader cannot fail to discover. 'Summerfield' will rank with the works of Grace Aguilar and Currer Bell."—*Rutland Advertiser.*

"A pleasing narrative of rural life, written with considerable vivacity, and a high moral aim."—*Times.*

"We have enjoyed something of the pleasure, in reading it, that we did when we first read some of Cooper's best novels. The scene is laid in the Lake country, and the principal characters are the 'first settlers.' The gradual advancement in society is happily traced, and the interest of the story is well sustained to the close. A great variety of characters is introduced, some of which are exceedingly well drawn, especially that of Fairbanks, the artful merchant, who, in later years, came among the settlers only to 'fleece' them. But what we most admire is the high moral lesson which is taught in almost every incident of the story, without, in any degree, impairing its vivacious and mirthful style. The author has evidently 'struck a vein,' and, we are glad to learn, intends to give us a series of similar books, illustrating the various trades and professions of life."—*Albany Journal.*

WHAT I SAW IN NEW YORK.

Or, A Bird's Eye View of City Life. By Joel H. Ross, M.D. Auburn: Derby & Miller.

"A volume of statistics touching everything to be seen in Gotham, and on this account valuable as a book of reference. It is no doubt true that 'one half the world don't know how the other half live,' and this volume tends to remove this ignorance, so far as it respects the knowledge which country people have of city life. Many will be enlightened by consulting it."—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

"We have read this work with more than ordinary satisfaction. Dr. Ross is a resident of New York, and a practising physician. His volume is marked throughout by the best qualities of authorship. We do not mean to say that the style is always elevated, or that the reasoning is always profound; but we mean to affirm that there is a sprightliness, an honesty, and a degree of good sense, which render the book highly interesting and profitable. Some topics are discussed too briefly, perhaps, but this was inevitable. A book treating of New York *in extenso* would be far too costly for general circulation. The reader will find here most valuable information on a great variety of subjects, and occasionally a well-aimed blow at the follies of city iife."—*N. C. Advocate.*

"To those who desire to obtain a graphic description of New York, this work will be of great service. It gives a good account of all the principal streets, parks, buildings, churches, hospitals, museums, theatres, alms-houses, &c. &c. Everything possessing interest is portrayed with great fidelity. The splendors of the rich, and the distressing wretchedness of the poor, are described side by side. It is a very interesting book."—*Church Ambassador.*

"The popular author of this work has embodied, in his rapid and graphic sketches, some most interesting information about the Empire Metropolis. Aside from the attractive grouping of subjects upon some of the most interesting localities of the city of New York, there is a large amount of statistical matter presented in a brief and most readable form. There is a bold life-like impress upon all the author's thoughts, and one follows him with unflagging zest."—*Cayuga Chief.*

The Life of General Lafayette. By P. C. Headley, author of the Life of Josephine. Auburn: Derby & Miller.

A very useful and popular book Mr. Headley will find that he has here sent forth. Though rather too eulogistic, and written up to a high pitch of patriotism, it narrates in a clear, sustained, and energetic history, the deeds of a remarkable man, placed in a remarkable position. Connected as he was with some of the most stirring incidents of our revolutionary era, and of two French experiments at imitation, his life introduces a great number of historic passages of extraordinary interest, which the graphic pen of Mr. Headley presents in a highly dramatic and spirited form. It will be read, and read with interest, by all who take it up. The young, especially, will find it not only an engaging, but a very suggestive and useful work, coloring important historical facts with good moral and philanthropic sentiment. It is neatly printed, and does honor to the thriving inland city it hails from.—*New York Evangelist.*

Mr. Headley has sketched in an easy and graceful style the life of one whom Americans must ever delight to honor. The author has evidently formed a just conception of biography, and has avoided the extremes of barren detail, and of elaborate, fulsome eulogy. There is hardly an attempt at mere fine writing, but a very successful portraiture of the magnanimous General.—*New York Independent.*

"The man of two worlds," alike in his character, the unselfish incidents of his life and his patriotic associates in the great events of his history, presented to Mr. Headley a grand theatre on which to develop his descriptive powers — and his graphic pen has not failed to hold up before the mental eye of his readers a full portrait of the remarkable man and his patriotic, self-sacrificing deeds. Few characters stand on the historic page so illustriously attired, from youth to old age, in the moral sublime, as the subject of this memoir. But the priceless beauty of the work before us, is the high estimate our author puts upon morality and religion, and the great lesson he thus instills into the minds and hearts of his readers. The printing and binding are executed in a neat and workmanlike manner.—*Christian Advocate.*

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